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The Greene Murder Case

A PHILO VANCE STORY

BY S. S. VAN DINE

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According to the foremost critics of both England and America, "The 'Canary' Murder Case" (which ran serially in this magazine last year) set a new standard in detective-mystery fiction. "A model of everything a detective story should be—a monument, a cathedral amongst detective stories," wrote Arnold Palmer in the London *Sphere;* and Robert John Bayer, in the Chicago *Post,* said it proved that "the writing of such a novel can be raised to high art." These two comments reflected the consensus of critical sentiment evoked by the book. Perhaps not in our generation has any other novel of this *genre* been so extensively read and so highly praised.

We are happy, therefore, to be able to present to the readers of Scribner's Magazine Mr. Van Dine's latest book, "The Greene Murder Case." This new Philo Vance story, telling of the mysterious criminal tragedy that befell the strangely assorted household of the old Greene mansion, more than meets, in dramatic narrative interest and literary quality, the standard set by the author's previous work.

The Editor.

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I

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY

(Tuesday, November 9; 10 a. m.)

It has long been a source of wonder to me why the leading criminological writers—men like Edmund Lester Pearson, H. B. Irving, Filson Young, Canon Brookes, William Bolitho, and Harold Eaton—have not devoted more space to the Greene tragedy; for here, surely, is one of the outstanding murder mysteries of modern times—a case practically unique in the annals of latter-day crime. And yet I realize, as I read over my own voluminous notes on the case, and inspect the various documents relating to it, how little of its inner history ever came to light, and how impossible it would be for even the most imaginative chronicler to fill in the hiatuses.

The world, of course, knows the external facts. For over a month the press of two continents was filled with accounts of this appalling tragedy; and even the bare outline was sufficient to gratify the public's craving for the abnormal and the spectacular. But the inside story of the catastrophe surpassed even the wildest flights of public fancy; and, as I now sit down to divulge those facts for the first time, I am oppressed with a feeling akin to unreality, although I was a witness to most of them and hold in my possession the incontestable records of their actuality.

Of the fiendish ingenuity which lay behind this terrible crime, of the warped psychological motives that inspired it, and of the strange hidden sources of its technic, the world is completely ignorant. Moreover, no explanation has ever been given of the analytic steps that led to its solution. Nor have the events attending the mechanism of that solution—events in themselves highly dramatic and unusual—ever been recounted. The public believes that the termination of the case was a result of the usual police methods of investigation; but this is because the public is unaware of many of the vital factors of the crime itself, and because both the Police Department and the District Attorney's office have, as if by tacit agreement, refused to make known the entire truth—whether for fear of being disbelieved or merely because there are certain things so terrible that no man wishes to talk of them, I do not know.

The record, therefore, which I am about to set down is the first complete and unedited history of the Greene holocaust.* I feel that now the truth should be known, for it is history, and one should not shrink from historical facts. Also, I believe that the credit for the solution of this case should go where it belongs.

The man who elucidated the mystery and brought to a close that palimpsest of horror was, curiously enough, in no way officially connected with the police; and in all the published accounts of the murder his name was not once mentioned. And yet, had it not been for him and his novel methods of criminal deduction, the heinous plot against the Greene family would have been conclusively successful. The police in their researches were dealing dogmatically with the evidential appearances of the

* It is, I hope, unnecessary for me to state that I have received official permission for my task.

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crime, whereas the operations of the criminal were being conducted on a plane quite beyond the comprehension of the ordinary investigator.

This man who, after weeks of sedulous and disheartening analysis, eventually ferreted out the source of the horror, was a young social aristocrat, an intimate friend of John F.-X. Markham, the District Attorney. His name I am not at liberty to divulge, but for the purposes of these chronicles I have chosen to call him Philo Vance. He is no longer in this country, having transferred his residence several years ago to a villa outside of Florence; and, since he has no intention of returning to America, he has acceded to my request to publish the history of the criminal cases in which he participated as a sort of *amicus curiæ*. Markham also has retired to private life; and Sergeant Ernest Heath, that doughty and honest officer of the Homicide Bureau who officially handled the Greene case for the Police Department, has, through an unexpected legacy, been able to gratify his life's ambition to breed fancy wyandottes on a model farm in the Mohawk Valley. Thus circumstances have made it possible for me to publish my intimate records of the Greene tragedy.

A few words are necessary to explain my own participation in the case. (I say "participation," though, in reality, my rôle was that of passive spectator.) For several years I had been Vance's personal attorney. I had resigned from my father's law firm — Van Dine, Davis, & Van Dine—in order to devote myself exclusively to Vance's legal and financial needs, which, by the way, were not many. Vance and I had been friends from our undergraduate days at Harvard, and I found in my new duties as his legal agent and monetary steward a sinecure combined with many social and cultural compensations.

Vance at that time was thirty-four years old. He was just under six feet, slender, sinewy, and graceful. His chiselled regular features gave his face the attraction of strength and uniform modelling, but a sardonic coldness of expression precluded the designation of handsome. He had aloof gray eyes, a straight, slender nose, and a mouth suggesting both cruelty and asceticism. But, despite the severity of his lineaments—which acted like an impenetrable glass wall between him and his fellows—, he was highly sensitive and mobile; and, though his manner was somewhat detached and supercilious, he exerted an undeniable fascination over those who knew him at all well.

Much of his education had been acquired in Europe, and he still retained a slight Oxonian accent and intonation, though I happen to be aware that this was no affectation: he cared too little for the opinions of others to trouble about maintaining any pose. He was an indefatigable student. His mind was ever eager for knowledge, and he devoted much of his time to the study of ethnology and psychology. His greatest intellectual enthusiasm was art, and he fortunately had an income sufficient to indulge his passion for collecting. It was, however, his interest in psychology and his application of it to individual behaviorism that first turned his attention to the criminal problems which came under Markham's jurisdiction.

The first case in which he participated was, as I have recorded elsewhere, the murder of Alvin Benson.* The second was the seemingly insoluble strangling of the famous Broadway

* "The Benson Murder Case" (Scribners, 1926).

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beauty, Margaret Odell.* And in the late fall of the same year came the Greene tragedy. As in the two former cases, I kept a complete record of this new investigation. I possessed myself of every available document, making verbatim copies of those claimed for the police archives, and even jotted down the numerous conversations that took place in and out of conference between Vance and the official investigators. And, in addition, I kept a diary which, for elaborateness and completeness, would have been the despair of Samuel Pepys.

The Greene murder case occurred toward the end of Markham's first year in office. As you may remember, the winter came very early that season. There were two severe blizzards in November, and the amount of snowfall for that month broke all local records for eighteen years. I mention this fact of the early snows because it played a sinister part in the Greene affair: it was, indeed, one of the vital factors of the murderer's scheme. No one has yet understood, or even sensed, the connection between the unseasonable weather of that late fall and the fatal tragedy that fell upon the Greene household; but that is because all of the dark secrets of the case were not made known.

Vance was projected into the Benson murder as the result of a direct challenge from Markham; and his activities in the Canary case were due to his own expressed desire to lend a hand. But pure coincidence was responsible for his participation in the Greene investigation. During the two months that had elapsed since his solution of the Canary's death Markham had called upon him several times regarding moot points of criminal detection in connection with the routine work of the District Attorney's office; and it was during an informal discussion of one of these problems that the Greene case was first mentioned.

Markham and Vance had long been friends. Though dissimilar in tastes and even in ethical outlook, they nevertheless respected each other profoundly. I have often marvelled at the friendship of these two antipodal men; but as the years went by I came more and more to understand it. It was as if they were drawn together by those very qualities which each realized—perhaps with a certain repressed regret—were lacking in his own nature. Markham was forthright, brusque, and, on occasion, domineering, taking life with grim and serious concern, and following the dictates of his legal conscience in the face of every obstacle: honest, incorruptible, and untiring. Vance, on the other hand, was volatile, debonair, and possessed of a perpetual Juvenalian cynicism, smiling ironically at the bitterest realities, and consistently fulfilling the rôle of a whimsically disinterested spectator of life. But, withal, he understood people as profoundly as he understood art, and his dissection of motives and his shrewd readings of character were—as I had many occasions to witness—uncannily accurate. Markham apprehended these qualities in Vance, and sensed their true value.

It was not yet ten o'clock of the morning of November the 9th when Vance and I, after motoring to the old Criminal Courts Building on the corner of Franklin and Center Streets, went directly to the District Attorney's office on the fourth floor. On that momentous forenoon two gangsters, each accusing the other of firing the fatal shot in a recent pay-roll hold-up, were to be

* "The 'Canary' Murder Case" (Scribners, 1927).

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cross-examined by Markham; and this interview was to decide the question as to which of the men would be charged with murder and which held as a State's witness. Markham and Vance had discussed the situation the night before in the lounge-room of the Stuyvesant Club, and Vance had expressed a desire to be present at the examination. Markham had readily assented, and so we had risen early and driven downtown.

The interview with the two men lasted for an hour, and Vance's disconcerting opinion was that neither was guilty of the actual shooting.

"Y' know, Markham," he drawled, when the sheriff had returned the prisoners to the Tombs, "those two Jack Sheppards are quite sincere: each one thinks he's telling the truth. *Ergo,* neither of 'em fired the shot. A distressin' predicament. They're obvious gallows-birds—born for the gibbet; and it's a beastly shame not to be able to round out their destinies in proper fashion. . . . I say, wasn't there another participant in the hold-up?"

Markham nodded. "A third got away. According to these two, it was a well-known gangster named Eddie Maleppo."

"Then Eduardo is your man."*

Markham did not reply, and Vance rose lazily and reached for his ulster.

"By the by," he said, slipping into his coat, "I note that our upliftin' press bedecked its front pages this morning with head-lines about a pogrom at the old Greene mansion last night. Wherefore?"

* This was subsequently proved correct. Nearly a year later Maleppo was arrested in Detroit, extradited to New York, and convicted of the murder. His two companions had already been successfully prosecuted for robbery. They are now serving long terms in Sing Sing.

Markham glanced quickly at the clock on the wall, and frowned.

"That reminds me. Chester Greene called up the first thing this morning and insisted on seeing me. I told him eleven o'clock."

"Where do you fit in?" Vance had taken his hand from the door-knob, and drew out his cigarette-case.

"I don't!" snapped Markham. "But people think the District Attorney's office is a kind of clearing-house for all their troubles. It happens, however, that I've known Chester Greene a long time—we're both members of the Marylebone Golf Club—and so I must listen to his plaint about what was obviously an attempt to annex the famous Greene plate."

"Burglary—eh, what?" Vance took a few puffs on his cigarette. "With two women shot?"

"Oh, it was a miserable business! An amateur, no doubt. Got in a panic, shot up the place, and bolted."

"Seems a dashed curious proceeding." Vance abstractedly reseated himself in a large armchair near the door. "Did the antique cutlery actually disappear?"

"Nothing was taken. The thief was evidently frightened off before he made his haul."

"Sounds a bit thick, don't y' know. —An amateur thief breaks into a prominent home, casts a predat'ry eye on the dining-room silver, takes alarm, goes up-stairs and shoots two women in their respective boudoirs, and then flees. . . . Very touchin' and all that, but unconvincin'. Whence came this caressin' theory?"

Markham was glowering, but when he spoke it was with an effort at restraint.

"Feathergill was on duty last night

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when the call was relayed from Headquarters, and accompanied the police to the house. He agrees with their conclusions."*

"Nevertheless, I could bear to know why Chester Greene is desirous of having polite converse with you."

Markham compressed his lips. He was not in cordial mood that morning, and Vance's flippant curiosity irked him. After a moment, however, he said grudgingly:

"Since the attempted robbery interests you so keenly, you may, if you insist, wait and hear what Greene has to say."

"I'll stay," smiled Vance, removing his coat. "I'm weak; just can't resist a passionate entreaty. . . . Which one of the Greenes is Chester? And how is he related to the two deceased?"

"There was only one murder," Markham corrected him in a tone of forbearance. "The oldest daughter—an unmarried woman in her early forties—was killed instantly. A younger daughter, who was also shot, has, I believe, a chance of recovery."

"And Chester?"

"Chester is the elder son, a man of forty or thereabouts. He was the first person on the scene after the shots had been fired."

"What other members of the family are there? I know old Tobias Greene has gone to his Maker."

"Yes, old Tobias died about twelve years ago. But his wife is still living, though she's a helpless paralytic. Then there are—or rather were—five children: the oldest, Julia; next, Chester; then another daughter, Sibella, a few years under thirty, I should say; then Rex, a sickly, bookish boy a year or so younger than Sibella; and Ada, the youngest—an adopted daughter twenty-two or three, perhaps."

"And it was Julia who was killed, eh? Which of the other two girls was shot?"

"The younger—Ada. Her room, it seems, is across the hall from Julia's, and the thief apparently got in it by mistake while making his escape. As I understand it, he entered Ada's room immediately after firing on Julia, saw his error, fired again, and then fled, eventually going down the stairs and out the main entrance."

Vance smoked a while in silence.

"Your hypothetical intruder must have been deuced confused to have mistaken Ada's bedroom door for the staircase, what? And then there's the query: what was this anonymous gentleman, who had called to collect the plate, doing above-stairs?"

"Probably looking for jewelry." Markham was rapidly losing patience. "*I* am not omniscient." There was irony in his inflection.

"Now, now, Markham!" pleaded Vance cajolingly. "Don't be vindictive. Your Greene burglary promises several nice points in academic speculation. Permit me to indulge my idle whims."

At that moment Swacker, Markham's youthful and alert secretary, appeared at the swinging door which communicated with a narrow chamber between the main waiting-room and the District Attorney's private office.

"Mr. Chester Greene is here," he announced.

II

THE INVESTIGATION OPENS

(Tuesday, November 9; 11 a. m.)

When Chester Greene entered it was obvious he was under a nervous strain;

* Amos Feathergill was then an Assistant District Attorney. He later ran on the Tammany ticket for assemblyman, and was elected.

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but his nervousness evoked no sympathy in me. From the very first I disliked the man. He was of medium height and was bordering on corpulence. There was something soft and flabby in his contours; and, though he was dressed with studied care, there were certain signs of overemphasis about his clothes. His cuffs were too tight; his collar was too snug; and the colored silk handkerchief hung too far out of his breast pocket. He was slightly bald, and the lids of his close-set eyes projected like those of a man with Bright's disease. His mouth, surmounted by a close-cropped blond mustache, was loose; and his chin receded slightly and was deeply creased below the under lip. He typified the pampered idler.

When he had shaken hands with Markham, and Vance and I had been introduced, he seated himself and meticulously inserted a brown Russian cigarette in a long amber-and-gold holder.

"I'd be tremendously obliged, Markham," he said, lighting his cigarette from an ivory pocket-lighter, "if you'd make a personal investigation of the row that occurred at our diggin's last night. The police will never get anywhere the way they're going about it. Good fellows, you understand—the police. But . . . well, there's something about this affair—don't know just how to put it. Anyway, I don't like it."

Markham studied him closely for several moments.

"Just what's on your mind, Greene?"

The other crushed out his cigarette, though he had taken no more than half a dozen puffs, and drummed indecisively on the arm of his chair.

"Wish I knew. It's a rum affair—damned rum. There's something back of it, too—something that's going to raise the very devil if we don't stop it. Can't explain it. It's a feeling I've got."

"Perhaps Mr. Greene is psychic," commented Vance, with a look of bland innocence.

The man swung about and scrutinized Vance with aggressive condescension. "Tosh!" He brought out another Russian cigarette, and turned again to Markham: "I do wish you'd take a peep at the situation."

Markham hesitated. "Surely you've some reason for disagreeing with the police and appealing to me."

"Funny thing, but I haven't." (It seemed to me his hand shook slightly as he lit his second cigarette.) "I simply know that my mind rejects the burglar story automatically."

It was difficult to tell if he were being frank or deliberately hiding something. I did feel, however, that some sort of fear lurked beneath his uneasiness; and I also got the impression that he was far from being heart-broken over the tragedy.

"It seems to me," declared Markham, "that the theory of the burglar is entirely consistent with the facts. There have been many other cases of a housebreaker suddenly taking alarm, losing his head, and needlessly shooting people."

Greene rose abruptly and began pacing up and down.

"I can't argue the case," he muttered. "It's beyond all that, if you understand me." He looked quickly at the District Attorney with staring eyes. "Gad! It's got me in a cold sweat."

"It's all too vague and intangible," Markham observed kindly. "I'm inclined to think the tragedy has upset you. Perhaps after a day or two—"

Greene lifted a protesting hand.

"It's no go. I'm telling you, Markham, the police will never find their burglar. I feel it—here." He mincingly laid a manicured hand on his breast.

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Vance had been watching him with a faint suggestion of amusement. Now he stretched his legs before him and gazed up at the ceiling.

"I say, Mr. Greene—pardon the intrusion on your esoteric gropings—but do you know of any one with a reason for wanting your two sisters out of the way?"

The man looked blank for a moment.

"No," he answered finally; "can't say that I do. Who, in Heaven's name, would want to kill two harmless women?"

"I haven't the groggiest notion. But, since you repudiate the burglar theory, and since the two ladies were undoubtedly shot, it's inferable that some one sought their demise; and it occurred to me that you, being their brother and domiciled *en famille,* might know of some one who harbored homicidal sentiments toward them."

Greene bristled, and thrust his head forward. "I know of no one," he blurted. Then, turning to Markham, he continued wheedlingly: "If I had the slightest suspicion, don't you think I'd come out with it? This thing has got on my nerves. I've been mulling over it all night, and it's—it's bothersome, frightfully bothersome."

Markham nodded non-committally, and rising, walked to the window, where he stood, his hands behind him, gazing down on the gray stone masonry of the Tombs.

Vance, despite his apparent apathy, had been studying Greene closely; and, as Markham turned to the window, he straightened up slightly in his chair.

"Tell me," he began, an ingratiating note in his voice; "just what happened last night? I understand you were the first to reach the prostrate women."

"I was the first to reach my sister Julia," retorted Greene, with a hint of resentment. "It was Sproot, the butler, who found Ada unconscious, bleeding from a nasty wound in her back."

"Her back, eh?" Vance leaned forward, and lifted his eyebrows. "She was shot from behind, then?"

"Yes." Greene frowned and inspected his finger-nails, as if he too sensed something disturbing in the fact.

"And Miss Julia Greene: was she too shot from behind?"

"No—from the front."

"Extr'ordin'ry!" Vance blew a ring of smoke toward the dusty chandelier. "And had both women retired for the night?"

"An hour before. . . . But what has all that got to do with it?"

"One never knows, does one? However, it's always well to be in possession of these little details when trying to run down the elusive source of a psychic seizure."

"Psychic seizure be damned!" growled Greene truculently. "Can't a man have a feeling about something without—?"

"Quite—quite. But you've asked for the District Attorney's assistance, and I'm sure he would like a few data before making a decision."

Markham came forward and sat down on the edge of the table. His curiosity had been aroused, and he indicated to Greene his sympathy with Vance's interrogation.

Greene pursed his lips, and returned his cigarette-holder to his pocket.

"Oh, very well. What else do you want to know?"

"You might relate for us," dulcetly resumed Vance, "the exact order of events after you heard the first shot. I presume you did hear the shot."

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"Certainly I heard it—couldn't have helped hearing it. Julia's room is next to mine, and I was still awake. I jumped into my slippers and pulled on my dressing-gown; then I went out into the hall. It was dark, and I felt my way along the wall until I reached Julia's door. I opened it and looked in—didn't know who might be there waiting to pop me—and I saw her lying in bed, the front of her nightgown covered with blood. There was no one else in the room, and I went to her immediately. Just then I heard another shot which sounded as if it came from Ada's room. I was a bit muzzy by this time—didn't know what I'd better do; and as I stood by Julia's bed in something of a funk—oh, I was in a funk all right . . ."

"Can't say that I blame you," Vance encouraged him.

Greene nodded. "A damned ticklish position to be in. Well, anyway, as I stood there, I heard some one coming down the stairs from the servants' quarters on the third floor, and recognized old Sproot's tread. He fumbled along in the dark, and I heard him enter Ada's door. Then he called to me, and I hurried over. Ada was lying in front of the dressing-table; and Sproot and I lifted her on the bed. I'd gone a bit weak in the knees; was expecting any minute to hear another shot—don't know why. Anyway, it didn't come; and then I heard Sproot's voice at the hall telephone calling up Doctor Von Blon."

"I see nothing in your account, Greene, inconsistent with the theory of a burglar," observed Markham. "And furthermore, Feathergill, my assistant, says there were two sets of confused footprints in the snow outside the front door."

Greene shrugged his shoulders, but did not answer.

"By the by, Mr. Greene,"—Vance had slipped down in his chair and was staring into space—"you said that when you looked into Miss Julia's room you saw her in bed. How was that? Did you turn on the light?"

"Why, no!" The man appeared puzzled by the question. "The light was on."

There was a flutter of interest in Vance's eyes.

"And how about Miss Ada's room? Was the light on there also?"

"Yes."

Vance reached into his pocket, and, drawing out his cigarette-case, carefully and deliberately selected a cigarette. I recognized in the action an evidence of repressed inner excitement.

"So the lights were on in both rooms. Most interestin'."

Markham, too, recognized the eagerness beneath his apparent indifference, and regarded him expectantly.

"And," pursued Vance, after lighting his cigarette leisurely, "how long a time would you say elapsed between the two shots?"

Greene was obviously annoyed by this cross-examination, but he answered readily.

"Two or three minutes—certainly no longer."

"Still," ruminated Vance, "after you heard the first shot you rose from your bed, donned slippers and robe, went into the hall, felt along the wall to the next room, opened the door cautiously, peered inside, and then crossed the room to the bed—all this, I gather, before the second shot was fired. Is that correct?"

"Certainly it's correct."

"Well, well! As you say, two or three minutes. Yes, at least that. Astonishin'!" Vance turned to Markham. "Real-

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ly, y' know, old man, I don't wish to influence your judgment, but I rather think you ought to accede to Mr. Greene's request to take a hand in this investigation. I too have a psychic feeling about the case. Something tells me that your eccentric burglar will prove an *ignis fatuus*."

Markham eyed him with meditative curiosity. Not only had Vance's questioning of Greene interested him keenly, but he knew, as a result of long experience, that Vance would not have made the suggestion had he not had a good reason for doing so. I was in no wise surprised, therefore, when he turned to his restive visitor and said:

"Very well, Greene. I'll see what I can do in the matter. I'll probably be at your house early this afternoon. Please see that every one is present, as I'll want to question them."

Greene held out a trembling hand. "The domestic roster—family and servants—will be complete when you arrive."

He strode pompously from the room.

Vance sighed. "Not a nice creature, Markham—not at all a nice creature. I shall never be a politician if it involves an acquaintance with such gentlemen."

Markham seated himself at his desk with a disgruntled air.

"Greene is highly regarded as a social—not a political—decoration," he said maliciously. "He belongs to your totem, not mine."

"Fancy that!" Vance stretched himself luxuriously. "Still, it's you who fascinate him. Intuition tells me he is not overfond of me."

"You did treat him a bit cavalierly. Sarcasm is not exactly a means of endearment."

"But, Markham old thing, I wasn't pining for Chester's affection."

"You think he knows, or suspects, something?"

Vance gazed through the long window into the bleak sky beyond.

"I wonder," he murmured. Then: "Is Chester, by any chance, a typical representative of the Greene family? Of recent years I've done so little mingling with the élite that I'm wofully ignorant of the East Side nabobs."

Markham nodded reflectively.

"I'm afraid he is. The original Greene stock was sturdy, but the present generation seems to have gone somewhat to pot. Old Tobias the Third —Chester's father—was a rugged and, in many ways, admirable character. He appears, however, to have been the last heir of the ancient Greene qualities. What's left of the family has suffered some sort of disintegration. They're not exactly soft, but tainted with patches of incipient decay, like fruit that's lain on the ground too long. Too much money and leisure, I imagine, and too little restraint. On the other hand, there's a certain intellectuality lurking in the new Greenes. They all seem to have good minds, even if futile and misdirected. In fact, I think you underestimate Chester. For all his banalities and effeminate mannerisms, he's far from being as stupid as you regard him."

"*I* regard Chester as stupid! My dear Markham—my very dear Markham! You wrong me abominably. No, no. There's nothing of the anointed ass about our Chester. He's shrewder even than you think him. Those œdematous eyelids veil a pair of particularly crafty eyes. Indeed, it was largely his studied pose of fatuousness that led me to suggest that you aid and abet in the investigation."

Markham leaned back and narrowed his eyes.

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"What's in your mind, Vance?"

"I told you. A psychic seizure—same like Chester's subliminal visitation."

Markham knew, by this elusive answer, that for the moment Vance had no intention of being more definite; and after a moment of scowling silence he turned to the telephone.

"If I'm to take on this case, I'd better find out who has charge of it and get what preliminary information I can."

He called up Inspector Moran, the commanding officer of the Detective Bureau. After a brief conversation he turned to Vance with a smile.

"Your friend, Sergeant Heath, has the case in hand. He happened to be in the office just now, and is coming here immediately."*

In less than fifteen minutes Heath arrived. Despite the fact that he had been up most of the night, he appeared unusually alert and energetic. His broad, pugnacious features were as imperturbable as ever, and his pale-blue eyes held their habitual penetrating intentness. He greeted Markham with an elaborate, though perfunctory, handshake; and then, seeing Vance, relaxed his features into a good-natured smile.

"Well, if it isn't Mr. Vance! What have you been up to, sir?"

Vance rose and shook hands with him.

"Alas, Sergeant, I've been immersed in the terra-cotta ornamentation of Renaissance façades, and other such trivialities, since I saw you last.* But I'm happy to note that crime is picking up again. It's a deuced drab world without a nice murky murder now and then, don't y' know."

Heath cocked an eye, and turned inquiringly to the District Attorney. He had long since learned how to read between the lines of Vance's badinage.

"It's this Greene case, Sergeant," said Markham.

"I thought so." Heath sat down heavily, and inserted a black cigar between his lips. "But nothing's broken yet. We're rounding up all the regulars, and looking into their alibis for last night. But it'll take several days before the check-up's complete. If the bird who did the job hadn't got scared before he grabbed the swag, we might be able to trace him through the pawnshops and fences. But something rattled him, or he wouldn't have shot up the works the way he did. And that's what makes me think he may be a new one at the racket. If he is, it'll make our job harder." He held a match in cupped hands to his cigar, and puffed furiously. "What did you want to know about the prowl, sir?"

Markham hesitated. The Sergeant's matter-of-fact assumption that a common burglar was the culprit disconcerted him.

"Chester Greene was here," he explained presently; "and he seems convinced that the shooting was not the work of a thief. He asked me, as a special favor, to look into the matter."

Heath gave a derisive grunt.

"Who but a burglar in a panic would shoot down two women?"

* It was Sergeant Ernest Heath, of the Homicide Bureau, who had been in charge of both the Benson and the Canary cases; and, although he had been openly antagonistic to Vance during the first of these investigations, a curious good-fellowship had later grown up between them. Vance admired the Sergeant's dogged and straightforward qualities; and Heath had developed a keen respect—with certain reservations, however—for Vance's abilities.

* Vance, after reading proof of this sentence, requested me to make mention here of that beautiful volume, "Terra Cotta of the Italian Renaissance," recently published by the National Terra Cotta Society, New York.

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"Quite so, Sergeant." It was Vance who answered. "Still, the lights were turned on in both rooms, though the women had gone to bed an hour before; and there was an interval of several minutes between the two shots."

"I know all that." Heath spoke impatiently. "But if an amachoor did the job, we can't tell exactly what did happen up-stairs there last night. When a bird loses his head—"

"Ah! There's the rub. When a thief loses his head, d'ye see, he isn't apt to go from room to room turning on the lights, even assuming he knows where and how to turn them on. And he certainly isn't going to dally around for several minutes in a black hall between such fantastic operations, especially after he has shot some one and alarmed the house, what? It doesn't look like panic to me; it looks strangely like design. Moreover, why should this precious amateur of yours be cavorting about the boudoirs up-stairs when the loot was in the dining-room below?"

"We'll learn all about that when we've got our man," countered Heath doggedly.

"The point is, Sergeant," put in Markham, "I've given Mr. Greene my promise to look into the matter, and I wanted to get what details I could from you. You understand, of course," he added mollifyingly, "that I shall not interfere with your activities in any way. Whatever the outcome of the case, your department will receive entire credit."

"Oh, that's all right, sir." Experience had taught Heath that he had nothing to fear in the way of lost *kudos* when working with Markham. "But I don't think, in spite of Mr. Vance's ideas, that you'll find much in the Greene case to warrant attention."

"Perhaps not," Markham admitted. "However, I've committed myself, and I think I'll run out this afternoon and look over the situation, if you'll give me the lie of the land."

"There isn't much to tell." Heath chewed on his cigar cogitatingly. "A Doctor Von Blon—the Greene family physician — phoned Headquarters about midnight. I'd just got in from an up-town stick-up call, and I hopped out to the house with a couple of the boys from the Bureau. I found the two women, like you know, one dead and the other unconscious—both shot. I phoned Doc Doremus,* and then looked the place over. Mr. Feathergill came along and lent a hand; but we didn't find much of anything. The fellow that did the job musta got in by the front door some way, for there was a set of footprints in the snow coming and going, besides Doctor Von Blon's. But the snow was too flaky to get any good impressions. It stopped snowing along about eleven o'clock last night; and there's no doubt that the prints belonged to the burglar, for no one else, except the doctor, had come or gone after the storm."

"An amateur housebreaker with a front-door key to the Greene mansion," murmured Vance. "Extr'ordin'ry!"

"I'm not saying he had a key, sir," protested Heath. "I'm simply telling you what we found. The door mighta been unlatched by mistake; or some one mighta opened it for him."

"Go on with the story, Sergeant," urged Markham, giving Vance a reproving look.

"Well, after Doc Doremus got there and made an examination of the older woman's body and inspected the younger one's wound, I questioned all the

* Doctor Emanuel Doremus, the Chief Medical Examiner.

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family and the servants—a butler, two maids, and a cook. Chester Greene and the butler were the only ones who had heard the first shot, which was fired about half past eleven. But the second shot roused old Mrs. Greene—her room adjoins the younger daughter's. The rest of the household had slept through all the excitement; but this Chester fellow had woke 'em all up by the time I got there. I talked to all of 'em, but nobody knew anything. After a coupla hours I left a man inside and another outside, and came away. Then I set the usual machinery going; and this morning Captain Dubois went over the place the best he could for finger-prints. Doc Doremus has got the body for an autopsy, and we'll get a report to-night. But there'll be nothing helpful from that quarter. She was fired on from in front at close range—almost a contact shot. And the other woman—the young one —was all powder-marked, and her nightgown was burnt. She was shot from behind.—That's about all the dope."

"Have you been able to get any sort of a statement from the younger one?"

"Not yet. She was unconscious last night, and this morning she was too weak to talk. But the doctor—Von Blon—said we could probably question her this afternoon. We may get something out of her, in case she got a look at the bird before he shot her."

"That suggests something to me, Sergeant." Vance had been listening passively to the recital, but now he drew in his legs, and lifted himself a little. "Did any member of the Greene household possess a gun?"

Heath gave him a sharp look.

"This Chester Greene said he had an old .32 revolver he used to keep in a desk drawer in his bedroom."

"Oh, did he, now? And did you see the gun?"

"I asked him for it, but he couldn't find it. Said he hadn't seen it for years, but that probably it was around somewheres. Promised to dig it up for me today."

"Don't hang any fond hopes on his finding it, Sergeant." Vance looked at Markham musingly. "I begin to comprehend the basis of Chester's psychic perturbation. I fear he's a crass materialist after all. . . . Sad, sad."

"You think he missed the gun, and took fright?"

"Well—something like that . . . perhaps. One can't tell. It's deuced confusin'." He turned an indolent eye on the Sergeant. "By the by, what sort of gun did your burglar use?"

Heath gave a gruff, uneasy laugh.

"You score there, Mr. Vance. I've got both bullets — thirty-twos, fired from a revolver, not an automatic. But you're not trying to intimate—"

"Tut, tut, Sergeant. Like Goethe, I'm merely seeking for more illumination, if one may translate *Licht*—"

Markham interrupted this garrulous evasion.

"I'm going to the Greene house after lunch, Sergeant. Can you come along?"

"Sure I can, sir. I was going out anyway."

"Good." Markham brought forth a box of cigars. "Meet me here at two. . . . And take a couple of these *Perfectos* before you go."

Heath selected the cigars, and put them carefully into his breast pocket. At the door he turned with a bantering grin.

"You coming along with us, Mr. Vance—to guide our erring footsteps, as they say?"

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"Nothing could keep me away," declared Vance.

III

AT THE GREENE MANSION

(Tuesday, November 9; 2.30 p. m.)

The Greene mansion—as it was commonly referred to by New Yorkers—was a relic of the city's *ancien régime*. It had stood for three generations at the eastern extremity of 53d Street, two of its oriel windows actually overhanging the murky waters of the East River. The lot upon which the house was built extended through the entire block—a distance of two hundred feet—and had an equal frontage on the cross-streets. The character of the neighborhood had changed radically since the early days; but the spirit of commercial advancement had left the domicile of the Greenes untouched. It was an oasis of idealism and calm in the midst of moiling commercial enterprise; and one of the stipulations in old Tobias Greene's last will and testament had been that the mansion should stand intact for at least a quarter of a century after his death, as a monument to him and his ancestors. One of his last acts on earth was to erect a high stone wall about the entire property, with a great double iron gateway opening on 53d Street and a postern-gate for tradesmen giving on 52d Street.

The mansion itself was two and a half stories high, surmounted by gabled spires and chimney clusters. It was what architects call, with a certain intonation of contempt, a "château flamboyant"; but no derogatory appellation could detract from the quiet dignity and the air of feudal traditionalism that emanated from its great rectangular blocks of gray limestone. The house was sixteenth-century Gothic in style, with more than a suspicion of the new Italian ornament in its parts; and the pinnacles and shelves suggested the Byzantine. But, for all its diversity of detail, it was not flowery, and would have held no deep attraction for the Freemason architects of the Middle Ages. It was not "bookish" in effect; it exuded the very essence of the old.

In the front yard were maples and clipped evergreens, interspersed with hydrangea and lilac-bushes; and at the rear was a row of weeping willows overhanging the river. Along the herring-bone-bond brick walks were high quickset hedges of hawthorn; and the inner sides of the encircling wall were covered with compact escaliers. To the west of the house an asphalt driveway led to a double garage at the rear—an addition built by the newer generation of Greenes. But here too were boxwood hedgerows which cloaked the driveway's modernity.

As we entered the grounds that gray November afternoon an atmosphere of foreboding bleakness seemed to have settled over the estate. The trees and shrubs were all bare, except the evergreens, which were laden with patches of snow. The trellises stood stripped along the walls, like clinging black skeletons; and, save for the front walk, which had been hastily and imperfectly swept, the grounds were piled high with irregular snow-drifts. The gray of the mansion's masonry was almost the color of the brooding overcast sky; and I felt a premonitory chill of eeriness pass over me as we mounted the shallow steps that led to the high front door, with its pointed pediment above the deeply arched entrance.

Sproot, the butler—a little old man with white hair and a heavily seamed

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capriform face—admitted us with silent, funereal dignity (he had evidently been apprised of our coming); and we were ushered at once into the great gloomy drawing-room whose heavily curtained windows overlooked the river. A few moments later Chester Greene came in and greeted Markham fulsomely. Heath and Vance and I he included in a single supercilious nod.

"Awfully good of you to come, Markham," he said, with nervous eagerness, seating himself on the edge of a chair and taking out his cigarette-holder. "I suppose you'll want to hold an inquisition first. Whom'll I summon as a starter?"

"We can let that go for the moment," said Markham. "First, I'd like to know something concerning the servants. Tell me what you can about them."

Greene moved restlessly in his chair, and seemed to have difficulty lighting his cigarette.

"There's only four. Big house and all that, but we don't need much help. Julia always acted as housekeeper, and Ada looked after the Mater.—To begin with, there's old Sproot. He's been butler, seneschal, and majordomo for us for thirty years. Regular family retainer—kind you read about in English novels—devoted, loyal, humble, dictatorial, and snooping. And a damned nuisance, I may add. Then there are two maids—one to look after the rooms and the other for general service, though the women monopolize her, mostly for useless fiddle-faddle. Hemming, the older maid, has been with us ten years. Still wears corsets and fit-easy shoes. Deep-water Baptist, I believe—excruciatingly devout. Barton, the other maid, is young and flighty: thinks she's irresistible, knows a little *table-d'hôte* French, and is the kind that's constantly expecting the males of the family to kiss her behind the door. Sibella picked her out—she's just the kind Sibella would pick out. Been adorning our house and shirking the hard work for about two years. The cook's a stodgy German woman, a typical *Hausfrau*—voluminous bosoms and number-ten feet. Puts in all her spare time writing to distant nieces and nephews in the upper reaches of the Rhine basin somewhere; and boasts that the most fastidious person could eat off her kitchen floor, it's that clean; though I've never tried it. The old man engaged her a year before he died; gave orders she was to remain as long as she liked.—There you have the personnel of the backstairs. Of course, there is a gardener who loafs about the lawn in summer. He hibernates in a speak-easy up Harlem way."

"No chauffeur?"

"A nuisance we dispense with. Julia hated motor-cars, and Rex is afraid to travel in them—squeamish lad, Rex. I drive my own racer, and Sibella's a regular Barney Oldfield. Ada drives, too, when the Mater isn't using her and Sibella's car is idle.—So endeth."

Markham had been making notes as Greene rambled along with his information. At length he put out the cigar he had been smoking.

"Now, if you don't mind, I want to look over the house."

Greene rose with alacrity and led the way into the main lower hall—a vaulted, oak-panelled entrance containing two large carved Flemish tables of the Sambin school, against opposite walls, and several Anglo-Dutch crown-back chairs. A great Daghestan rug stretched along the parqueted floor, its faded

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colors repeated in the heavy draperies of the archways.

"We have, of course, just come from the drawing-room," explained Greene, with a pompous air. "Back of it, down the hall"—he pointed past the wide marble stairway—"was the governor's library and den—what he called his *sanctum sanctorum*. Nobody's been in it for twelve years. The Mater has kept it locked up ever since the old man died. Sentiment of some kind; though I've often told her she ought to clean the place out and make a billiard-room of it. But you can't move the Mater, once she's got an idea in her head. Try it some time when you're looking for heavy exercise."

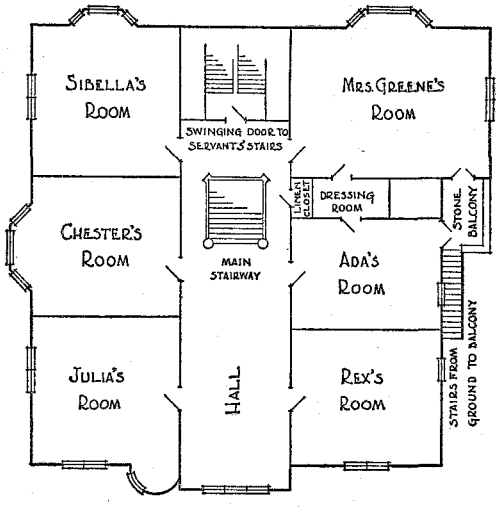
He walked across the hall and pulled aside the draperies of the archway opposite to the drawing-room.

"Here's the reception-room, though we don't use it much nowadays. Stuffy, stiff place, and the flue doesn't draw worth a damn. Every time we've built a fire here, we've had to have the cleaners in to remove the soot from the tapestries." He waved his cigarette-holder toward two beautiful Gobelins. "Back there, through those sliding doors, is the dining-room; and farther on are the butler's pantry and the kitchen where one may eat off the floor. Care to inspect the culinary department?"

"No, I think not," said Markham. "And I'll take the kitchen floor for granted.—Now, can we look at the second floor?"

We ascended the main stairs, which led round a piece of marble statuary —a Falguière figure, I think—, and emerged into the upper hall facing the front of the house where three large close-set windows looked out over the bare trees.

The arrangement of the rooms on the second floor was simple and in keeping with the broad four-square architecture of the house; but for the sake of clarification I am embodying in this record a rough diagram of it; for it was the disposition of these rooms that made possible the carrying out of



Plan of Second Floor.

(For the sake of simplification all bathrooms, clothes-closets, fireplaces, etc., have been omitted.)

the murderer's hideous and unnatural plot.

There were six bedrooms on the floor —three on either side of the hall, each occupied by a member of the family. At the front of the house, on our left, was the bedroom of Rex Greene, the younger brother. Next to it was the room occupied by Ada Greene; and at the rear were Mrs. Greene's quarters, separated from Ada's by a fair-sized dressing-room through which the two apartments communicated. It will be seen from the diagram that Mrs. Greene's room projected beyond the main western elevation of the house, and that in the L thus formed was a

(Continued on page 111 of this number.)

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The Arrival of De Bienville.

Vieux Carré

Sketches of Old New Orleans by George Wright

It was as long ago as 1718 that a French-Canadian, De Bienville, sailed up the Mississippi looking for a site for a city. Two hundred and ten years have gone into the making of the present New Orleans.

There is not much left of that early time but names. These, nevertheless, help make the city what it is. The Spanish buildings are there to show that once Spain had the running of things. Later the French built and to-day the shells they vacated are being again made habitable for the wealthy and the artistic. French town instead of a liability is now counted an asset. It is one of the most interesting places in North America.

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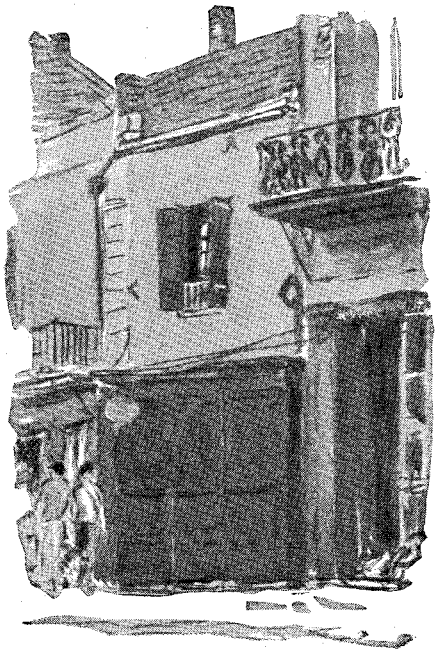
The Cabildo.



Book-shop, Royal Street.

A Spanish building of rather clumsy architecture facing Jackson Square, the Cabildo has been given color and tone by Time. As a museum it has become the repository for many things connected with the past life of New Orleans and Louisiana. The open door shown in the picture above is the entrance to the cell described to the visitor as that occupied by the pirate La Fitte. Maybe!

In the courtyard there is evidence on the stained and mouldy walls that quick finishes were the portions of many who for a time resided there. Bullet-holes aplenty!

The smaller sketch is one of the many tea-rooms that have come into being in the process of rehabilitating French town. This one is on Royal Street near St. Peter and is also a book-shop.

The ladies who preside in these nice little shops are always charming and the food good.

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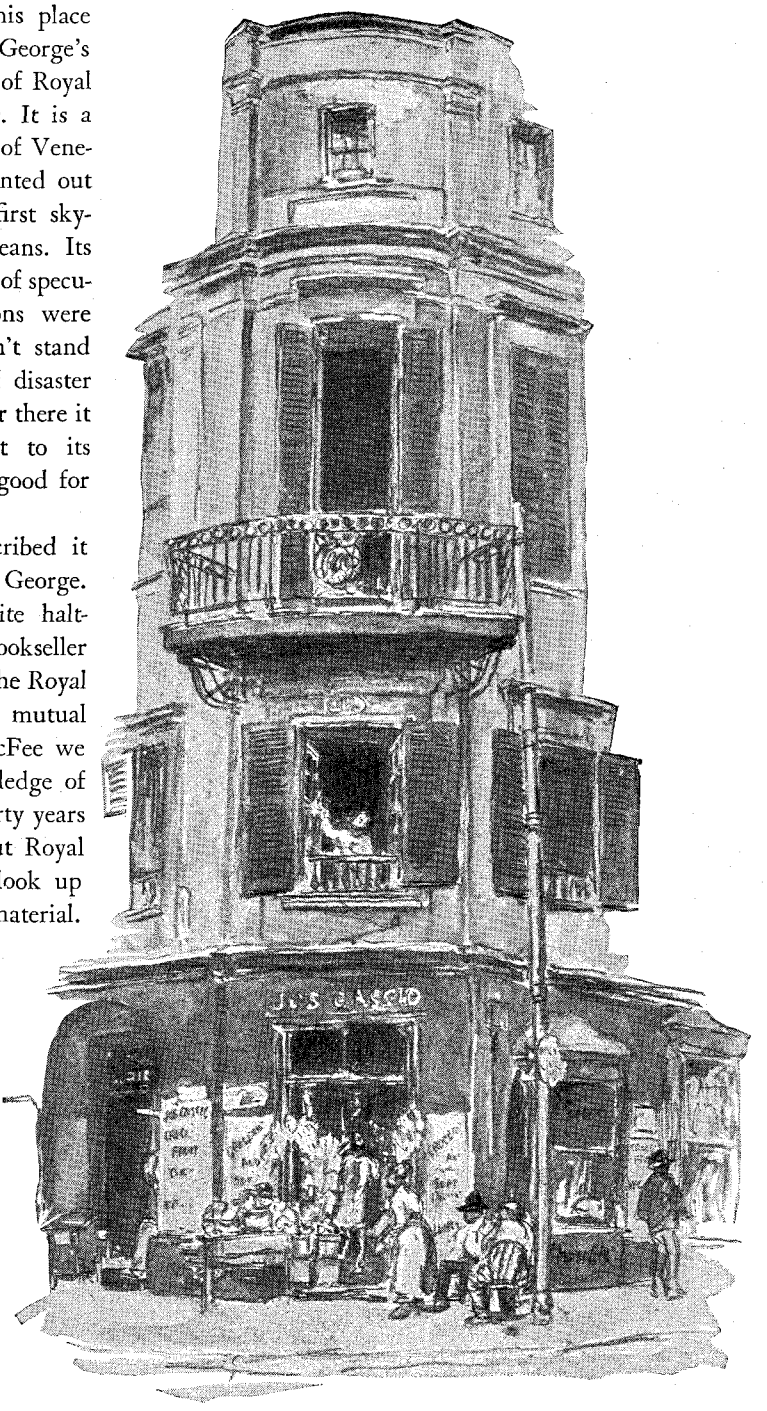
Almost opposite this place of cheer is 'Sieur George's house, on the corner of Royal and St. Peter Streets. It is a four-storied building of Venetian look, and is pointed out to strangers as the first skyscraper of New Orleans. Its erection caused a deal of speculation, and predictions were made that it wouldn't stand up. The prophets of disaster were disappointed, for there it stands, a monument to its builder and looking good for quite a while yet.

George Cable described it in his story of 'Sieur George.

This was a favorite halting-place for me. A bookseller friend has a shop on the Royal Street side. Having a mutual friend in William McFee we got along. His knowledge of the city gained by thirty years of living in and about Royal Street helped me to look up a lot of interesting material. He is a mine of information about the French Quarter.



The House
of
'Sieur George.

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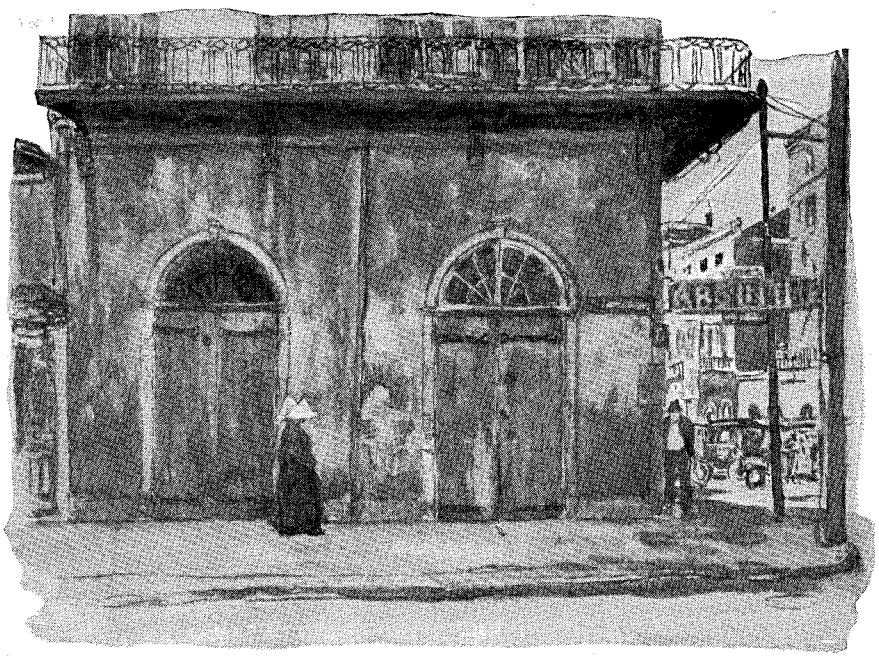

The old Absinthe House still stands, though now a silent reminder of the drink once dear to old New Orleans. The hand of the law closed the shutters something over a year ago.

The Cathedral of St. Louis has much of the color and interest of European churches, with the addition of certain Catholic members of the colored population.

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The windows and balconies of the clergy-house overlook the quiet old garden at the back of the cathedral.

The Old French Market is always busy and full of color. Negroes with baskets on their heads, housewives, "cajuns" (as the Arcadian farmers are called), Italians, flappers—oh, most anything you want.

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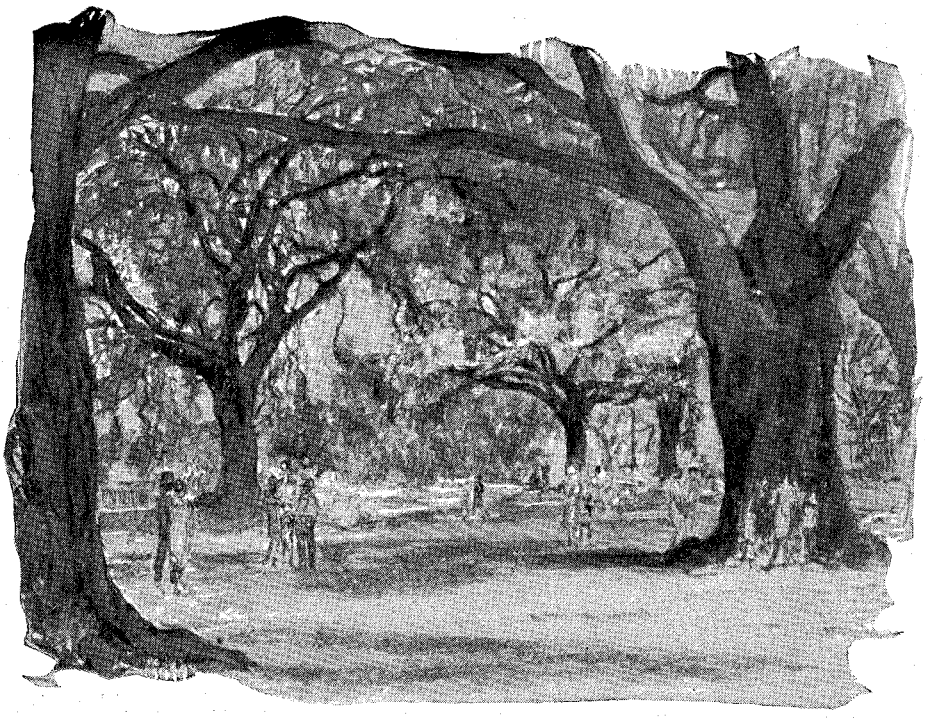

Audubon Park is out St. Charles Avenue way. While not as old as City Park, there are beautiful live-oaks and much life around the zoological garden.

This fine old plantation-house is across the river, on the road to Baton Rouge. Slowly it is going the way of all neglected things. Oil-tanks and noisy trains are its companions now.

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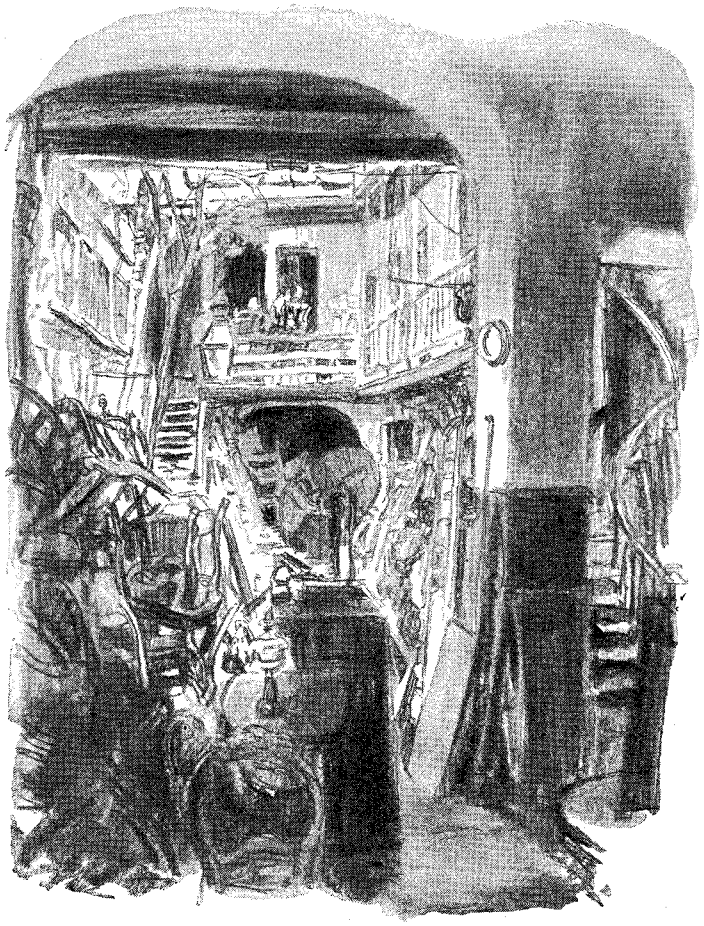

ONCE this must have been a charming little courtyard. Even now there are the makings of a quiet spot, but the Great God Junk has his lair here, and if anything of value to the antiquarians is there, I missed it. The quarter has many such, and some real antique-shops where the prices are not what one would call reasonable.

A colored lady of form and fashion, but of no particular consequence, and the old praline-woman, who spends a good part of the day in front of the Patio Royal, grace the page to left and right.

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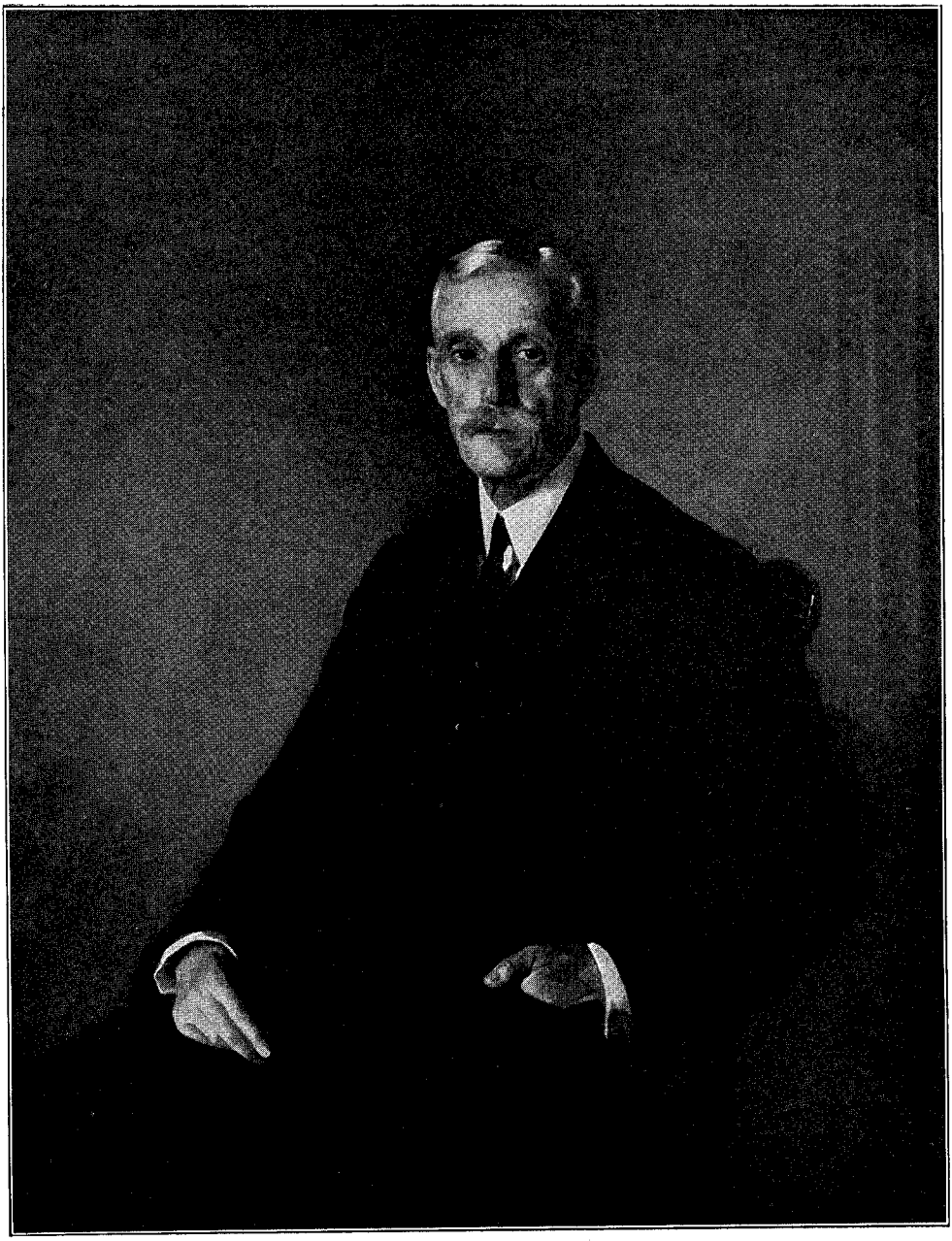

Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury.

From the painting by Leopold Seyffert.

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Andrew W. Mellon

BY SILAS BENT
Author of "Hoover—The Man for Difficult Jobs," "Ballyhoo," etc.

Doubting the truth of the designation of Mr. Mellon as "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton," Mr. Bent likewise questions the abuse of Mr. Mellon by his foes. The secretary is revealed as a political Warwick, an enigma in public life.

DUNSANY would have called it a strange doom that summoned Andrew Mellon, at the age of sixty-nine, from the cloister of a Pittsburgh bank into the cockpit of national politics. The least known of our multi-millionaires, a silent and gentle person who had never taken part in any struggle more spectacular than the breaking of the Standard Oil monopoly in Pennsylvania, he was thrust suddenly into the spot-light, and was subjected to raking fire successively from both Houses of Congress, from the American Legion, from professorial sharpshooters, and from foreign chancelleries. In the battles of the bonus, the income tax, the tariff, farm relief, and the inter-ally debts, he was often on the unpopular side and sometimes on the losing side. The surprising thing was that this slim and elegant Secretary of the Treasury remained unruffled. He developed an unexpected expertness in rapier play.

Andrew William Mellon's name is now quite commonly linked with the names of Hamilton and Gallatin. Reed Smoot is not content even with this. When William Randolph Hearst put the secretary forward for the presidency (even before Mr. Coolidge announced that he did not choose to run), Senator Smoot declared that the Republican party could not possibly select a better standard-bearer. "He is the greatest Secretary of the Treasury this country has ever known," said the chairman of the Senate finance committee, "not excepting Alexander Hamilton. He is a world figure."

While this was being said Mr. Mellon was aboard his yacht *Venezia,* cruising in Mediterranean waters, and at the moment chatting, perhaps, with another minister of finance as suave as himself, the Count Giuseppi Volpi, who drew up the Italian debt settlement and who is the richest man in that country's politics. On returning to Washington, Mr. Mellon let it be known at once that he took the volunteer fanfare of the Hearst papers much more lightly than the plodding and serious-minded Mr. Smoot. Age was barrier enough: if nominated and elected, he would be past eighty at the end of his term in the White House.

Contrary to a popular notion, Mr. Mellon was too well schooled in practical politics not to perceive other difficulties. His rating as the third richest man in the United States stood in the way; he is no speech-maker, no manipulator of caucuses, and he has no patience with the partisan spoils system. These were reasons enough, even if he

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had wanted such preferment; these, and the fact that he would have a major voice in the choice of whatever candidate the party might select. The rôle of Warwick was more to his liking. As the directing energy of the Mellon machine in western Pennsylvania, which for years has disputed the pretenses and occasionally defeated the manœuvres of the Vare machine in the western part of the State, he has shifted the geographical centre of the authority once vested in Boies Penrose. He had come into that power, and much more.

Had Mr. Mellon said "No" when Warren Harding invited him into the cabinet, and remained in Pittsburgh, quietly picking up costly paintings and donating vast sums to philanthropy; had he gone along unobtrusively adding fresh millions of dollars to the hundreds of millions already his, he could have been explained readily enough in the terms of American social and industrial life. As a public figure he became an enigma. What armor did he wear that the slings and arrows of outrageous critics turned so lightly from him? What sort of training had steeled his muscles and endurance? What were the springs of his personal power? For it was apparent that, as the assaults on him waxed in bitterness, concurrently his prestige gained in breadth and volume.

Thomas Mellon, father of the secretary, emigrated to this country from County Tyrone in the north of Ireland, practised law, and became judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania. Retiring from the bench in 1869, he opened a private bank, the chief function of which was to make loans to aspiring and needy young business men. By taking a share in the business and a mortgage on the plant the elder Mellon throve abundantly. The bank set up two brothers in the bridge-building business, for example, gave each of them one-fifth and kept three-fifths for itself; thereafter the brothers were solely responsible for the success of the venture, and it was highly successful.

The elder Mellon took as his motto "Cassis tutissima virtus"; and the virtue which he found the safest helmet was a plexus of integrity, thrift, industry, and the recognition of character as the basis of credit. The sons—James, Andrew, and Richard — were taken into the bank in their teens, and were made responsible for the granting of loans. Sometimes they remained for weeks on the ground, studying the business, the market, the distribution problem; above all, the applicant. They had to be clear-headed and unsentimental. The father once said he hoped Andrew's first loan would "go bad"—it would teach him a lesson. But it did not go bad. Andrew did not need, or at least did not get, that particular lesson.

There was a clerk in the Overholt distillery who wanted twenty thousand dollars wherewith to build some coke-ovens in the Connellsville coal region. He borrowed it from the Mellons, on Andrew's recommendation. Then he wanted an additional forty thousand, and then fifty, and he obtained the funds from the same source. After that he got along very well on his own, thank you; for the clerk was Henry Clay Frick, and the Mellons prospered as he prospered. They shared in many of his ventures, including two whiskey distilleries, and Andrew Mellon is now the trustee of his huge estate.

Before Andrew was twenty-five he was practically in charge of the bank; five years later his father retired and

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deeded the entire property to him to manage and to divide among the other children. Millionaires were rare in those days, and Tom Mellon was a millionaire. Can there be found anywhere a more striking instance of paternal confidence in a son's judgment and probity?

The bank of T. Mellon & Sons was turned over a quarter of a century ago into the Mellon National Bank of Pittsburgh. It now lifts its imposing Doric façade above a whole block of Smithfield Street, and its spacious loggia gleams with granite and bronze and Ionic marble. Its ten thousand safe-deposit vaults were the first to be fashioned anywhere of aluminum. Andrew and Richard Mellon have organized also the Union Trust Company and the Union Savings Bank. These are the financial core of that fabulous oil and iron district.

Andrew Mellon, a sound and able commercial banker, is also one of this country's mightiest entrepreneurs. He and his brothers and their associates broke the back of the Standard Oil in Pennsylvania by building a rival pipeline across the State from the western oil region to the Delaware River. They operated their own fleet of tank-ships. Out of this grew a congeries of oil-producing and refining and transporting companies, and the Mellons became the second biggest American producers in Mexico. They went into steel, railways, linseed-oil, traction, water-power, public utilities, construction, coal and coke, insurance, electricity, plate glass; they built locomotives, ships, iron castings, stationary engines, bridges, motor-trucks, gun-carriages, steel cars, towns. Above all, they mined and manufactured aluminum. When Andrew Mellon became Secretary of the Treasury he resigned from directorates in corporations with an aggregate capital of more than two billions.

When Mr. Mellon moved to Washington in 1921 he undertook to reconcile a political post with his own notions of business practice. Politicians had arranged the appointment to his department as a "liaison officer" of Elmer Dover, once a handy man for Mark Hanna and still a member of "the Ohio gang." Mr. Dover was what would be called, under a candid terminology, a spoilsmonger. Mr. Mellon lost as little time as possible getting rid of him. On the other hand he turned a deaf ear to the plea that competent Democrats be discharged. There would be no patronage in the Treasury while he was at the head of it.

Partisan patronage was incompatible with the enormous task in front of the secretary. If, as a corporate director, he had dealt with immense sums, now he had to deal with billions in the mass. Maturities of more than seven billions must be faced within two years, one-third of them within a year. Skill and judgment of a high order were needed. One per cent saved in refunding these obligations meant lopping seventy millions a year from Uncle Sam's expense account; every billion of principal paid off would save the taxpayer forty-five millions a year forever. Within two years that billion had been paid, and the balance had been refunded at substantially lower rates. As this is written, the debt has been reduced by more than one billion six hundred million dollars; and the thing has been done so dexterously that there has been no disturbance of the money market.

Newspaper editorial writers, dwelling lovingly on these eye-filling figures, and on the fact that the United States

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was the first of the World War belligerents to balance its budget, grew fond of comparing Mr. Mellon with Albert Gallatin and Alexander Hamilton. Holders of Liberty Bonds, as the market advanced from eighty-seven past par, took up the cry. By iteration and reiteration to millions of readers, and by being taken up in Wall Street, the comparison crystallized into a commonplace. I do not doubt that Mr. Mellon himself was embarrassed by it, and turned with relief to the *Journal of Commerce,* which said soberly that he was "a good Secretary of the Treasury . . . faithful, businesslike, and efficient."

Certainly he was that. He spent long hours at his desk, and seldom missed a cabinet meeting. If he was away from Washington, he managed to get back. If he was there, he slipped out of a back door of the Treasury Building, puffing a small cigar, and went around the south side of the White House to the executive offices. He devoted less of his time than most cabinet officers to his favorite diversions, walking, riding, and golfing. Like many rich Americans, he was often without pocket money; once a suspicious taxi-driver detained him in front of the Treasury until he could send in for money to pay the fare.

The surpassing greatness of Mr. Mellon remains to be established. His chief claim to fame is the refunding of the public debt, and in his earlier administration this was effected on a makeshift basis, which left the obligations in comparatively short form. Even in the summer of 1927 the secretary's judgment of the market was not vindicated, and the calling of the Second Liberties dragged along for months. His estimates of the national income have often been wide of the mark, more than a billion wide of it in 1923. His record is creditable, but not brilliant. Consider what was done after this country emerged, torn and shaken, from the Civil War. The government had been paying interest from 5 per cent up to a fraction more than 7 per cent. But on the heels of the "money panic," which wrought disaster in 1873, a Secretary of the Treasury negotiated demand loans at 3 per cent, and refunded part of the debt at 4. The average in refunding was 1 per cent below the rate of the original loans. Who, then, was secretary in 1874, when these things were done? He was a Kentuckian named Benjamin Helm Bristow; and one has heard of him, if at all, not as a remarkable secretary but as the man who broke up the corrupt whiskey ring in Grant's administration. Mr. Mellon, in handling the public debt, has done no better than this obscure predecessor, if as well.

As I have intimated, Mr. Mellon would be the last man in the world to seek canonization, and is probably somewhat abashed at the ardor of his panegyrists. In Congress his achievements in reducing the debt have been accepted with greater satisfaction than his plans for tax reduction. His first plan was materially revised, although it had, as theatrical folk say, "an enthusiastic press" (excepting, if I remember aright, that the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* opposed it). Subsequent plans were assailed in both Houses. Mr. Mellon's enemies were fond of saying that he was actuated by selfish motives, and was preoccupied with the upper income brackets. Calculating his income at four millions a year, it was said that the difference between the post-war levies when he took office and the 1927 rates meant an annual saving to him of a

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million and a half. Suppose we concede those figures as stated. The reduction of war-time rates was inevitable; but, now that this million and a half has been saved, what is Mr. Mellon going to do with the money? Buy a fleet of yachts? He is already so rich that his wealth is a burden; if he had not been weary of acquisition he would not have entered the cabinet. Nothing is more obvious than that he has not considered his own purse in his tax plans. That he believes in a generally prosperous big business, and would relieve it of burdens whenever practicable, is more credible.

Equally personal was the attack upon the secretary's enforcement of the prohibition law. The wets charged that all his sympathies were with the drys. The drys said that, as a former distiller, his sympathies were with the wets. Congressmen dwelt with glee on the fact that, by means of a forged certificate, fifty thousand dollars' worth of whiskey had been withdrawn illegally from the Overholt plant. "Any inference," said Mr. Mellon, "that I or the Overholt Company connived in any way in the illegal withdrawal of whiskey . . . is false." The matter came up time and again in both Houses. In the Senate Mr. Mellon has a spokesman in the person of David A. Reed, whose law firm has been counsel for the Mellons. Senator Reed explained that the secretary had transferred his interest in Overholt to the Union Trust Company of Pittsburgh to be liquidated. Neither the secretary nor the partnership owning the distillery nor the trust company got a penny from the forged withdrawal. Every quart of the whiskey they owned when prohibition went into effect was still there; the withdrawal had been from stock owned by other persons.

Later Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, took occasion to amend this.

"Every word of that statement I reiterate to-day," he explained, "with a single exception, which Mr. Mellon had evidently forgotten and which I never knew until this week. Fifty-two cases, aggregating about three gallons a case, making something less than one hundred and sixty gallons, were sold by the trustee . . . to druggists. . . . Mr. Mellon further states to me—he told me about it, by the way, as soon as he learned of the fifty-two cases — that he has not been able to learn why they disobeyed the instruction, and what was the reason for selling that amount."

The interest in this speech lies, not in the fact that the trustees disobeyed Mr. Mellon's injunction to sell no liquor, but in the relation it reveals between the Secretary of the Treasury and Senator Reed. It is as near cabinet representation on the legislative floor as anything we have seen in this country. I happened to be present once when Senator Walsh asked for unanimous consent to consider a certain resolution affecting the Aluminum Company of America; he couldn't get unanimous consent because Mr. Reed objected.

George Wharton Pepper, although a little slow on his feet, was a helpful assistant to Mr. Reed until he was defeated for re-election to the Senate by William S. Vare of the rival Pennsylvania group. One might have expected Senator Reed to egg on the investigation of the 1926 Pepper-Vare primaries, in which three million dollars were spent; but not so; he filibustered in order to check the inquiry, and so brought that session to a close without action on some important measures, including appropriations. When another Senate committee showed that the three

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Mellon banks had illegally received a tax refund of $91,472 on their 1917 levies, it was Mr. Reed who acted again as the secretary's spokesman. He announced that the money could not be returned to the government, because the case had been finally closed. As for Mr. Mellon, he had never even heard of the refund until it came up in the Senate.

The impropriety of this refund was the only criticism, of the multitude made by the Couzens committee, which the Treasury acknowledged to be just. The hearings, occupying more than forty-five hundred pages in eight volumes, lie stacked before me. I have been through them, but it is impossible to summarize them here; the daily press, which had more space, did them inadequate justice. Refunds, credits, and abatements in taxes in excess of a million dollars are shown to each of two-score individuals and corporations. The average rate of profits tax to net income for forty-five representative newspaper publishers in 1918, for instance, was a fraction more than 20 per cent, but ran as low as 2 per cent in one instance, while relief was denied in another instance on a rate above 25 per cent. In 1919 the average rate for fifty-five newspaper publishers was 18.5 per cent, but ran as low as 2.22 per cent in one instance, while two publishers could get no relief from rates above 26 per cent. William Randolph Hearst's Star Publishing Company fared well: it got reductions in tax liabilities for three years aggregating $1,737,007.30. An assistant deputy commissioner of the Internal Revenue Bureau told the committee that this was "in accord with the law and regulations." There were refunds and reductions to concerns in which the Mellons were interested, including the Gulf Oil, Standard Steel Car, and Aluminum corporations. The report (which is in three volumes, not embraced in the eight I spoke of, and includes a slim minority report by Senators Watson and Ernst) charges inefficiency and neglect in tax collections; but the hearings show clearly that all the things complained of were done by subordinates without the knowledge of Mr. Mellon.

Senator James Couzens, of Michigan, who as chairman submitted the majority report, was made defendant in a suit when the Treasury reopened an old tax case against him, demanding ten millions more than he had paid in taxes on the sale of his stock in the Ford Automobile Company. Washington viewed this as reprisal. The case is still in litigation; but, even if Mr. Couzens and his fellow defendants lose, he will not be reduced to want. He is reputed to be worth forty-odd millions.

The Aluminum Company, owing to a report by the Federal Trade Commission, lively debates in Congress, and the campaigning of John W. Davis for President in 1924, has been the cause of more attacks on Mr. Mellon than any other of his properties. It has "practically a complete monopoly," according to the trade commission, in the United States and Canada; controls the production of bauxite and part of the manufacture of kitchen utensils; and in 1922 owned all the stock in thirty-four subsidiaries, more than half the stock in nine other corporations, and less than half in seventeen others, engaged in various enterprises. It is worth noting here that, just before the United States entered the World War, when the army and navy wanted large quantities of aluminum, at that time scarce

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and costly, the Aluminum Company voluntarily offered the government all it needed, at its own price.

The Fordney-McCumber Act increased the tariff on aluminum by 250 per cent; and the fact that most of the enterprises in which Mr. Mellon is interested, excepting banking and insurance, benefit directly from the tariff, has subjected him to many attacks. To take the least conspicuous of his interests, the two flax-crushing mills (there are only eight large manufacturers of linseed-oil) enjoy a tariff of a fraction less than twenty-five cents a gallon; the tariff commission recommended reduction, but Mr. Coolidge pigeonholed the report. So when an international group of bankers issued a manifesto against tariffs in Europe, Mr. Mellon felt constrained to say that, though the manifesto was justified as to Europe, this could not affect the quite different situation in the United States. The farm bloc wanted to know why he opposed a subsidy to farmers, through the McNary-Haugen bill, when he advocated subsidies to manufacturers through the tariff. (Congress passed the farm-relief bill over the secretary's opposition, but Mr. Coolidge vetoed it.) And in every case Mr. Mellon defended his high-protectionist views adroitly.

From all angles he was attacked, and usually the attacks were personal. The American Legion vowed unsmilingly that he opposed the bonus because he wanted to use current surplus to reduce taxes for himself and other rich men. His fight against the cash bonus was successful, but he lost on insurance for the veterans. And two groups of college professors, one at Columbia, the other at Princeton, demanded a revision of the terms for settling the international debts, under which the grandchildren of men who fought beside Americans will pay taxes indirectly to the United States. Why these are called Mr. Mellon's debt settlements I do not know. Charles Evans Hughes negotiated them. The Secretary of the Treasury is *ex officio* one of a commission of eight which arranged the terms, within the limits of a Congressional mandate. Nevertheless Mr. Mellon replied to the outgivings of the Princeton professors, and drew thereby the fire of the British chancellor of the exchequer.

So it has gone. Bricks have been thrown on the assumption that Mr. Mellon's oil interests in Mexico might influence this country's foreign policy. Former Governor Gifford Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, has kept up for more than six years a running fire on the method of administering the prohibition unit. In 1924, under the lash of the late Senator La Follette, a concerted effort was made to drive the secretary out of office, and was checked by the President's official intervention. Mr. Mellon will go down into history, if not as the greatest, then as the most-abused Secretary of the Treasury this country has known.

Why does Mr. Mellon tolerate it? One may suppose that he could not foresee that he would be a storm-centre when he agreed to enter Mr. Harding's cabinet; well, the storms began raging almost the minute he took up his portfolio; he could have retired with dignity at the end of that term, and he did not do it. Only once, during the Couzens investigation, has his composure been ruffled. In personal intercourse almost as silent as Calvin Coolidge, he has been less free in issuing long statements, or in having them issued by Garrard B. Winston and Og-

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den Mills, successively his under-secretaries. He has made no speeches whatsoever. When the air is thickest with bricks he relights his small cigar and tranquilly resumes the contemplation of the national balance-sheet.

The secretary knows, of course, that any effort to impugn his integrity must prove ridiculous. To accuse a man so immensely rich of sordid motives is absurd on the face of it. And he must know that the mass of the American public regards him with a respect not unmixed with awe. At first blush one can hardly believe that personal aggrandizement of this sort could cut any ice with him. Yet I am not so sure. There is the matter, for instance, of his age. In volumes 10 and 11 of *Who's Who,* covering 1918-19, 1920-21, the year of his birth is given as 1852, according to which he is now seventy-five. In subsequent issues the date is set down as March 24, 1854; but in Congressional Directories the year is given as 1855, according to which the secretary would now be seventy-two. Can it be that his age is the heel of this Achilles?

Neither age nor custom can stale the bitterness of the fray which Mr. Mellon as a public figure engenders. Even under the most exacerbated assaults, as every one must have noted, he has maintained his simplicity and dignity, his air of complete and unshakable sincerity. Notwithstanding that biographical discrepancy, I venture the assertion that Mr. Mellon is the sincerest man in our public life to-day. He overcame at the outset his repugnance to newspaper interviews, and even those Washington correspondents who disagree most violently with his policies admit his entire and disarming candor at these conferences.

Born with a golden spoon in his mouth, Andrew Mellon has watched for half a century the transmutation of nearly everything he touched into gold. It is just possible that he wearied of seeing the thing happen: we have more than one eagle replete. And, although there is a sense of well-being and well-doing in donating lavishly to hospitals, universities, and funds for Presbyterian preachers, this too must cease in time to be really exciting. Even art-collecting requires a special flair. At Washington, however, a new world waited to be conquered. And now, well past his Biblical allotment of threescore years and ten, Mr. Mellon is accounted the most powerful man individually in either the Harding or the Coolidge administration. Ernest Hemingway says somewhere that only the Spanish toreador lives life to the hilt. But there are ways and ways of tasting its flavor, of savoring its exaltation. Mr. Mellon has found more than one way. Whatever secret springs may move him, he has had—he is having—a full career.

In the coming numbers we shall present portraits of other political figures—among them Senator Jim Reed, of Missouri, Speaker Nicholas Longworth, Ex-Governor Frank Lowden, and Charles E. Hughes.

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O'Meara, the "Mayflower"— and Mrs. MacLirr

BY DON MARQUIS

Author of "The Old Soak," "When the Turtles Sing," etc.

"It's a queer thing," said Terence O'Meara, with a wink at his brother Jack and a glance at the bald spot on the top of his father's head; "it's a queer thing that the Irish let the English and the French, the Spanish and the Dutch, all get ahead of them in exploring and settling America."

Mr. Timothy O'Meara, their father, had his face turned away from them, while he fumbled for a pipe-cleaner in the case of a great old clock that stood on the mantel. He grunted.

"I could never understand it myself," said Jack O'Meara, with an answering wink to his brother. "Why were none of the Irish great navigators?"

The senior O'Meara's bald spot suddenly flushed red, and the veins in it began to swell, and his sons, chuckling softly, knew just how his face would look when they saw it.

"Why were none of them discoverers?" continued Jack rhetorically. "Great sailors, or great whalers, or notable pioneers?"

Mr. Timothy O'Meara turned slowly and impressively toward them, where they sat at the table over their after-dinner pipes and coffee, and scorn made streaks and lines through the heat of his countenance. But when he spoke it was with a measure of dignity.

"Shame to you both," said he, "and sorrow to me that has such sons! The greatest navigator of thim all, not aven barrin' Noah and his ark, was an Irishman! And the greatest whale-catcher of all times, not aven exceptin' Jonah, who used to proffer himself for bait, was an Irishman! Wan and the same Irishman they was, thim two, and his name was Timothy O'Meara, the same as me own, and my ancestor he was."

He suddenly tossed something hard upon the table, which he had taken out of the clock-case along with the pipe-cleaner, and the object rattled among the dishes.

"And what's that?" said Jack.

The young men were used to seeing their father take anything and everything out of that clock-case—valuable papers incidental to his contracting business, shirt-studs and shoe-strings, as well as bits of indeterminate junk of vast historical interest. Or, one might say, legendary interest, mythological interest, for the tales of Mr. O'Meara sometimes reeled and whirled and spun with an excess of imagination, as a muse might soar upon inebriate pinions. It was the delight of his sons to sting him to narration with insults; he usually retorted with an affectation of belief that his sons, who both had worthy records in the A. E. F., had really been dishonorably discharged from that organization.

"That," said Mr. O'Meara, "is a

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piece of Plymouth Rock. 'Twas chipped off by my ancestor, Timothy O'Meara, the day he landed the *Mayflower* outfit there, and quit his many wanderin's, and sittled down to colonize New England and America. And it has been kept in the family ever since, as a memento of the occasion."

He had a way of excluding his sons from the illustrious family in his stories as if they were unworthy to bear the name of O'Meara. Terence looked at the bit of stone, and it seemed to him that it bore a certain resemblance to a piece of rock that had once come out of the clock-case as souvenir and evidence of the first gold discovery in California by a Timothy O'Meara. But he said nothing aloud. Internally he was asking himself:

"How the deuce is the old man going to get an Irish O'Meara aboard the *Mayflower?*"

There was a responsive wonder in Jack's countenance. Their father's visage was partially hidden again, as he bowed his head over his leisurely pipe-cleaning—if he was not wondering himself, he was at least arranging the details of his saga.

"Whales!" he murmured to himself, as he worked. "Whales!—not know whales? Of course he knew whales, did Tim O'Meara the navigator!"

Whales [said Mr. O'Meara, his pipe filled with plug-cut and drawing sweetly], whales are the most misunderstood of all God's craytures, by the common generality of mankind. The whale is the grandest and most intilligint and most ginerous of the bastes that roam the world, and it takes a large and noble nature to understand the whale—and a large and noble nature was that of Timothy O'Meara, my ancestor, that I'm going to tell you about. When the world was made, and the firmamint was set up as siperates the hivens from the earth, the whale was put into the seas and oceans, because there is so much more wather than there is land; and the nobility of the whale is fitted to a spacious elemint. He floats in grandeur and magnificence amidst the splendor of the icebergs at the pole, and he leaps through the glory and power of the hurricanes like a trout that is sportin' amongst the ripples of a brook. He's a large baste with large ideas, more intellictual than the iliphant, and with a heart as tinder as wan of these little red-footed pigeons on the roof.

For he isn't anny fish, the whale isn't, but he's warm-blooded like a man or a dog, with more gratitude than the wan and less suspicion than the other—and I don't know why I'm sayin' "he" all the time, for the faymale whales is equally mammalian and ginteel.

'Twas this same Tim O'Meara I'm tellin' you of that understood whales as no man has ever understood thim before or afther, for the solitude and grandeur of the whale was in his own nature, and the melancholy of the whale was in his wild and tinder heart. And a roamer and a rover was this Tim O'Meara, and the rims of his eyelids was red with the salt of manny seas. 'Twas the woes of Ireland that drove him from her shores, and set him wanderin' here and there — the griefs of Ireland, and the impossibility of doin' anything about thim, on account of the Sassenach that was mainly causin' thim. I have no prejudices of anny kind in me heart against anny man nor anny man's country—unless a gineral feelin' that 'twould be a good deal bet-

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ther if there wasn't anny British Empire annywheres could be called a prejudice. Which it could not, for 'tis merely good sinse and sound logic. And this Tim O'Meara, me ancestor, was the same as me in his feelin's.

"If I could but spake to the King of England, Ireland, and Scotland personal," says he to himself oftentimes, "we might patch somethin' up betwixt us. But I will not bandy words with anny man less than the king himself! 'Twould not be fittin' for thim to do so that was kings in Ireland in the ould days. If I had me rights, wan of the thrones that he's sittin' on this day would be mine!"

And 'twas at sea he lived mostly, for the shores of inhabited countries would always put him in mind he didn't have anny happy country of his own; and 'twas fishin' and whalin' that he made his most notable success at. Greenland and Iceland was known to him, and the coasts of Labrador, and manny a wild rock that was islanded lonesome in the wild seas. 'Twas often he would sit in his boat amongst the sparklin' icebergs, singin' to his Irish harp, and watchin' them Scandinavian fishers and whalers goin' back and forth 'twixt North America and Norway—for the bould men came and went and fished and came again for long years before anny man bothered with the notion of makin' anny sittlements over here.

And wan day whilst he was sittin' on wan of his lonely islands, singin' to the sea-gulls and the seals, he heard some great crayture bellowin' and moanin' and sighin' and whooshin' in the vicinity, and he clambered to an eminence of rock and gazed about him.

'Twas a big faymale whale, and she was rollin' her bulk about, and bangin' around and sprawlin' hersilf against a reef near by, which the ebbin' tide had lift uncovered.

"What's the baste doin'?" says Tim to himself. And then he realized she was moanin' with pain as she batthered herself and twisted against the crooked stones.

"She's scratchin' her back on the reef," says Tim. And it puzzled him, for he'd never heard these bastes had fleas. He got into his dory, and rowed out as near as he dared to the turmoil she was makin'. And then he saw that she was scratchin' her back indade.

Half a dozen broken harpoons was stickin' into it, and the intilligent animal was tryin' to get them caught and hooked amongst the crooked rocks of the reef and pull and scrape herself rid of thim.

"Poor crayture!" says Tim. For though he had hunted manny a wan of thim to its death, gradual he had come to sympathize with thim and pity thim, for it was gettin' to his mind that they're really tinder-hearted bastes, full of kindness and gintleness there ain't anny feasible way for thim to expriss. "Poor crayture!" says Tim.

And just thin she cocked her eye in his direction, the poor sufferin' mammalian, and looked at him as speculative and considerin' and pitiful as a stray pup with a thorn in his foot. And she lay quiet and moaned.

"Do ye want me to pull thim out, ma'am?" says Tim, his heart bleedin' for her.

There was somethin' so respictable-lookin' about her, like she might be the mother of ten childher, all bloated up with cares and nursin' and tay-drinkin' and housework, that he couldn't hilp callin' her ma'am.

She moaned again, and looked at

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him steady — a whale bein' the only wan of God's other craytures that can look a Christian steady in the eye and give him thought for thought. And that way they continued to gaze at aich other for some minutes, and the kindness that was in the heart of aich wan pinitrated to the bosom of the other—and there ain't anny matronly crayture annywheres that has an ampler bosom than a faymale whale.

"I'll do it, ma'am," says Timothy O'Meara, as she moaned again, and he stipped aboord of her and begun pullin' out harpoons.

"Roll over a bit, till I get that ugly divil out of your side," says Tim. And, as if she understood, she rolled a bit, standin' the pain of all this extraction with the gallantry and fortitude of a woman. He blushed when he saw 'twas one of his own old harpoons, with his initials in the shaft of it.

"And I'd axe your pardon, ma'am, if I thought ye remimbered," says Tim; "I would that—Mrs. MacLirr!"

For it came to him with a rush and a shout what the name of the baste should be. The old and ancient Irish deity of the boundless seas, before Saint Patrick came and made us Christians (praise God!), was Mananan MacLirr, and this hugeous and intilligent baste, Timothy perceived, could be none other thin the wife of Mananan MacLirr, she herself. And 'twas always Mrs. MacLirr he called her ever afther that.

"Now, thin, Mrs. MacLirr," says Tim, "there's but one more, and I'll be as aisy as I can!"

But 'twas nearly Tim's destruction, for when Mrs. MacLirr felt the last barb lave her body she gave such a jump of joy and gratitude as took her twinty fathoms toward the smilin' sun, and down again she spanked her two thousand hundherdweight into the wather, while the bould Tim wint whirlin' through a flock of screamin' gulls.

Back he swum to land, and from the beach he saw her out at sea, leapin' and cavortin' in her joy, and blowin' great fountains into the air.

And then she came as near as she could to the shore where she saw him standin'. And she poked first one eye out of the wather and thin the other, and she rolled and capered—tryin' to thank him, she was.

"Don't mintion it, Mrs. MacLirr!" says Tim, smilin' at the poor crayture, and at the same time feelin' the pathos of her, too. For 'tis one of the most touchin' things about a whale that she has inside of her the sprightliness and coyness and good humor of a pup or a kitten, and wants to frolic and fawn and cuddle in her friends' laps; and, coupled with that, she has the bulk of an ocean liner.

If I hadn't heard it from me own grandfather and he from his grandad before him, and so by word of mouth down a line of O'Mearas, I would find it hard mesilf to belave all the details of the frindship that grew up between Mrs. MacLirr and Timothy O'Meara. On all his voyages hither and yon she accompanied him and 'twas for her sake he give up huntin' whales entirely. It was through her introduction and patronage that he became acquainted in a friendly way with manny another of thim splendid and poetic lords of the briny Atlantic.

Often he would sit in a cave on a rocky island playing the wild traditional music on his Irish harp, and singin' his Gaelic songs across the waves, with the aurora borealis hangin' over him like a halo, and Mrs. MacLirr leapin' in the moonlight. And sometimes as manny as twinty or thirty of her friends would join her for a social avenin';—

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over whole leagues of tameless wather the harp of the O'Meara would be flingin' its strains of music and the sea would be spoutin' and boilin' with the magnificent dances of the whales, and misty moonbeams driftin' over all!

He made a kind of a harness that fitted over Mrs. MacLirr's big head and fastened his boat to it with a rope, and he gave up sailin' entirely, for it was slow work and useless compared with the propulsion and the power that was now at his command. Or sometimes he would sit upon her back with the boat trailin' along behind and guide her by tappin' her on one side of the head or the other, like wan of thim Orientals does with an iliphant. And a fine sight it must have been to see Mrs. MacLirr and me ancestor, Timothy O'Meara, ridin' a storm—with Timothy singin' and playin' his wild minstrelsy out of his wild heart, and the forked tongues of lightnin' showing the gleeful eyes of Mrs. MacLirr and the floatin' red beard and hair of Timothy O'Meara as they bulged across the boilin' seas.

One time ('twas in the winter of 1620 anno domino is the word as it came down to me), Mrs. MacLirr and me bould ancestor were cruisin' quietly along about sunset, two or three hundherd miles due east of the prisint site of Boston, when what should they see limpin' up from the horizon like a draggled-wing duck but one of thim small ships.

Timothy could tell aven at that distance that she was some sort of a family ship with but little nautical knowledge aboord of her anywheres, from the way she was bein' handled, and he steered Mrs. MacLirr nearer to her.

It was very near indade he got before aither of thim was noticed by the people on boord, for there was some kind of a row goin' on in the midst of this little wind-jammer that previnted anny of thim from takin' notice. Tim circled round her and came up behind and he noticed a sign-board on the stern with the word *Mayflower* painted onto it with big letters. And just about the time he noticed that, Mrs. MacLirr, bein' full of fayminine curiosity, cocked her starboard eye over the rail of the vissil to take a look at what was transpirin' on the deck. And at the same time she opened her mouth to smile, bein' friendly by nature, and no longer frightened at the ways and works of humankind.

Anny wan that ain't used to havin' a whale ogle him in the eye and raise up and smile at him is apt to be narvous at the first expariance. And the people on boord the *Mayflower* are scarcely to be blamed for not realizin' the beneficince of Mrs. MacLirr's interest, for her lineamints was decaivin'.

There was one gineral shout from the scores of people gathered on the deck and they scurried in all directions. But they couldn't run far, for the ship was small. And all the time they was cryin' out.

"A witch! A witch!" Timothy heard a dozen of thim callin' at the same time.

"She is a witch and she has called up a fiend out of the deep to save her!" says wan man.

"'Tis the devil ridin' upon a dragon!" says another.

Tim, he leapt to the deck, and he walked right up to a solemn-lookin' man in black, who was standin' steady, with a hymn-book in wan hand and a soord in the other, apparently too proud to let himself be scairt, and he says to him very polite, says Tim:

"I'm the O'Meara, at your service, sir; and I am not plased with bein'

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mistook for the divil. I'll thank ye, sir, to ordher these people of yours to be more civil, or else there'll be trouble aboord the *Mayflower*. I take ye for the boss of this outfit, and I speak to ye as such."

"Mr. O'Meara," says this fella with the soord, "your appearance was the trifle unexpicted, as ye come red-bearded on that monster out of th' bloody wathers of the sunset. And I was shaken m'silf for a moment, albeit I have fought both man and fiend. And ye came on us dazzlin' like the flames of Tophet," says he, "at a time when we were considerin' most serious matters of a ghostly nature."

"Be that as it may," says Tim, "go aisy with the divil stuff, or ye'll have to lave my part of the ocean. I'm a sinsitive man, and I will not be miscalled out of me name. And what are these serious matters of yours?"

The man with the soord pointed to a lass that Tim now noticed for the first time.

Standin' by the mast she was, gold-haired and beautiful, with her chin in the air and a fire in her eyes. He seen manny of that ship's company was against her, and his heart wint out to her at wance, as was ever the case with Tim O'Meara whin he seen virtue and beauty in distress.

"She is on trial," says the man with the soord.

"She's innocint!" says Tim, prompt as a fist. "What's she charged with?"

"She whistled like a man," says he, "and that is an unseemly thing in a maiden. And she danced with her shadow as one possessed by demons might. And when one of the cocks crew, she crew again like a cock."

"What great matther is all this!" says Tim.

"Is this not the Sabbath day?" says he.

"Ye have the advantage of me there," says Tim. "'Tis more than a year since I lost count. Come hither, colleen!"

The girl came forward, and she looked Tim straight between the eyes. And all the ship's company gathered as near as they dared, for their fright still clung to them.

"Are ye guilty of these terrible crimes, as charged, my dear?" says Tim, smilin' at the darlin' thing.

"The sunshine seemed good," says she, smilin' back at him, "and I cut a bit of a caper on the deck."

There was a groan wint up from manny on that ship, but Tim and this swate crayture was lookin' so intintly at wan another they never heeded it.

"They were plannin' to duck me over the side," said she, "and I cried out for help. And then you came, and they said I was a witch and had called up a fiend from the sea!"

Tim, his forehead turned as red as his hair with exasperation. "Fine doin's this is!" says he, turnin' on thim all. "Where do you come from?"

They tould him they was fleein' from England.

"'Tis more or less me own case," says Tim. "There's much in common between us—though I'll be damned if I can precisely put the name on it! At anny rate," says he, "we're both at outs with England—and that's somethin'! Drop this nonsinse about the colleen here, and I'll let ye sail the rest of the way acrost me ocean," he says. "But otherwise," says he, "Mrs. MacLirr and me will have siviral things to say to youse."

"Mrs. MacLirr?" says the man with the soord.

"Me pet whale there," says Tim.

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They all turned toward her, where she was loomin' over the port side of the vissil, waitin' on Tim's word—and Tim noticed a curious thing: Mrs. MacLirr's eye was fastened in a stare upon the lass that Tim was befriendin', and there was a glint like 'twas jealousy in her look. And the girl looked back at Mrs. MacLirr with no friendliness in her gaze.

When they seen Mrs. MacLirr lookin' like that, and the girl lookin' back at her, the anxiety of thim Mayflowers was aroused again.

"Burn her!" says wan ould woman, with the shriek of a banshee in her voice. "Burn Mary Mullins—she's a witch!" And manny of the rist of thim began to murmur and repate it.

"Mrs. MacLirr," says Tim, "will you kindly open your mouth a few fathoms?"

And whin she done so he pointed at it loomin' forninst the ship there, and he says: "If there is anny more talk about burnin' this young woman, or about witchcraft," says he, "into that mouth ye go, two at a time, as fast as I can throw ye from the deck here!"

And with Mrs. MacLirr dominatin' the situation in that way, Timothy had the trump hand for the minute. But at the same time he was worried, for his words and actions only seemed to make thim the surer that there must be witchcraft somewheres about, and that Mary Mullins had called him up by the power of witchcraft to save her.

He called her to one side, and he bade the others to stand back while he conferred with her—and as he done so he realized that the circumstance looked bad in itself, in the eyes of the ship's company.

"Mary Mullins, my dear," says he, "I don't seem to be really helpin' you anny, with all the will in the world to do so. But there's wan thing certain, there's none shall burn ye, my child, while Timothy O'Meara is bossin' this part of the ocean!"

She laughed and she said: "Thank ye, Mr. O'Meara! And they wouldn't dare try to, annyhow, on the ship here. They couldn't do it without burnin' the ship. It's a function they will have to postpone until we land somewheres."

"By the Lord," says Tim, "thin they'll niver land! I'll take you aboord Mrs. MacLirr with me, and we'll bather the ould tub to pieces!"

"Ye'll not do that," says she, "for there's manny good people on boord here."

"That's what's the matther with thim, evidintly," says Tim, "they're too good!"

She laughed at that again, and thin she said: "No, Mr. O'Meara, I mane manny fine men and women, that would have nothin' to do whatever with this witchcraft idea if they were not scared to death. There's me sister Priscilla," she says, "as swate a girl as iver lived; and there's a couple of young men as is tryin' to shine up to her—dacent people, all of thim. And they'll have to be landed," says she, "or we'll never get the United States of America started."

"Mary Mullins," says Tim, "how did ye come by that name? It sounds Irish to me."

"There must be Irish blood in us somewheres, Tim," says she, "or how could we have the name? And I think 'tis that Irish blood they're mistakin' for diviltry," says she. "They don't understand laughin' and dancin' and fancifulness."

And she smiled at me bould Tim, with the come-hither in her eyes—and

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there's no use postponin' the revelation anny longer; from that instant they was both madly in love with aich other.

"Moira," says Tim, just above a whisper, "by the hivens, I think 'tis a witch ye are, indade!"

"Tim," says she, in a low voice, laughin' and lookin' about her, "I belave ye have the rights of it! Sometimes I think I am!"

"'Tis somethin' to be carefully presarved, and not banished out of the world," says he.

He urged her once more to come with him at once. But she would not lave her sister behind her, nor anny other of the wans she liked.

"Tim," she says, "ye must be aisy with these people! For they'll niver get to land unless ye hilp thim. The rudder's gone from the ould tub now, and a bit of a gale would finish things."

"Come aboord Mrs. MacLirr with yer sister!" says Tim, "and be damned to the rist of thim!"

"No," says she; "and while we're on the subject, I don't like this Mrs. MacLirr of yours anny too well. And by the looks of her, she doesn't like me!"

And Mrs. MacLirr was peerin' at Tim and Moira in a way to confirm that, her eyes red and jealous.

There wasn't but wan way that Tim could see—to stay aboord the ship with the colleen until it landed, to protect her, and thin to marry her and take her away. So he harnessed Mrs. MacLirr to the *Mayflower,* and he give her the signal full-speed-ahead, and whin the nixt morning came he drew up by the side of Plymouth Rock—the date he always remembered, 'twas the siventeenth of March, Patrick's Day. 'Tis written on that bit of rock somewheres, if it hasn't been rubbed off.

And Timothy and Moira climbed aboord Mrs. MacLirr and sailed off and was married and sittled South Boston, which was the first permanent sittlemint in New England, and predominates with their kinsmen to this day. And if you don't belaive that, go and look it up in the Boston tiliphone directory. And that's how the United States of America got its start, praise God!

And [said Jack] they lived happy in South Boston ever after!

I wish [said the old gentleman] as I could say the end was all happiness. But the truth is, it wasn't.

The most inordinate, unpleasant, and unraisonable jealousy sprung up betwixt Moira O'Meara and Mrs. MacLirr. For Tim, he went no more arovin', and Mrs. MacLirr used for to spout and caper in vain in the harbor below where the O'Mearas had built their house and was raisin' their childher. Tim, he paid but little attention to her; but Moira, she would call out to her now and thin: "Go away, you great ugly baste, you!" For well she knew that Mrs. MacLirr was trying to tempt her husband back to the wild, free life he'd lived before he married and sittled down, and that's a thing as no wife ever likes.

And wan spring Mrs. MacLirr disappeared, and ceased to haunt the harbor, and Moira believed she was rid of her, and of the menace of her, foriver. And as for Tim, with the fickleness of all men, he thought nothin' more about Mrs. MacLirr's tinder heart, wan way or the other, nor did he realize how bruised it was by his neglict. He should have known that the intilligent and sinsitive whale, bein' one of the most lovin' of all bastes, is therefore equally agitated whin 'tis insulted. For after Mrs. MacLirr had been gone six weeks,

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back she come one afternoon, and a hundherd whales was with her!

'Twas in the afthernoon of a breezy day whin Tim and Moira seen thim comin' into the harbor, and 'twas a sight majestic and splendid to see these noble monsters of the spacious deep movin' forward in naval formation, jettin' great fountains into the air, which the wind whipped to spray and the sunlight wove into flauntin' rainbows.

"Tim," says his wife, turnin' pale, for she had recognized Mrs. MacLirr in the lead of thim, "they mane deviltry!"

"They do not," says Tim; "they're all my ould frinds! They've called on us for a bit of a frolic and some music!"

And he wint and got his harp, and sated himself upon a rock in front of his house, and out acrost the movin' wathers he flung the wild music of his ancestors. And he sang the afthernoon away, and the rainbows ceased when the sun laid low and level in the sky, and all thim scores of great mammalians danced in the red sunset; they danced a dance that was like the sport of naked thunders in the caves above the firmamint where the ragin' storms is made.

"They intind no good," says Moira; "they're workin' thimselves up to do some mischief!"

"They're wild with joy," says Tim; "they've found the O'Meara and his music again!"

And he harped the sunset out, and with the twilight the wather changed from burnin' brass to silver, and he harped the twilight out, and with the gatherin' dusk the wather turned to fire again; a phosphorescent fire it was that spouted when they blew and rose and waved like plumes and fell again.

"'Tis hatred and revinge they are afther!" cried Moira.

"They come in love and frindship!" says Tim, exalted with his ringin' harp.

And which it was, no wan iver knew. As the dark thickened they all turned in the sea as one whale, at a signal from Mrs. MacLirr, and came rushin' up the beach on the crest and reach of the risin' tide, as if they would fling themselves flamin' out of their fiery sea against the O'Meara house and the rocks on which it stood.

"The saints defend us!" screamed Moira, her knees turnin' wake and feeble.

Mrs. MacLirr was in the lead and comin' fast, but the wather receded from in under her far up the shore, and she hit her head against a point of rock, and groaned and died; and a dozen more was stranded and extinguished. perishin' like exploded rockets.

But Mrs. MacLirr, she give Tim just wan look before she died.

"I'm afraid," says Tim, lookin' melancholy at Mrs. MacLirr's remains, "that she's committed suicide out of a broken heart! Why couldn't ye have been nicer to her, Moira?"

"She tried to murther us all!" says Moira.

And nobody is quite sure to this day which the truth was. But it give Timothy and Moira somethin' to argue about for manny years—which is always a handy thing in ivery marriage. But don't ayther wan of you iver tell me again that the Irish niver projuced anny great navigators, nor great sailors, nor great whalers, nor great pioneer settlers; or I'll take wan of youse over aich knee and larrup ye, as I have done often in the past and as I am still well able to do, praise God!

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Safety First

BY GEORGE DRAPER

Safety before sex, and the ego before life itself, is the way man looks at life, declares a physician who, after much research in Europe and America, is now conducting investigative work at Presbyterian Hospital, New York, and is associate professor of clinical medicine at Columbia University.

NOTWITHSTANDING the popular interpretation which the public has put upon Doctor Freud's philosophy, human beings do, after all, possess, in common with all living organisms, another interest in life as fundamental as that of reproducing their kind. If every one were as exclusively concerned with affairs of sex as we are now led to believe, the strange result would be that before long there would be no human beings left to engage in the much-heralded enterprise of carrying on the race. The only reason that we, as individuals, manage to exist at all is because of an intense and vibrant quality of living protoplasm which may as well be called survival insistence. This circumstance is more popularly known as the instinct of self-preservation, or the first law of nature. Strangely enough, however, the so-called mind, or intellectual equipment upon which we so pride ourselves, has very little to do with the business of personal life-saving. Safety-first propaganda is, in the last analysis, but a corollary of the proposition that man's intellect has been sufficiently astute to devise machinery which can destroy him. His real protection resides in a subtle, concealed, sure-fire mechanism almost out of reach of his meddlesome reason. It is only necessary, in illustration of this point, to think of the speed with which the eyelid closes unwittingly at the sudden approach of an injurious object. We could not stop this protective motion if we would by a conscious act of the mind. But it is also common experience that injury or death may result by the attempt of a reasoning process to check or deflect the intuitive leap to safety. It may, of course, be objected at this point that the discoveries of modern medical science clearly represent the influence of conscious thought-processes of a life-preserving nature. There is no doubt that they do. The finding of bacteria, for example, or the disclosure of the healing effects of sunlight are products of the thinking process. Yet these acquisitions to man's stock of protective information are comparable to his awareness in a very primitive age that certain snakes were venomous and certain berries poisonous, and should, therefore, be avoided or destroyed. Both examples represent the value of the wise use of experience. But it is not this sort of strategic defense against danger which here concerns us. This discussion deals with that extraordinary mechanism, common to all living creatures, which springs into action without thought, to meet the instant and unlooked-for menace to body and soul.

Certainly there is small doubt that

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somewhere within us resides an alert and resourceful guardian of life and limb whom the Greeks called Medeōn, an agent who takes small account of masterful intelligence. Medeōn expresses the same persistent influence which has watched over the individual of every species from the simple, one-celled amœba onward through the long line of slowly emerging animal complexities which at the moment is most elaborately represented by man. The more lowly forms — James Amœba, William Earthworm, and Ethel Mudfish—who did not do much thinking, managed to live safely to their appropriate good old ages because, even in that remote epoch, Medeōn was actively on duty. Likewise to-day, among these highly evolved mortals, whether sleeping or thinking, Medeōn is ever alert. And this is, no doubt, a beneficent arrangement of nature, in view of man's tendency to thoughtful preoccupations. For there is little question that if we were required to spend our conscious attention upon the myriad details concerned in self-preservation, we should have neither time nor energy for anything else. Indeed, the human race, past and present, would have had no wit left over to turn upon the essential creative activities which express the demand of the instinct of self-perpetuation. At first glance there would seem to be in all this a strange confusion. Man may by experience learn where lie the perils of his environment, and then by the power of his intelligence devise means of defense against the subsequent onslaught of the dangers which he has discovered. But the sensitive instantaneous reaction which unwittingly saves him in the presence of an unknown menace can be thwarted disastrously by this very intellectual process. The instinct of self-perpetuation, on the other hand, would appear to be best served by an altogether different relationship of feeling to thinking. Thoughtless, undiscriminating, and instant response to the sex emotion rarely results in permanent monuments either of body or soul. But to think clearly, astutely, intensely, in the train of an aroused sex emotion, has led in the past, through the selection of an appropriate mate or stimulating mistress, to the production of healthy babies and the loftiest ideals of the spirit, which live forever in sculpture and painting or poetry and song. Yet, though this strange paradox appears between the workings of two fundamental biological laws (which have nothing to do with intelligence) and man's conscious thought-process, there is, of course, a definite relationship between the laws. The association of these two basic instincts, or vital demands, self-preservation and perpetuation, is one of those curious circular, interlocking arrangements so often found in nature. It is, however, no more grimly humorous than that grotesque association of men, mosquitoes, and malaria germs, or men, rats, lice, and the plague. The life of the individual must be insured, up to a certain point, or the race could not be maintained; and if the race be not perpetuated, there will be no individuals to preserve. Whether we approve this plan or not it is there, and the best must be made of it. The two instincts, though termed first and second laws of nature, are doubtless, in most people, of about equal power. They exist as inherent qualities of living protoplasm, inexorable biological forces demanding recognition and satisfaction. If these two requirements are successfully met, the individual plant or animal achieves its own maximum

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growth and development and projects vigorous seed for subsequent generations. But if by reason of any accident of environment either one or the other of the two fundamental biological objectives be thwarted, twisting, crippling, or death of the organism inevitably results. That which happens outside of itself is no concern of these vital objectives within any given creature. The motion of life must ever be toward their fulfilment, even at the cost of destruction of the individual. Take, for example, the case of a great oak-tree standing alone in the midst of a field. Its trunk and limbs are vigorous, the complexion of its foliage is lustrous and green, the beauty of its symmetry and proportions is the rarest of its kind. Such a perfect adult specimen appears because by chance it took root and grew in an environment which offered no resistance to its development. But now suppose that by some accident one of the acorns from this lonely and beautiful tree is carried away and planted close beside the wall of a house where people live. In the course of years the sprouting acorn becomes a hardy sapling. Following blindly the inner growth impulses that forced its progenitor to strength and beauty, it thrusts out its limbs vigorously. Some of these meet the unyielding stone of the house, while others have the audacity to reach into the very windows. The safety and comfort of the inmates of the house is thus menaced by the growing tree. Action is at once taken. At first the branches are tied or cut back and finally the tree is felled. Clearly the crippling and death of the tree is the result of a situation in its environment which tends to thwart the oak from achieving its biological objectives. But trees have no method of defense, and so they passively accept injurious twisting and death.

So far as human beings are concerned, they and all other animals are impelled, like the tree, by the two inexorable biological demands for individual survival and progeny. Their gestures and behavior, becoming more active and far-reaching as maturity advances, may be likened to the branches and foliage of the oak. Organized society of civilized man may be compared to the house with stone walls. In order to maintain the stability of this structure, more and more restrictions have been placed upon the gestures and behavior of the individual man, even though these be the expression of his biological demands. But human beings, like other animals and some few plants, do not tolerate thwarting influences passively as did the oak. To meet the menacing effects of these, they are equipped with a most elaborate mechanism for protection, for serving the behest of the instinct of self-preservation.

Let us now proceed to investigate it courageously, in this Freudian age. For the study must be made at the cost of provoking regret in the hearts of modern readers, who will instantly sense the absence of any thrilling wavelets of sex appeal from the ground-swell of the discussion. How dull if we should discover that our safety devices were chiefly composed of muscles, sugar, and fear!

Now if we should for a few moments rejoin our elementary predecessors, James, William, and Ethel, we should be aware, first of all, of a welcome respite from the business of thinking. We should be occupied entirely with unconscious reaction to the stimulus of being touched. If the contact were agreeable we should move toward the touch, and away from it if it were unpleasant. The manner of William's and Ethel's responses might differ to some

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extent, but their gestures would depend upon the action of certain contractile tissue which, in higher forms, is called muscle. The unpleasant contact from which William and Ethel recoiled was usually in the form of a physical or chemical agent, possibly a stick of wood or a bit of copper sulphate. The sensation of being touched simply constituted a warning that protective action was needed. But besides our present capacity to recoil, as did those ancient progenitors, at the impact of physical and chemical irritants, we human beings respond in precisely similar manner to that imponderable stimulant emotion. When, for example, we are touched by fear, that arch-guardian of man's safety, the contractile tissues of the body set instantly to work. Sometimes the muscles are used for running away, sometimes for fighting. Whichever of these courses may eventually be chosen is a manner which does not concern us particularly in this discussion. The important thing is that at the touch of fear all the energies of the body are mobilized for defense.

The comfortably simple existence which William Earthworm and Ethel Mudfish led did not require extensive equipment. But as their fancier progeny arose, whose imagination and ambitions led them into new and more hazardous dwelling-places, increasingly elaborate apparatus for locomotion and nutrition was required. Previously, in the primitive forms, the single central office of the nervous system was adequate to the task of directing all the contractile tissue of the animal. But in these later, more romantic, and adventuresome creatures the responsibility became too great for one central management. A division of labor therefore developed in the central nervous system. One section, the old original, was left in command of the muscles which worked all the vital processes such as heart and blood-vessels, digestive system, urinary bladder, and the reproductive organs. This department is now called the sympathetic nervous system because it is so closely in tune with the universe, consorts with the emotions in subconscious levels of the mind, and is almost free from interference by conscious mental processes. The new section of the central nerve exchange commands the heavy motor musculature which works the bones and joints of the skeleton. This department consorts in the conscious levels with reason, judgment, decision, and volition, and is called the animal nervous system. The special kind of muscle it innervates is known as voluntary muscle and, unlike the other, or involuntary, tissue managed by the sympathetic nervous system, cannot react directly to an emotional stimulus. Now when an animal thus equipped is confronted by a menacing situation, fear, the protective emotion, touches the ancient sympathetic nervous system. Instantly the entire organism is energized for action. Swift messengers are sent out with orders to the depots where fuel is stored—in this case sugar—and to the transportation machinery—in this case the heart and blood-vessels—to mobilize all supplies and transport. Having started these activities, the sympathetic nervous system then orders all digestive action to stop temporarily, in order to conserve energy, and finally turns over the whole living dynamo, with all its power flowing into the voluntary muscles, to the direction of the conscious control. There the decision is made whether in the given instance it is best to fight or to run away.

The thought that fear is such a universal necessity among animals is not

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readily accepted by man. But this embarrassment need be of no greater personal concern to him than it was to William and Ethel. The trouble is that man has confused his ideas and perceptions with words; for actually fear has no more to do with cowardice than with bravery. Fear is an emotion, necessary to life, and being an emotion is quite outside his control. Cowardice, on the other hand, the commission or even discussion of which causes him so much uneasiness, is a matter of behavior. Over this we may, indeed, achieve complete control. But bravery likewise is consciously controlled activity, chosen rather than cowardice to meet a situation in relation to which the fear emotion has prepared the muscles for action. It was, of course, a common enough experience during the war for men to realize that bravery in action did not depend upon absence of the fear of losing life and limb. They went bravely over the top with bodies expressing all the classical physiological phenomena of fear (which have been so well demonstrated in the laboratory experiments of Professor Cannon of Harvard)—moist and trembly palms, perspiration, active intestines, and sense of physical exhaustion. While in Biblical days knees smote together and hair stood on end, under the influence of fear, men at all times have been conscious of a sickly or sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach. Now a sharp blow over the solar plexus will produce similar sensations. But then the solar plexus is one of the chief substations of the sympathetic nervous system and responds equally well to the physical touch of a well-planted fist or the imponderable, but no less poignant, thrust of the fear emotion.

A further illustration of the complete separateness of fear and behavior in the human species may be found in the history of tyrants. During the war, and from time to time since, the man on horseback has appeared in various countries of Europe. Not long ago any one might have seen in a certain illustrated journal a page upon which were displayed the photographs of five renowned dictators. One could not fail to perceive at a glance that fear was the dominant emotion which shone from the eyes of each one of the men. Curiosity concerning the identity of these five frightened persons would have led to the disclosure that they were the powerful and terrorizing giants who held their trembling subjects in the hollow of their ruthless hands. The fierce (sometimes confused with "scared") expression on the five faces added to their reputation of frightfulness, much as the awe-inspiring masks of oriental warriors used to do. There is no question that these five important gentlemen can be said to be meeting life with a high degree of courage or bravery of behavior. Yet the light in their anxious and furtively watchful eyes bespeaks the subconscious fear of that pot-shot which some fanatical or unconscientious objector has been taking at one or another of them at weekly intervals. The same look is often seen in the eyes of a patient who comes with a stout heart for the first time to a hospital to face a serious surgical operation.

It must not be supposed for a moment that this discussion intends any denial of the worthiness of courageous behavior—the lofty ideals of deportment which human beings have developed must, of course, be maintained. But these have nothing whatever to do with the biological significance of the emotions. Indeed, so little have they to do with natural psychophysiological

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reactions that it has required hundreds of thousands of years of training to bring man up to his present fine standard of behavior in the face of danger.

But all these fears which we have been discussing are very simple, first-hand affairs. That is to say, they are fears giving the alarm at the appearance of some perfectly definite menace to bodily safety, such as a lion escaped from the zoo and met on Fifth Avenue, or Tony the Blood, a masked gunman who might walk into your study of an evening, or a U. S. mail-truck roaring around the corner at which you were about to cross the street. The total process, by which appropriate saving action is taken in any of these instances, may be expressed by the formulas: "truck—fear — jump"; or "gunman — fear — struggle." In the latter instance, if we have sucessfully done the rascal in, there follows an agreeable sense of self-satisfaction — doubtless one of the emotional experiences which add a zest to fighting. This business of self-preservation, however, in human beings is not so simple as that. William and Ethel were interested in maintaining intact respectively either his smooth red-brown skin or her drab, rather durable scales. Beyond these physical attributes of life itself their concern did not adventure. Man, on the other hand, is far more set upon the preservation of his idealistic ego than of his life and legs. Some, indeed, are so sensitive on this point that they remind one of "sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," who

"Wept with delight when you gave her a smile
And trembled with fear at your frown."

In her case a frown implied a criticism of some point in her costume or demeanor, and this formed a menace to the safe maintenance of her exquisite personality. Apparently it is a matter of no consequence biologically whether the menace be to the physical being or to the spiritual ego. So far as the fear mechanism is concerned, in Alice's instance as in that occasioned by the approach of Tony the Blood, fear energized the whole organism for action. Toward the man-eating Tony violent physical gestures released the extra energies provided by sugar and oxygen, but sweet Alice, behaving as she should in the decorous manner of a perfectly schooled mid-Victorian lady, must perforce sit quietly. The only means of outward display for her inward energy mobilization was, because of conventional necessity, to be found in the futility of her aspen tremblings. The analogy of the examples, however, may not yet be quite clear. Tony the Blood presented an obvious, substantial, tangible physical presence, something one could lay hands on. But the critical thought which menaced Alice's idealistic ego was invisible and imponderable. Its existence was indicated by a symbol, the frown. In her younger days she had learned to associate frowns and correction, frowns and criticism, frowns and punishment, frowns and humiliation.

Now, of course, if we had to deal only with the fear provoked by escaped lions and Tony the Bloods, we should be almost as well off as William and Ethel. But it is these miserable symbols which complicate our troubles. We never know in what guise they may come. Some few, of course, are old friends to us, as, for instance, father's slipper, or the back of his hair-brush. Usually, if we do recognize them—"see them first," as it were—we can well afford to smile. But it is disconcerting when by some trick of the mind

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there is maintained an active association of symbol and episode in the unconscious levels, which is excluded completely from conscious awareness. To illustrate the serious consequences which this situation may produce, the following instance is offered:

Thomas Hittit, the son of a famous baseball-player, came to the clinic one day to ask if anything could be done for his affliction of periodic drunkenness. He told of being a successful and highly trusted messenger in the employ of a large banking establishment. He was, indeed, so valuable a man that the president of his institution often sent him with confidential information to the executives of other trust companies in the town. To visit one of these he had found to be a particularly difficult task, because always, as he entered the door, he felt a sudden loss of confidence, a sense of anxiety bearing with it a sickening feeling in the pit of his stomach and a weak sensation all over. It was a curious thing, he said, that usually following a visit to this bank an alcoholic bout began.

Further questioning soon brought out a most surprising story. As a little boy Thomas basked in the glory of his father's prowess, which the grown son of to-day still proudly compared to that of the famous Babe Ruth. The name of Hittit was heard on the lips of all throughout the land. But as Thomas grew older and at the public school engaged in the great game, it was soon found that he wofully lacked his father's wallop. In fact, he was gauche at every point of the game, and quickly, on this account, became the butt of the school. His greatest humiliation was finally achieved in the nickname Diddy, which arose gleefully from his companions when he swung helplessly at the ball. "Diddy Hittit, Diddy Hittit—no, he Didn't Hittit." And so he hated and feared baseball, and each day, for all the years he had to play at school, he feared humiliation and went to the field with what has been called a heavy heart, but which is really a heavy pressure of fear on the solar plexus. Then, as years passed, all this schoolboy misery was forgotten and he became a successful and vigorous worker till the drink habit got its hold. As the details of his life history were unfolded it became quite clear that he had begun using alcohol as a method of escape from situations that produced feelings of anxiety and humiliation akin to those he had known at school. Whenever one of these occasions arose he had drowned his sorrows by the ancient custom of getting magnificently drunk. That the whole strange problem was in some way associated with baseball there could be no doubt. Thomas had not been to see a game in the thirty-five years since he left school and he always skipped over the baseball sheet in the newspapers. Finally, after much questioning about the hoodoo bank, the jinx was discovered. Next door to the main entrance was a sporting-goods shop whose windows held an alluring display of baseball bats and other paraphernalia of the game. These were the symbols, then, which, like the frown to Alice, implied the presence of humiliating criticism. On each occasion when Thomas had approached the trust-company entrance there had moved through his conscious mind thoughts of his immediate business mission. But subtly, like thieves in the night, the baseball symbols in the window crept unnoticed and unrecognized into the depths of his subconscious memory and resurrected again the ancient schoolboy terrors. This memory

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fear acted, then, just as any proper fear would have acted if, for example, Tony the Blood had stepped out of the window armed with a Colt automatic. It deftly touched Thomas's solar plexus, as a light-fingered gentleman does a pocketbook, unbeknown to his conscious awareness, and released the dogs of war. Then followed all the unpleasant sensations which are popularly recognized as belonging to the state of fear. The responsibility for their production, however, was falsely placed upon the trust-company building.

Even though it is sometimes possible to do so, we seldom give a thought to the extent and vividness of those fantastic dramas which are constantly moving upon the hidden stage of our unconscious minds. Far too many active stimuli are engaging our immediate attention at every waking moment to permit such deflections of the stream of consciousness. Yet these dramatizations of the past form such powerful influences within our emotional lives that they frequently burst through to confuse us in our tussle with the palpable present. It is not difficult to understand why this should be so when one contemplates the fact that the "mindful tablets of the memory" are vast and exquisitely sensitive. Furthermore, no impression made in their plastic surfaces is ever lost. Upon them are graven not only those experiences which we can consciously call to mind—that is, remember—but also innumerable others so tiny and remote that they pass unheeded, like the swift shadow of a bird across a colorful, sunlit meadow. There is an immense storehouse for these mindful tablets wherein lie packed in orderly sequence all the sensations and experiences which have impinged upon our consciousness from the earliest moment at which it was capable of receiving an impression. Side by side upon the tablets with each experience lies the attendant emotion which sprang to life at the time of its recording. Those impressions which have been most recently graven, and so lie nearest to the present moment, we can most easily call to mind or consciously remember. Others, pressed down securely at the lower levels where rest the records of our early days, rarely float into consciousness again save at the magic instance of some unexpected symbolic messenger.

It is not easy for most of us to describe our earliest memory. Some people declare that they remember experiences which occurred when they were five, or four, or even three years of age. At times the vividness of these remote events is startling, and we sense again the emotional thrill which accompanied them. Often people will say that a whistled melody, or an odorous whiff on the summer breeze, will recall some forgotten experience so intensely that the original feeling of fear or anger or love which was associated with it surges through them again. But if the purpose of emotion be to enable the organism, through a process of rapid energizing, to meet an immediate situation which confronts it, clearly emotions which are aroused by the symbolic and not actual content of reality lead to futile expenditure of protective energy. Yet, because of his subservience to the effect of symbols, man is continually setting in motion his life and soul saving machinery. Thus unwittingly he squanders to-day's supply of precious defensive energy upon the no-longer-existent menaces of yesterday.

There are, however, two very special fear-laden human experiences which are common to all men. One of these is

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the fear of physical death, and the other is the much-talked-of inferiority sense. The latter actually is the expression of fear for the life of the idealistic ego, or personality. While it is doubtless true that most people will tell you serenely and in all sincerity that they are not afraid to die, yet there is nevertheless deep-rooted in the hearts of men the fear of death. To say that one is not afraid to die is merely the expression of a determination, backed by logic or sentiment, to behave well at the approach of the unavoidable circumstance of death; it is the behavior of a courageous soldier going over the top. Not long ago, for example, a man came to the clinic to get relief from severe attacks of indigestion and nausea. These were violent, occurred at irregular intervals, and had obstinately resisted all sorts of medicines and dietary regulations. When he was asked if he could remember the first attack he laughed somewhat apologetically and said:

"Why, yes, I remember very well, but of course it has no possible connection with the real cause. It occurred twenty-five years ago, when I was sixteen years old, at the funeral of my brother, who had been killed in a railway accident. The day was hot and sultry, and as the hearse moved away I felt dizzy and nauseated and had a sense of oppression in the pit of my stomach." Further discussion at length brought out the interesting fact, which he had previously not recognized, that his present attacks only came on after he had attended a funeral. Lately, however, they had become more frequent. Finally it developed that the last attack had arisen rather suddenly after rounding a corner and seeing what he had at first taken to be an undertakers' wagon drawn up in front of the house of an old and dear friend. "My God," his first impulse had been, "Jim must be dead!" A second glance showed that it was an ambulance which he had mistaken for the more grim conveyance. Within a few hours he began to be dizzy and nauseated and felt the old sense of oppression in the pit of his stomach. These digestive disorders were classical fear symptoms, yet the patient would surely have faced the event of his own death with courage.

The actual presence, however, of so obvious a symbol of death as the hearse is often not necessary to provoke sensations of apprehension. For example, one occasionally meets people who indulge, under the subtle dictate of fear, in the curious habit of reading daily the death notices in the morning paper. If you question one who practises this diversion, you will inevitably find that unknown names of the dead provoke no emotional stir. Should a friend's name appear in the morning list a slightly startled interest leads the inquirer to reread the notice. But if the name be that of a relative—and the closer the relative the more intense the reaction—a feeling of disquietude akin to physical sensation creeps over the body. Actually, of course, the approach of the hand of death is no nearer to the reader in the event that a relative had died than it would be at the announcement of the departure of an unknown person. Yet inevitably the dread presence seems closer.

Biologically, from the standpoint of the species, death is essential to life, but the individual vital organism concerned with self-preservation cannot readily accept the truth. The urge of living things is toward life, and death, therefore, is an untenable concept for those that live. Consequently, the insignia of

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death act as a warning to the living to take what steps they may to preserve themselves. The fear of death makes you put your rubbers on when it rains and obey the traffic policeman at Broadway and 42d Street. Yet such protections of the physical being are instantly disregarded by men and women if they retard an effort to rescue the life or limb of another. We readily sacrifice these physical members to save our souls.

Now, this business of saving our souls is, so far as we know, an interest which William and Ethel do not, at least consciously, share with us. The human being, however, is acutely, almost physically, aware of his psychic individuality. Indeed, as has already been pointed out, the maintenance of this sense of wholeness of self is his most vital need, for which he is ready at any time to sacrifice a limb or even life itself. But if this demand for ego adequacy and stability is so essential, whence does the universally recognized and much-talked-of inferiority sense arise, and what may be its significance?

In connection with the first of these queries it may not be amiss to recall the radically opposite states of mind which Gulliver experienced during his sojourn, first at Lilliput and later at Brobdingnag. His feelings of ego adequacy among the tiny folk of the former land were commensurate with his relatively immense physical bulk. But beside the gigantic Brobdingnagians Gulliver's inconsiderable form implied to him, whether justifiably or not, the suggestion of his general inadequacy and consequent probable destruction. Great physical size in a man is no doubt an immense asset, so far as its impressive effect upon others is concerned, and may in a large measure offset marked limitations of character and intellect. But we are actually all born upon the shores of Brobdingnag. For against the background of our first awareness of an earthly environment move the colossal forms of parents and nurses towering above our bassinets. Then for many years, ten or fifteen at least, our awakening and growing consciousness still thrusts itself out among companions who are always twice as big and more powerful than we are ourselves. And so we are thrown back upon the support of our fantasy. We don armor and slay dragons, we become Indians on the war-path, and finally with our wonderful friend Jack we climb the bean-stalk and kill the giants who thus hold us in thrall. It may be that the struggle to overcome giants is nature's plan to develop in man qualities of enterprise, fortitude, and vigorous action. The overproduction of this compensatory effort, indeed, may be one reason at least for the astonishing achievements for those very great little men of history —Cæsar, Napoleon, John Hunter, and Lord Nelson.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that many a child is permanently crippled in spirit by his inevitable passage through Brobdingnag. Nor do parents always help as much to encourage their Lilliputian offspring as they might. "No, darling, better not try to climb that tree. You're not big enough yet; mother's afraid you may hurt yourself." The inferiority sense is fear—fear that, owing to a sense of personal inadequacy, life cannot go on. This sense of ineffectiveness may be generally applied to all points of contact with life. Or it may gradually contract and focus on one or two special relationships. One man once told me that, because of a persis-

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tent shyness in the face of lordly head waiters in fashionable restaurants, he could never secure the table his wife wanted him to get for her. With a sense of failure in his heart this man regularly encouraged himself by telling her that he didn't think it good form to engage in noisy and public demonstration for the favor of a servant. Then there was a little boy of five who looked up at his unusually large father one day and said, by way of self-support: "It must be uncomfortable to be so big." That was the only possible method—to pick a flaw in the complete advantage of bigness—by which unconsciously the child could save himself and maintain his sense of wholeness and stability.

Pain, disease, death, and humiliation —these are the dragons which, either in actuality or implied through symbol, surround us. The few perilous actualities of life are dragons indeed and must be met with the heart of Saint George. But all the vast horde of symbolic representations are but chimeras and Medusa's heads which must be looked at, as they were by Perseus, in a mirror. Man can often be released from the spell of a symbol through the apparently simple process of retrieving the ancient episode with its attendant fear emotion, for this process draws it into direct contact and comparison with the content of his conscious consciousness. In the companionship of these robust and obvious children of the immediate and palpable environment the ancient and terrifying image rapidly fades and we step forth from the valley of the shadow into the comfortable warmth of sunlit reality.

[Next month Doctor C. Ward Crampton, who organized the Health Service Clinic of the Post Graduate Hospital, New York, will tell of another new scientific phase of medicine in its service to men—"Prophetic Medicine."]

National Origins and Deportations

WHAT MUST CONGRESS DO?

BY ROY L. GARIS
Professor of Economics in Vanderbilt University

THE most important subject in American politics to-day and one of the most important problems before the Congress now in session is control of immigration. Almost 2,000,000 persons are storming our foreign consulates seeking visas. Millions of their relatives and friends are at work through their organized foreign societies in this country to break down our whole restrictive system, as well as to prevent any additional bars being put up to stem the human flood that ever beats against the foundations of our national existence. So great is this pressure upon Congress that the retention of our present policy hangs in the balance. The national legislative situation is crit-

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ical! In all of our history we have never let down a bar once we have put it up. We must not do so now! The fight is on. This session of Congress will tell whether Americans or organized foreigners and their offspring control America. The present Congress must legislate on three major problems of immigration: national origins, deportations, and Mexican immigration. What should Congress do in regard to each?

The national-origins provision in the Immigration Act of 1924 was frequently before both houses of the Sixty-ninth Congress, second session. On February 1, 1927, the Senate adopted a resolution introduced by Senator Johnson, of California, the purpose of which was to postpone the effective date of the national-origins clause from April 1, 1927, to April 1, 1928. The House passed the resolution on March 3 and the President signed it the next day. This action placed the problem squarely before the present Congress. A decision must be made prior to April 1, 1928, in order to eliminate the uncertainties in the present law. Many members of each House of Congress voted for the resolution knowing that no harm could be done by allowing further time to look into the matter.

Under the present law each quota country receives as its quota 2 per cent of the number of foreign-born of that nationality here in 1890. It is argued by those who favor the national-origins plan that this basis does a great injustice to the native-born American population, since no representation is given in the quota to the people of the same stock within the United States, who are the children or more remote descendants of earlier immigrants of that stock. Thus, if it so happened that 75 per cent of the population here in 1890 was of a certain stock, derived from one particular nation overseas, and yet in that year there were no people here who had been *born* in that country, such country would have no quota whatever.

As between the two great regions of Europe from which the old and new immigration come respectively, the 1890 census basis produces results which are only slightly different from the national-origins quotas as reported by the quota board in December, 1926. However, it is argued by the advocates of the latter plan that the 1890 census basis does not work out fairly with respect to certain individual countries—more particularly Great Britain, Germany, and the Irish Free State. On the 1890 basis Great Britain receives 34,000, Germany 51,000, and the Irish Free State 28,000. Obviously these quotas are out of proportion to the real strength of the elements of our population derived from these three countries. While about *one-half* of our total white population is derived from England, Scotland, Wales, and North Ireland, their joint quota is only 21 per cent of the present quota immigration, while Germany, from which only about *one-sixth* of our population is derived, has a quota of nearly *one-third* of the quota immigration. It is obvious also that a similar discrepancy exists with respect to the quota of 28,000 allowed the Irish Free State.

Since the purpose is the same with respect to both the national-origins and the 1890 bases—viz., to insure that our future immigration should correspond in its make-up with our population as it is to-day — it is evident from the above statistics that there is merit in the claim that the national-origins quotas in effect will simply result in an equitable adjustment of the 1890 quotas. The change would be, therefore, only the

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natural and logical development of the 1890 census quota basis and would, of necessity, stabilize the principle involved in the latter plan.

Those who advocate this change not only argue that it would eliminate the discriminations on the present quota basis, but they point out further that it would reduce the number of southern Irish and German immigrants, who are distinctly less desirable than the Anglo-Saxon element in our population. Especially are they opposed to the activities of the Steuben Society, a secret, oath-bound political society, whose membership consists of persons of German birth or descent, who are devoted to maintaining the interests of German-Americans, viz., hyphenism. This German society, together with the southern Irish and Scandinavian elements, has been directing the movement to secure the repeal of the national-origins clause for reasons other than the practicability of putting it into effect. Such selfish racial propaganda in the interest of foreign countries should be condemned by the American people, as it has been in the past.

The fundamental weakness of the national-origins plan has been the virtual inability of the governing authorities to work out accurate quotas on such a basis. The law itself states that the quotas shall be determined "as nearly as may be." Some of the difficulties involved are as follows: The first complete census was not taken until 1790. Many of the few records then in existence were destroyed by the fire during the War of 1812. No records of immigration by nationality were kept until 1820. The total number of foreign-born in the country was not listed by country of origin until 1850. The recording of the country of origin of persons born here of foreign-born parents was not started until 1890. Furthermore, there is the difficulty of classifying the millions of persons of mixed stock.

The Secretaries of State, Commerce, and Labor reported to the President early in 1927 that "the statistical and historical information available raises grave doubts as to the whole value of these computations as a basis for the purposes intended." Since then Mr. Hoover has stated that the data on the subject were "very feeble." Congressman Albert Johnson favors the continuation of the present quota basis, since "it is impossible to adequately explain these (national-origins) calculations to the lay mind. It is hard to justify them to the country. They are vague and uncertain and must ever be so. If the foundation is inadequate, the house cannot stand. If the fundamental bases of the national-origins system of calculating quotas are unreliable and indefinite, the structure built upon them must give way."

The great majority of the patriotic organizations favor the national-origins plan. The Sons of the American Revolution have gone on record, however, in favor of the indefinite use of the 1890 quota basis. Their committee on immigration reported to the national society in May "that it is practically impossible to determine from the data available with any degree of accuracy the national origins of the people of this country at the present time. . . . When the two plans are carefully studied, the one based on experience, the other on more or less arbitrary apportionment, the 1890 plan seems to promise a fairer and more permanent solution than the national-origins proposal."

The Commissioner-General of Immigration has recommended the repeal

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of the national-origins clause and the indefinite use of the 1890 census as the quota basis, since "the advantages of the present method, for administrative purposes, are its simplicity and certainty, and the further fact that it is well established by practice."

It must be noted carefully that those who favor the repeal of the national-origins clause for *racial* reasons do so with the hope of breaking down all numerical restrictions against immigration. Thus, Congressman Sabath, of Illinois, introduced a bill in the last Congress to repeal not only the national-origins basis but the 1890 basis as well. This danger must be successfully met by the American people.

On the other hand, those who oppose the national-origins clause, due to the practical obstacles in the way in working out accurate quotas on such a basis, favor the *indefinite* continuation of the present 1890 census as the quota basis until the quotas based on the national-origins basis have been determined in an accurate and satisfactory manner. They would then welcome the change to the national-origins basis as the logical development of the principle on which the present quotas are calculated.

That progress is being made in solving the problem is evident from the report of the subcommittee of the quota board, which stated: "We have found our task by no means simple, but we are carrying it out by methods which we believe to be statistically correct, utilizing the data that are available in accordance with what seems to us to be the intent and meaning of the law."

Doctor J. H. Hill, assistant to the Director of the Census, testified to the House committee that in his opinion the available data are sufficient to determine the national origins as required by the statute, and he asserted that the methods adopted by the subcommittee in making their computations were "scientific." Furthermore, he pointed out that, owing to the smallness of the quotas relative to the national-origin group numbers on which they are based, any error in the computations would be enormously diminished, an error of 600 in the base causing an error of only one immigrant in the corresponding quota. Various experts and authorities on immigration are studying the problem, with the hope that some accurate and satisfactory quotas can be worked out prior to April 1, 1928. If this cannot be done, then the present 1890 census as the quota basis should be continued indefinitely, or until the national-origins clause can be made effective. *Under no consideration should the advocates of restriction permit the repeal or weakening of the numerical restrictions in the present law.*

In a recent letter concerning the Sacco-Vanzetti disturbances Honorable Roger Babson wrote: "Radicalism is by no means dead in this country — it has merely been asleep, soothed by prosperity and good wages. At the first opportunity it will burst out with more force and fever than ever. This means that our present immigration restrictions will continue in force for a while longer —at least. Organized labor wants these restrictions continued, but employers have been planning for a change. These great Sacco-Vanzetti demonstrations throughout the country will cause employers to think twice before letting down the bars for more radicals to enter the United States."

This clear-cut statement not only sets forth one of the many reasons why the present laws must not be weakened; it also justifies the necessity for the speedy

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enactment into law of the deportation bill, which failed to get before the Senate at its last session. These Sacco-Vanzetti disturbances have verified the soundness of the startling facts brought to light by recent investigations concerning the number of undesirable aliens in this country. We need to pass this bill that we may more adequately protect ourselves against the alien gunmen, alien dealers in narcotics, alien violators of the prohibition law, smuggled aliens, and deserting seamen. We need to close various loopholes in the present laws, such as the vague "moral turpitude" clause, and to lengthen the time limit for certain crimes for which deportation may result.

Aliens are being deported at the average rate of 1,000 each month. During the past fiscal year 5,464 were deported for entry without proper visas. Nine hundred and fifty-three criminals, 708 illiterates, 594 insane, and 569 likely to become a public charge were likewise deported. How inadequate this is is evident from a recent report of the Department of Labor which stated that 44,692 aliens were listed at penitentiaries, jails, etc.; 36,785 at insane asylums; 14,204 at hospitals and sanitariums; and 15,992 at poorhouses. Three districts were not included in the report! The existence of such a situation would certainly seem to justify the passage of the deportation bill and the appropriation of sufficient money to make it effective. Thus only can we secure the full benefits of our restrictive policy.

Virtually all authorities on the subject of immigration are now agreed that we must extend the quota system to Mexico and to the countries of Central and South America. The number of Mexican immigrants admitted in 1914 was only 14,614. The annual immigration, now about 60,000, is larger than that from any other country except Canada, notwithstanding the fact that it is highly undesirable. It is largely composed of Indians or persons of a mixed race, who are rapidly developing a new race problem. Not only is this Mexican immigration unassimilable, but it lowers our standards of living and already is beginning to flood our penal and charitable institutions. We did not limit immigration from Europe in order to substitute other races impossibly alien in character and tradition, nor can we raise our standards of living and citizenship by that process. We must continue our progressive policy of capitalistic methods of production through the use of labor-saving machinery and a better co-ordination of industrial units. To do otherwise would be fatal to our present industrial prosperity. Furthermore, as the San Francisco *Chronicle* has put it, to "shut down on Anglo-Saxons and to continue to admit peons from Mexico is ridiculous."

The national-origins clause, the deportation bill, and the restriction of Mexican immigration are phases of the immigration problem that the next Congress must legislate on. It has been said recently at Washington that organized minorities with a foreign viewpoint have already greatly influenced Congress and that the American-minded majority is politically impotent. If we would successfully reduce immigration and, in the language of President Coolidge, "Keep America American," we must press these matters on Congress and secure the legislation that the American people desire thereon; as well as resist all the direct and indirect efforts that will be made by the opponents of restriction to weaken the present immigration laws.

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Distinguished-Service Cross

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

The first of a group of high lights of the war seen through a perspective of ten years. Such well-known writers as James Boyd, Laurence Stallings, and Elliott White Springs will contribute, as will several new writers. Captain Thomason, the author of "Fix Bayonets!" and "Red Pants," is now on duty in Washington.

WE spoke of remembered things, and the marine officer said that he had never seen a yellow. Jew. "They get afraid, of course. I think everybody does. Some folks can hide it, and some don't try to hide it; Jews don't. They make pictures in their heads, and they're not reticent. But they're not yellow.

"Havin' been among those present in all the battles of the 2d Division, I am highly educated in fear. I know every kind of fear there is. You should on no account confuse it with cowardice. Why, I remember once—but I was goin' to tell you about Moe Fischer.

"Moe Fischer was a private in my company of the Fifth Marines. He came in the service about 1914—why, I don't know, for his people are infrequently attracted to the profession of arms, and he certainly had no aptitude for soldierin', besides bein' frankly apprehensive about most things. He always turned up after fights, when better men didn't, and we liked havin' him around, because he furnished comic relief. One clown in each outfit is desirable, and ought to be provided for by regulations. In rest billets, I recall, he spent most of his time diggin' latrines, never being able to keep himself and rifle clean long enough to pass inspection.

"He was with us when we went up into the Champagne, in October, to take Blanc Mont Ridge. Gouraud's Fourth Army had stormed Navarin Farm, where the monument is now, and turned Heine out of Somme-Py, as you go toward the Ridge, and Heine was hangin' on just north of there, with the greatest earnestness, for if he lost Blanc Mont he'd lose the whole sector. The outfit my people relieved in the line had been attackin', and I've never seen men so exhausted. I had my dope from a sous-lieutenant, the senior officer of a battalion, an' he went to sleep while he was talkin' to me. My French is terrible, and he had no English, but he managed to impart the more unpleasant an' disturbin' details of the situation before they led him out, dead on his feet, leavin' me to stew in my own juice.

"The last thing the French chap mentioned was that they looked for a counter-attack at dawn. And the more I considered the layout, the less I liked it. I'd put two platoons in line, to left and right of the road that ran north from Somme-Py. We were in the old German front line, which the French had taken the day before. Their guns had pounded it a lot, and afterward Heine kept knockin' it about with the big 280 minenwerfer shells. He was doin' it

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then. He was just eighty yards away, in the Essen trench. His old communication trenches zigzagged out to it; and these were barricaded, both parties lyin' close behind the barricades and exchangin' grenades freely. We'd never seen the place by day, and this was the hell of a dark night. My folks had gone in where the French were, but while the Frogs are grand soldiers, we found that frequently we were unable to use their methods. I went around to see what I could see.

"The position was nothing but shell-holes, connected by hasty diggin'. My right platoon was not so bad. You could still trace the line over there, and I thought we could hold it. Sniffin' around the far barricade, I lost my orderly in one of the grenade-throwin' episodes, and went on back to the left by myself. Crossin' the road, a flare caught me, an' a bright-eyed machine-gunner came so near gettin' me that I was a little upset. After some search I found the platoon leader, sittin' in a hole with a few of his braves, far from certain what it was all about. I asked him if he had contact with the enemy, and he said no, thank God. This was so exactly the way I'd have felt myself that I was obliged to reprimand him for his lack of the spirit of the offensive; but, really, you couldn't blame him much. Where he was, there had quit bein' any line. It was just shelled into nothing. It further developed that the company on his right hadn't connected up, and altogether it was right annoyin'. You know, Heine was a great fellow to find a soft spot and filter through it—and I was sure that if he came he'd come this way.

"I told young—forget his name—nice boy—killed next day—to find the 67th, on his flank, and I grabbed the nearest man in the dark, and crawled out in front to see what was up. Incidentally, this was not my pigeon. I should have sent the lieutenant, an' put my slightly higher-rankin' carcass in the deepest hole I could find. But followin' my first combat experience, where a number of distressin' things happened for which I've always felt responsible, I made me a principle—never send anybody where you wouldn't go yourself. This was that kind of a place, and I didn't have the guts to order him out. But I should have been careful about pickin' the man to go with me. As I said, I was a little upset—

"We crawled out among the shell-holes and the dead Frenchmen, like a couple of dry-land terrapins, an' very soon my escort pulled my coat-tail and crawled alongside. He said, very anguished: 'Sir! Sir! We better not go out there—we'll get killed—' For it was none other than Moe. I was right mad, but I had only myself to blame for him bein' there. We went on, an' the next time I stopped he repeated his warnin', with tears. I asked him what he thought he was there for, and we proceeded. But the third time he breathed his apprehensions against the back of my neck I lost my temper, and asked him if he knew the way back. He said he did. I then ordered him to return immediately, and I slunk on my way. A minute later he caught up, in disobedience of orders, sweatin' and shiverin', an' we played dead in the midst of a chaut-chaut team, deceased, for we heard something. It was to the right and behind us. People scrabbled in the dirt; one fellow grunted and another swore, and a voice snarled an order, and I heard the word *'granaten'* several times. Turnin' my head—they were behind us—I could catch the shadow of

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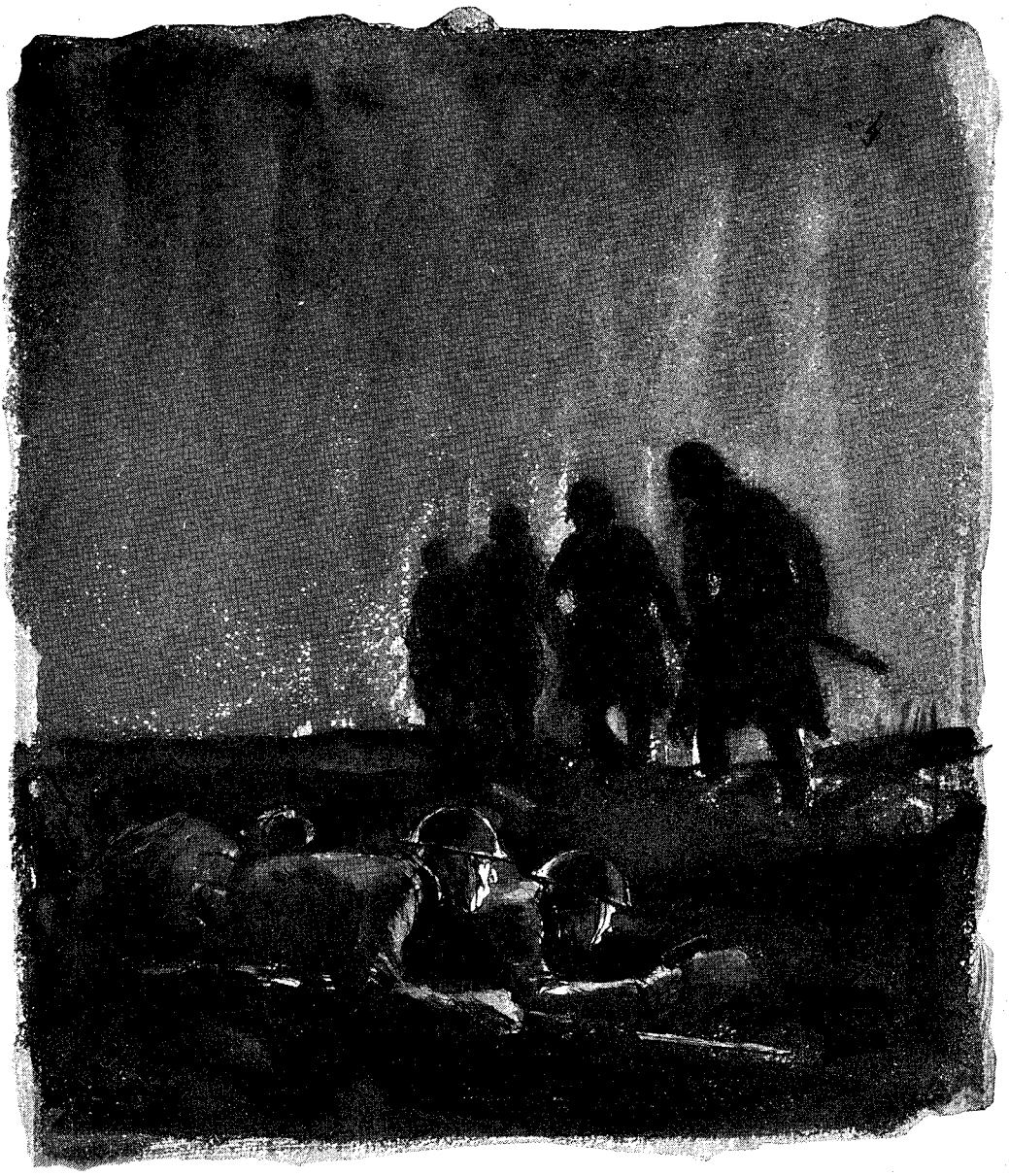
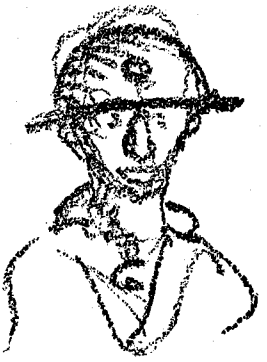


We stopped to let another detail pass.

From a drawing by John W. Thomason, Jr.



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movement against the sky when our gun-flashes, away back, lighted it up a little. This was why Heine had quit putting up his flares. He was working people forward in the shell-holes—at least a section in this one lot.

"Movin' when they moved, we got clear, and proceeded parallel with the Essen trench, meanin' to cut back toward home as soon as we were far enough past. We rested in a shell-crater, Moe havin' violent rigors against me, and we crawled out again, just in time to meet a file of them that came up from the left and very nearly stepped on my head. They went by, and spread out a little farther on. They set up a machine-gun—I could hear the retainin'-pins clink, and the water in her jacket gurgle as they shifted her. One of them was hummin' a tune, which I could give you now, though I have no ear for music. Another Boche wandered back over us, rummagin' the musettes of the dead Frenchmen lying around.

"We went a little way, and stopped to let another detail pass, moving toward my right. They halted for a minute, an' I think they were very tired, because the nearest one, who was carryin' machine-gun ammunition, maybe, shifted his load and gave a sort of little moan. Just about then, with the old Boche all around us, I heard the most appallin' clatterin' and snappin'. It was 'long near three o'clock and things had quieted down on the front. This noise was like castanets. It sounded loud enough to wake up a battalion sector. I never heard anything so loud. Presently it dawned on me that it was Moe's teeth chatterin'—and neither of us was cold. I shoved my face into his and told him to shut up. He says: 'Sir, I cccan't. I'm scccared!' I considered that it wouldn't be practicable to strangle him —too noisy; I smoked Bull in those days, an' I had my last sack in my gas-mask. I fished it out and rammed it between his teeth, an' the clangin' stopped.

"I'd found out all I wanted to know, an' desired no further information, except how to get back. They were manning the shell-holes, as close up as they could get to us; at dawn we'd get a shower of potato-masher grenades around our ears, an' they'd jump us. It's a very sound stunt if you're not expectin' it. I needed to get back an' take steps. And the worst scared I've ever been in my life was then. We crawled around, an' got quite lost in the dark, an' wound up by fallin' in a hole on top of a lone Heine. Like a fool I reached for his hands, but Moe had better sense. He got hold of his throat, and Heine never gave but one squawk, which was more like a sneeze, for it attracted no attention, an' I kept his legs still, so he didn't thrash around. Then we took a chance on the way the man's rifle was pointin'—it lay clear, on the lip of the hole, an' guidin' on it, we just slithered through them, some way — I don't know how.

"We came in close to the road, toward the centre, and one of my marines missed us at ten feet. Before he could fire again Moe spit out my tobacco-sack an' called him such names that he knew we were friends. When we were inside, Moe sat down an' had hysterics or something—they tell me his sergeant had to sit on his head. But I got him a D. S. C. for it. He rated it. Any man that can be that scared an' keep on comin'—"

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Honolulu the Peacemaker

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

The President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching points out the possibilities and weaknesses of informal international gatherings in general and the Institute of Pacific Relations in particular.

THE past summer has seen an unusual number of unofficial gatherings engaged in the discussion of world questions. The Institute of Politics at Williamstown, the World Federation of Educational Associations at Toronto, the Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Virginia, the Committee of Intellectual Co-operation at Lausanne, and the World Conference on Faith and Order are examples of such meetings. Fully as interesting as any of these was the Institute of Pacific Relations which held its second session at Honolulu during the two weeks beginning July 15. Admirably situated as Honolulu is for a gathering-place of the peoples about the Pacific, cablegrams to the rest of the world are expensive. Perhaps for this reason the proceedings of the Institute of Pacific Relations were less fully recorded in the press of the United States than those at Williamstown and Lausanne.

These conferences are not entirely due to a wide-spread desire for world peace. No doubt many other motives enter. Since the debacle of the war there has grown up a sentiment in the world in favor of what Mr. Wilson called "open covenants openly arrived at." To some extent also the movement that has brought about these international meetings rests upon the desire to give greater opportunity to the spoken word. There is a wide-spread feeling that mankind tends to believe a thing simply because it is in print; while, as a matter of fact, the written untruths probably exceed the spoken ones. It is easier to misrepresent in the printed page than when speaking face to face. The men who have most profoundly influenced mankind were not writers. Furthermore the printed page accessible to the majority of readers is the daily newspaper, the production of an anonymous, and oftentimes irresponsible, authorship. This is true even of the editorials in the daily press.

All these considerations have worked to bring about meetings of international groups whose members, through face-to-face conference, hope to understand better the motives and ideals of each other. In our present-day international difficulties, complex beyond those of any period of history, this desire to discuss controversial matters openly, face to face, is an encouraging sign of the times.

To understand the significance of the Institute of Pacific Relations it is necessary to know something of the importance of Hawaii in the Pacific, and of the influence of Honolulu in international relations. Dwellers on the mainland of the United States, unless they

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have been in touch with this development, have little conception of the international place which Honolulu fills. The Institute of Pacific Relations is its child.

Present-day Hawaii and its chief city are due to the intelligence, enterprise, and foresight of a small group of Americans, mainly the sons and grandsons of the missionaries who went to the islands a hundred years ago to save the souls of the natives. Its chief business is the raising of sugar-cane and pineapples and, to a less extent, of coffee. A limited number of families own these business interests. They constitute a benevolent aristocracy. With their notable success as business men they still cherish the missionary spirit of their ancestors. Honolulu presents a remarkable union of the commercial and the missionary spirit.

At the beginning of sugar-cane cultivation, long before Hawaii became a Territory of the United States, it became clear that to grow sugar-cane, pineapple, and coffee there must be a continuous supply of unskilled labor willing to carry on the routine work of the plantations. White men will not do such work in the tropics. The native Hawaiian has little inclination for hard and monotonous labor. Accordingly, fifty years ago there began the importation of foreign laborers, first from China, then from Portugal (mainly from the islands), then from Japan and Korea, and, in recent years, from the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico. The result is that, out of a population of 328,000 in 1926, 40 per cent were Japanese, 17 per cent Filipino, 14 per cent either Hawaiian or part Hawaiian, and only 11 per cent Caucasians. The Chinese compose 8 per cent and the Koreans and Porto Ricans account for most of the remainder. Honolulu and Hawaii contain in microcosm the racial problems of the Pacific.

These racial groups have learned to live peaceably together and to co-operate in the commercial and industrial development of the islands. This has not come about to any great extent through race-amalgamation. Native Hawaiians have intermarried with the whites and with the Chinese, but, in the main, the racial groups remain intact. It has been accomplished by somewhat the same process which is employed in the international conferences. By friendly contact, one with another; by endeavor to understand the point of view of the Filipino, of the Japanese, of the Korean, of the Porto Rican, those who have developed Hawaii have brought about interracial co-operation. Citizens of the islands who are racially Chinese or Japanese are, in the majority of cases, American citizens. In another quarter of a century all the Chinese and Japanese inhabitants of Hawaii will be Americans. Filipinos, Hawaiians, and Porto Ricans are already within that pale. Daily papers in Japanese and Chinese are published in Honolulu; a weekly paper is published in Hawaiian. The leading Japanese paper—the *Nippu Jiji*—prints part of its pages in English. This paper's account of the proceedings of the Institute was intelligent and friendly.

In obtaining their supply of labor from many countries, the leading men of Honolulu found it necessary to make many contacts in the Orient. Twenty years ago they organized for this purpose the Pan-Pacific Union. Branches of the Union were founded all around the Pacific, including the countries of South America. Many conferences under the leadership of the Union have been held at Honolulu in which non-

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controversial subjects were studied, such as conservation, fisheries, the promotion of forestry, the improvement of hygiene, and the prevention of plant diseases. The Union has shrewdly drawn its members not only from the intellectual classes but from the workers of the nations from which its groups are formed. Its membership extends from those of high title to peasants on the soil.

Finally, Honolulu has been in large measure the centre of an active effort to spread Christianity throughout the Pacific. The grandsons of the missionaries have never lost the missionary spirit. In 1923, through the machinery of the Young Men's Christian Association, a plan was developed to hold a conference in Honolulu in which the future of the Pacific peoples might be considered from a Christian standpoint. The theme upon which the conference was to deliberate was stated: "How can Christianity become the religion of the Pacific countries, and what part can the Young Men's Christian Association play in this programme of Christian progress?"

As a result of discussion and correspondence by a committee in Honolulu, a meeting was held in Atlantic City in 1924 to consider this project. Out of this meeting, and a subsequent one held in Europe, the character of the proposed conference was modified. Instead of being drawn entirely from the Young Men's Christian Association, its membership was widened and its programme of study modified so as to include such matters as immigration and emigration, tariffs and concessions, and other difficult questions which in recent years have affected the political and commercial relations of the peoples of the Pacific Ocean. The Y. M. C. A. movement, begun at Honolulu, was thus transformed into the Institute of Pacific Relations, whose first meeting was held in July, 1925, at Honolulu. The delegates were lodged, as they were at the second conference just ended, in the dormitories of Punahou College, and during their stay were the guests of Hawaii.

It was in this way that the Institute of Pacific Relations came about. It arose out of the efforts of high-minded and able men in the city of Honolulu, and it has been made possible in the main by their generosity and hospitality. They have carried a large part of the expense. In recognition of this, the membership of the Institute contained a group representing Hawaii in addition to those who came from the mainland of the States.

The membership of the Institute present at the Honolulu meeting included 138 persons, of whom 115 were men and 23 were women. The countries represented and the number of members in the respective groups were: Australia, 6; Canada, 16; China, 14; Great Britain, 13; Hawaii, 16; Japan, 19; New Zealand, 4; Korea, 3; Philippines, 3; and continental United States, 44.

While the nations represented by these delegates constitute a large proportion of the peoples dwelling about the Pacific, there were some notable and regrettable absences. From Mexico and the whole of Central and South America there were no delegates. This was not due to a lack of invitation to the Hispanic-American countries. For various reasons these countries have not yet taken part in the proceedings of the Institute. It is hoped that by the time of the next biennial meeting delegations from Mexico and the South American

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countries, at least from Chile and Peru, may be present.

The French in Cochin-China were not present, nor were there representatives of the Dutch in Java. The latter are reported to have intimated that, as they had no international troubles of their own, there seemed no need for them to participate in a convention to discuss other people's troubles!

Practically the gathering represented the English-speaking commonwealths —Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the United States—plus Japan and China. From the governmental point of view there was an additional distinction to be made. The members from the English-speaking commonwealths and Japan, while they came in no governmental capacity, were from nations in which there were stable governments commanding the loyal support of their people. The rôle of China was that of the sick man of Asia.

The purpose of the Institute is to afford opportunity to study the conditions of the peoples around the Pacific—economic, political, and social—and by friendly conference and discussion to open the way for better understanding and more sympathetic co-operation. Its organization provides for national units. Each participating country has a national council. The Institute as a whole is directed by a Pacific Council made up of one member appointed by each national council.

The method of procedure in the meetings was that which has become common in such conferences—round-table discussions, a forum in the evening, and public lectures. The executive committee prepared in advance a daily programme and assigned the members to the various round tables. English was the sole language used.

The day opened with a fifteen minutes' period of meditation on some topic suggested in advance by one of the members. At nine o'clock the round-table deliberations began. This hour was made possible by the fact that the delegates were housed in the dormitories of the Punahou School as guests of Honolulu, an arrangement which made constant interchanges of views easy. A round table included between thirty-five and forty persons drawn from all the national groups. Each round table was presided over by a chairman who guided the deliberations and discussions. The afternoon was given to meetings of committees and to occasional visits to institutions in Honolulu or to the homes of its hospitable citizens. The evenings were given to a forum in which all round tables met. This régime was pursued industriously and steadily from the beginning of the conference on the 15th until its adjournment on the 29th of July.

The matters taken up for discussion had to do wholly with international relations in the Pacific and mainly in respect to those questions which have become controversial. The central theme was China. The first three days, both in the round tables and in the forum, were devoted entirely to China and its problems. The discussions dealt with tariffs, extraterritoriality (the word "extrality" was suggested as an abbreviation), foreign concessions, and China's demand for complete sovereignty.

In similar fashion other questions of immediate interest to the peoples of the Pacific were discussed. Tariffs, Oriental immigration and emigration, population and food-supply in Japan, the influence of missionaries in Oriental countries as related to political and social progress, the demand of certain

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Filipino leaders for independence, the relations of Korea and Japan, the condition of the natives in the part of Samoa under American control, the possibility of a reconsideration of the present immigration law of the United States so far as Japan is concerned—these and similar questions were the themes discussed. The meetings were not open to the public or to reporters. As a matter of fact, however, all discussions of great interest were described in the Honolulu papers.

The spirit of the conference was serious. The meeting consisted of men and women of liberal and sympathetic type who sincerely desired both to obtain information with respect to the questions discussed and to see their respective countries act in accordance with a just conception of international relations. The contacts established between the different groups and the opportunities to apprehend the divergence of view as between Western and Oriental peoples were most helpful. Such association makes for better understanding, and, in so far as the members of a group can convey to their respective countries an appreciation of the point of view of the foreigner and can assist in creating a sympathetic attitude toward his aspirations and desires, such meetings and discussions make for international understanding. How far this influence goes, and to what extent it affects public opinion in the respective countries, is a matter hard to appraise.

The membership of the Institute still reflects to a considerable extent its origin. It is made up mainly of representatives of the Y. M. C. A. and of college professors. Such men and women form admirable members of an international body, but each national group might well include a larger proportion of representatives from business and from other professions. In particular there was need of the advice and of the point of view of men of large experience in the conduct of business and of government. This was illustrated in the presentation of the desires of China. The Chinese members of the conference were adherents of the National Chinese party, with Western education, of great intelligence, and of patriotic spirit, but reflecting in only partial degree the views of the business community or of the great mass of the population of their country. Indeed, as one listens to such discussions, he wonders whether any group of men can speak for China at the present time. Certainly there does not exist to-day a government that can speak for all the people of China. Eighty per cent of their four hundred and thirty millions (more or less) are peasants on the soil, sustaining life with great difficulty and a prey to economic disasters of famine and flood that levy heavy toll in human lives. This vast population has lived for centuries in an attitude of mind toward government which makes it impossible that they should understand the loyalty which, for example, the Japanese gives to his government. Behind all the discussions at Honolulu as to tariffs and sovereignty, and with the utmost good-will on the part of all representative groups who were present, there loomed the fundamental conviction that before China can discharge her international obligations she must first set her own house in order. Her people must learn loyalty to the nation and have faith in its government. How long a period this will require among a people that has for centuries known governmental power as an evil to be placated by bribery and evasion no one can foretell. Earnestly

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as one hopes for the advancement of China as a nation, he must be impressed with the fact that this can come only through patient and gradual education of the Chinese people.

New wine has been poured into old bottles in the Far East in unprecedented quantities. No one can tell whether the bottles will burst or not. It is the clear duty of all nations to meet China in the most sympathetic spirit in her struggle. But the realities cannot be escaped. If she is to become a united nation with a common purpose, with a respect for orderly government and a sincere programme of development, this must in the end be wrought by the Chinese themselves. However hopeful one may be of the ultimate outcome, there is the possibility of a long period of tumult and disorder, that may bring disaster not to China alone but to all the world. The Institute of Pacific Relations judged rightly in considering China and its problems the chief topic of a Pacific Conference, but at the end of all the discussions one had found little more than a great hope on the one side and a friendly desire to help on the other.

The methods of the international conferences which centre around round-table sessions have their weaknesses as well as their strong points. Where the members of a round table have a background of facts with respect to the questions discussed, there is a practical starting-point from which fruitful discussion begins. On the other hand, if the round table consists in large part of persons whose acquaintance with the topic under consideration is limited or fragmentary, the sessions tend to resolve themselves into desultory discussions in which those who like to talk occupy the time. The presentation of some fair statement of the facts, as an introduction to the questions to be discussed, is most necessary. This was illustrated in the round table that dealt with the problem of population and food-supply in Japan. The meeting began with admirable papers by Japanese and Americans. The resulting discussion was informing, interesting, and led somewhither.

The secretariat of the Institute of Pacific Relations has been most energetic in its effort to meet this situation. Its publications in advance of the meeting were numerous. Some of these were of great interest and formed an excellent background for the discussion of the questions brought before the groups. The studies of Professor Adams, of the University of Hawaii, on the racial groups in that Territory were notable for their care, and for the caution in generalizing from assembled facts. It was evident, however, that a considerable proportion of those who attended the meetings had not found time to read the literature which the secretariat had placed at their disposal.

Underlying all the discussions of the Institute were two tendencies which were never debated but lay always near the surface.

One was the natural inclination of any such international group to take a hand in world politics. The other was the attitude toward newspaper publicity. These two matters are related, the one to the other.

It has been the rule of the Institute, during the brief period of its existence, to discuss questions with frankness but to pass no formal resolutions, although such resolutions are sometimes drawn up by subcommittees. When matters that are controversial as between governments—such as the questions of ex-

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traterritoriality and of foreign concessions in China, of Philippine independence, of the relations between Japan and Korea—are discussed, there is a very human desire to cast the opinion of the majority into a resolution or a formula. When one is part of an international group drawn from the ends of the earth, it would be strange if he did not take himself fairly seriously and feel that his formula not only points to the right path but that it interprets

> the prophetic soul
> Of the wide world dreaming on things to come.

Sometimes in the Honolulu meeting there were occasions when the Institute was disposed to take itself a little too seriously, but on such occasions the sound judgment of the chairman always came to the rescue.

The tendency toward political thinking was likewise apparent in the constant condemnation of "the old diplomacy" and of diplomats in general, with the implication that unofficial gatherings like that of the Institute could take the place of negotiations conducted by the representatives of government. It requires only brief consideration to show that, however fruitful gatherings such as that of the Institute of Pacific Relations may be, they cannot take the place of the careful, laborious, and searching work of a joint commission representing two governments, where the facts are brought to light as they cannot possibly be brought in an informal gathering. It is important that such gatherings keep in mind the distinctions between these responsibilities.

So far as the United States is concerned, the matters which have brought irritation in the Pacific have arisen not through the action of governmental diplomatists but through the acts of citizens of a State or of politicians who were ready to play local politics with international issues. The just irritation of the Japanese over the Exclusion Act is not due to the action either of the executives or of the diplomatic representatives of our national government. The President and the secretary of state sought to bring about a cessation of Japanese immigration, which both Americans and Japanese recognized as inevitable, by a straightforward arrangement which accomplished that object, while it did not affront a great and friendly neighbor. Their efforts were defeated by a few politicians, of whom those from the State of California were the most active. An energetic protest against this brand of politics, by friends of international good-will in California, will go farther toward securing a friendly understanding in the Orient than pious words in praise of peace.

The group representing Japan at the Honolulu conference, a body of distinguished men and women, voiced the hope that in time the United States would remove by some appropriate action what seemed to them an unnecessary reflection upon their people contained in the Exclusion Act. To Americans who value the friendship of Japan, no less than to Japanese themselves, this action remains as one of those regrettable occasions when a great question was handled on the basis of small politics. Everybody realized that emigration from Japan to the United States must cease if another difficult racial problem in our country was to be avoided. It is difficult to forgive the politicians, least of all the then chairman of the foreign affairs committee, for the method by which the recommendations of President Coolidge and Secretary

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Hughes were defeated. For the present, the matter is *res adjudicata*. Nothing can be gained by a discussion of it in the next decade. But Americans who love their country's honor hope that in time the occasion may come when a gracious act of our government may remove this cause of irritation, and that in the meantime the government and the people of the United States may be able to extend to Japan such acts of international appreciation and good-will as may remind them of the fact that the manner of the Exclusion Act was due neither to the government nor to the people of the United States, but was the outcome of petty politics.

There is also another side to this matter. It may well be hoped that the people of Japan will cease to look upon this incident as an unforgetable insult. To do this is to magnify it out of all due proportion. In this careless world neither an individual nor a nation can wear its heart on its sleeve, and international manners are not always a true index of international friendship. In the long vista of the years Japan will find its best friend among the nations of the earth in the United States, notwithstanding the fact that our international manners have not always been of the best.

In "De Senectute" Cicero relates that on one occasion, when one of the great tragedies was being performed in Athens, a venerable man came into the theatre and went about looking for a seat. No one offered him one until he came to the section occupied by the Spartan ambassadors, who rose as one man and presented him their seats. This act of courtesy so pleased the Athenian audience that they indicated their approval in tremendous applause; which caused one of the Spartans to remark that while the Athenians did not practise politeness themselves they admired it in others. The dignity, courtesy, and patience with which the Japanese Government has dealt with the discourtesy of the United States Senate commands the admiration of every American citizen who is conversant with the facts.

In the conduct of international institutes the relations with the daily press are not an entirely simple matter. Opinion is divided between the desire to maintain complete freedom of discussion and to obtain, at the same time, publicity for the views and conclusions that may be expressed. At the meeting of the Institute of Pacific Relations representatives of the press were excluded from the round tables and from the forum, but fairly complete press reports were given to the public.

How far the dissemination in the daily press of the discussions of an unofficial international body, like the Institute of Pacific Relations, serves the cause of international friendship is not entirely clear. At these meetings controversial questions arise and statements are made on both sides. The news which the public receives comes usually in the form of the individual pronouncement of one or another speaker. The effect of such newspaper publicity sometimes serves rather to advertise the organization before which the discussions were held than to make clear a knowledge of the complicated relations between nations. A newspaper account may cut two ways. It may spread abroad arguments which make for better understanding, but with equal facility it may lend itself to the propagation of intemperate statements, particularly when these have a sensational trend. It may well be doubted whether reports of such speeches make for better understanding between nations. For example: it is cer-

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tainly questionable whether the newspaper accounts of the somewhat acrimonious discussion before the Williamstown Institute concerning the policy of the United States toward Latin America helped the cause of friendship between nations of the two continents. The type of international conference now popular has possibilities for creating international distrust as well as for promoting international appreciation. The significant accomplishment of such a conference does not lie in newspaper publicity, but arises rather from the contacts established between the groups of intelligent and thoughtful people of many nationalities, meeting face to face, discussing questions of common interest, and going back to their homes to spread in their respective countries an understanding of and respect for the aspirations and points of view of their neighbors. Newspaper publicity should be subordinated to this fundamental purpose, and it should be so conducted as not to give to the man with a bitter tongue an audience he could never secure as an individual. Americans are more prone than the nationals of other countries to sweeping condemnation of the foreign policy of their government, and such pronouncements make good head-lines.

Can agencies like the Institute of Pacific Relations exert an appreciable influence for good-will between nations? This is the question which arises in the mind of every thoughtful student who has attended such gatherings. In time these agencies must stand or fall according to the answer which public opinion reaches with respect to this question.

The unofficial international bodies that meet at stated intervals to discuss international relations are still in the experimental stage. It is generally agreed that their essential *metier* lies in the contacts formed between the nationals of the various countries who return to their homes and interpret the views and aspirations of other peoples. However desirable newspaper publicity may be, it is not the chief agency through which such international bodies operate. Mere advertising will have no real function in promoting the fundamental aims for which they exist. An unwise publicity may easily harm the cause of international good-will. As Bismarck shrewdly remarked, a country pays in the long run for the window-panes that its press breaks in another country. Breaking window-panes is still a favorite occupation with some journals.

If this is a fair estimate of the field of activity of such conferences, their capacity for usefulness will depend directly on the qualities of those who make up their meetings. A mere academic discussion by a group of high-minded men and women all of whom are hospitable to the cause of international friendship may be an interesting experience for those who attend, but it is like preaching to the converted. If progress is to be accomplished through these gatherings and the discussions which they hold, it must be effected by influencing the opinion of those in various countries who are indifferent or who are prejudiced. This will be brought about mainly in any given country by the actions of their own nationals who are able to interpret the views of other peoples. Such international gatherings will, therefore, have influence in proportion as they are made up of persons who represent many fields of public opinion and who have the ability and the knowledge to express to their countrymen the ideals of international co-operation. The continued usefulness of such international

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gatherings will depend in the long run on securing as members able men and women who represent a fair sweep of intelligent public opinion and who have the character, the ability, and the desire to spread the spirit of international confidence and good-will. Only by such a process can these international gatherings expect to become fruitful factors in the life of the world. Their influence for good-will depends primarily neither on the publicity they may secure in the daily press nor on the number and variety of their own publications, but rather on the quality of those who compose the conference and on their capacity to interpret in their respective countries a hospitable, friendly, and co-operative spirit. This may be a slow process as compared with the claims of modern propaganda, but along this path peace is, in the end, to be found.

Nineteen Twenty-Eight

By William Hamilton Hayne

"The immense Age waits—
Veiled are the faces of the Fates."
—*Fawcett.*

A volume with the pages yet uncut,
And silence nestling within the leaves.
Immovable, mysterious, closely shut,
Here Fate the future marvellously weaves.

Here power and progress now await their birth,
And evil forces frame their subtle plans
To vanquish aspirations of high worth
And throttle protests in unhappy lands.

What will transpire no mortal man can know,—
What welcome changes, or what things to fear;
What this sealed book contains of joy and woe,
At the grim outpost of the dying year.

We can but hope that destinies unborn
Breed less of murder, tyranny, and lust;
Strong to resist each lacerating thorn,
Buttressed by Honesty—handmaid to Trust.

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A Silent Wooing

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Author of "The White Monkey," "The Silver Spoon," etc.

On the 1st of February, 1924, Jon Forsyte, convalescing from the 'flu, was sitting in the lounge of a hotel at Camden, S. C., with his bright hair slowly rising on his scalp. He was reading about a lynching.

A voice behind him said:

"Will you join our picnic over at those old-time mounds to-day?"

Looking up he saw a young acquaintance called Francis Wilmot, who came from farther south.

"Very glad to. Who's going?"

"Why, just Mr. and Mrs. Pulmore Harrison, and that English novelist Gurdon Minho, and the Blair girls and their friends, and my sister Anne and I. You could ride over horseback, if you want exercise."

"All right; they've got some new horses in this morning from Columbia."

"Why, that's fine! My sister and I'll ride horseback too, and some of the Blair girls. The Harrisons can tote the others."

"'Tote,'" said Jon. "Good word, that. I say, this is a pretty bad case of lynching."

The young man to whom he spoke leaned in the window. Jon admired his face, as of ivory, with dark hair and eyes, and narrow nose and lips, and his lissome free attitude.

"All you Britishers go off the deep-end when you read of a lynching. You haven't got the negro problem up where you are at Southern Pines. They don't have it any to speak of, in North Carolina."

"No, and I don't profess to understand it. But I can't see why negroes shouldn't be tried the same as white men. There may be cases where you've got to shoot at sight; but I don't see how you can defend mob law. Once you catch a man, he ought to be tried properly."

"We're not taking any chances with that particular kind of trouble."

"But if a man isn't tried, how can you tell he's guilty?"

"Well, we'd sooner do without an innocent darky now and again, than risk our women."

"I should have thought killing a man for a thing he hadn't done was worse than anything."

"Maybe, in Europe. But not here. Things are in the large, still."

"What do they think about lynching in the North?"

"They squeal a bit, but they've no call to. If we've got negroes, they've got the Reds, and they surely have a wholesale way with them."

Jon Forsyte tilted back his rocking-chair, with a puzzled frown.

"I reckon there's too much space in this country, still," said Francis Wilmot; "a man has all the chances to get off. So where we feel strong about a thing, we take the law into our own hands."

"Well, every country to its own fash-

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ions. What are these mounds we're going to?"

"Old Indian remains that go 'way back thousands of years, they say. You haven't met my sister? She only came last night."

"No. What time do we start?"

"Noon; it's about an hour's ride by the woods."

At noon then, in riding-kit, Jon came out to the five horses, for more than one of the Blair girls had elected to ride. He started between them, Francis Wilmot going ahead with his sister.

The Blair girls were young and pretty with a medium-colored, short-faced, well-complexioned, American prettiness, of a type to which he had become accustomed during the two and a half years he had spent in the United States. They were at first extremely silent, and then extremely vocal. They rode astride, and very well. Jon learned that they, as well as the givers of the picnic, Mr. and Mrs. Pulmore Harrison, abode in Long Island. They asked him many questions about England, to which Jon, who had left it at the age of nineteen, invented many answers. He began to look longingly between his horse's ears at Francis Wilmot and his sister, cantering ahead in a silence that, from a distance, seemed extremely restful. Their way led through pine woods —of trees spindly and sparse, and over a rather sandy soil; the sunlight was clear and warm, the air still crisp. Jon rode a single-footing bay horse, and felt as one feels on the first day of recovered health.

The Blair girls wished to know what he thought of the English novelist—they were dying to see a real highbrow. Jon had read only one of his books, and of the characters therein could only remember a cat. The Blair girls had read none; but they had heard that his cats were just too cunning.

Francis Wilmot, reining up in front, pointed at a large mound which certainly seemed to be unnaturally formed. They all reined up, looked at it for two minutes in silence, judged it was 'very interesting,' and rode on. In a hollow the occupants of two cars were disembarking food. Jon led the horses away to tether them alongside the horses of Wilmot and his sister.

"My sister," said Francis Wilmot.

"Mr. Forsyte."

She looked at Jon, and Jon looked at her. She was slim but distinctly firm, in a long dark-brown coat and breeches and boots; her hair was bobbed and dark under a soft brown felt hat. Her face was pale, rather browned, and had a sort of restrained eagerness—the brow broad and clear, the nose straight and slightly sudden, the mouth unreddened, rather wide and pretty. But what struck Jon were her eyes, which were exactly his idea of a water-nymph's. They slanted a little, and were steady and brown and enticing; whether there was ever such a slight squint in them he could not tell, but if there were it was an improvement. He felt shy. Neither of them spoke.

Francis Wilmot remarked: "I reckon I'm hungry." And they walked side by side toward the eatables.

Jon said suddenly to the sister:

"You've just come, then, Miss Wilmot?"

"Yes, Mr. Forsyte."

"Where from?"

"From Naseby. It's 'way down between Charleston and Savannah."

"Oh! Charleston; I liked Charleston."

"Anne likes Savannah best," said Francis Wilmot.

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Anne nodded. She was not talkative, it seemed, though her voice had sounded pleasant in small quantities.

"It's kind of lonely where we live," said Francis. "Mostly darkies. Anne's never seen an Englishman to speak to."

Anne smiled. Jon also smiled. Neither pursued the subject. They arrived at the eatables, spread in a manner calculated to give the maximum of muscular and digestive exertion. Mrs. Pulmore Harrison, a lady of forty or so and defined features, was seated with her feet turned up; next to her, Gurdon Minho, the English novelist, had his legs in a more reserved position; and then came quantities of seated girls, all with pretty unreserved legs; Mr. Pulmore Harrison, somewhat apart, was pursing a small mouth over the cork of a large bottle. Jon and the Wilmots also sat down. The picnic had begun.

Jon soon realized that everybody was expecting Gurdon Minho to say something beyond "Yes," "Really!" "Ah!" "Quite!" This did not occur. The celebrated novelist was at first almost painfully attentive to what everybody else said, and then seemed to go into a coma. Jon felt a patriotic disappointment, for he himself was, if anything, even more silent. He could see that, among the three Blair girls and their two girl friends, a sort of conspiracy was brewing, to quiz the silent English in the privacy of the future. Francis Wilmot's speechless sister was a comfort to him; he felt that she would neither be entitled nor inclined to join that conspiracy. He took refuge in handing victuals and was glad when the period of eating on constricted stomachs was over. Picnics were like Christmas Day, better in the future and the past than in the present. After the normal period of separation into genders, the baskets were repacked, and all resorted to their vehicles. The two cars departed for another mound said to be two miles off. Francis Wilmot and the two Blair girls judged they would get back and watch the polo. Jon asked Anne Wilmot which she wished to do. She elected to see the other mound.

They mounted and pursued a track through the woods in silence. At last Jon said:

"Do you like picnics?"

"I certainly do not."

"Nor do I. But riding?"

"I just adore it more than anything in the world."

"More than dancing?"

"Surely. Riding and swimming."

"Ah! I thought—" And he was silent.

"What did you think?"

"Well, I thought somehow you were a good swimmer."

"Why?"

Jon said with embarrassment: "By your eyes—"

"What! Are they fishy?"

Jon laughed. "Not exactly. They're like a water-nymph's."

"I don't just know if that's a compliment."

"Of course it is."

"I thought nymphs weren't respectable."

"Oh! *Water*-nymphs—very! Shy, of course."

"Do you have many in England?"

"No. As a matter of fact I've never seen one before."

"Then how do you know?"

"Just a general sense of what's fitting."

"I suppose you had a classical education. Don't you all have that in England?"

"Far from it."

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"And how do you like America, Mr. Forsyte?"

"Very much. I get homesick sometimes."

"I'd love to travel."

"You never have?"

She shook her head. "I just stay at home and look after things. But I reckon we'll have to sell the old home—cotton doesn't pay any more."

"I grow peaches near Southern Pines, you know, up in North Carolina; that's paying at present."

"D'you live there alone?"

"No; with my mother."

"Is she English?"

"Yes."

"Have you a father?"

"He died four years ago."

"Francis and I have been orphans ten years."

"I wish you'd both come and stay with us some day; my mother would be awfully glad."

"Is she like you?"

Jon laughed. "No. She's beautiful."

The eyes regarded him gravely, the lips smiled faintly.

"I'd just love to come, but Francis and I can't ever be away together."

"But," said Jon, "you're both here."

"We go back to-morrow; I wanted to see Camden." The eyes resumed their steady consideration of Jon's face. "Won't you come back with us and see our home—it's old. Francis would like to have you come."

"Do you always know what your brother would like?"

"Surely."

"That must be jolly. But do you really mean you want me to come?"

"I certainly do."

"I'd enjoy it awfully; I hate hotels. I mean—well, you know—" But as *he* didn't, he was not so sure that she did.

She touched her horse, and that single-footing animal broke into a canter.

Along the alleys of the eternal pine wood the sun was in their eyes; a warmed scent rose from pine-needles, gum, and herbs; the going was sandy and soft; the horses in good mood. Jon felt happy. This girl had strange eyes, enticing; and she rode better even than the Blair girls.

"I suppose all the English ride well?" she said.

"Most do, when they ride at all; but we don't ride much nowadays."

"I'd love to see England; our folk came from England in 1700—Worcestershire. Where is that?"

"It's our Middle West," said Jon. "But as unlike as ever you can imagine. It's a fruit-growing county — very pretty; white timbered houses, pastures, orchards, woods, green hills. I went there walking one holiday with a school friend."

"It sounds just lovely. Our ancestors were Roman Catholics. They had a place called Naseby; that's why we call ours Naseby. But my grandmother was French Creole, from Louisiana. Is it true that in England they think Creoles have negro blood in them?"

"We're very ignorant," said Jon. "*I* know the Creoles are the old French and Spanish families. You both look as if you had French blood."

"Francis does. Do you think we've passed that mound? We've come all of four miles, and I thought it was only two."

"Does it matter? The other mound was rather overrated."

The lips smiled; she didn't ever quite laugh, it seemed.

"What Indians hereabouts?" asked Jon.

"I'm not too sure; Seminoles, if any,

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I think. But Francis says these mounds would be from 'way back before the present tribes. What made you come to America, Mr. Forsyte?"

Jon bit his lip. To give the reason—family feud—broken love-affair—was not exactly possible.

"I went first to British Columbia; but I didn't get on too well. Then I heard of peaches in North Carolina."

"But why did you leave England?"

"I suppose I just wanted to see the world."

"Yes," she said. It was a very quiet but comprehending sound; Jon was the more gratified, because she had not comprehended. The image of his first love did not often haunt him now—had not for a year or more. He had been so busy with his peaches. Besides, Holly had written that Fleur had a boy. He said, suddenly: "I think we ought to turn. Look at the sun." The sun, indeed, was well down behind the trees.

"My—yes!"

Jon turned his steed. "Let's gallop, it'll be down in half an hour; and there's no moon till late."

They galloped back along the track. The sun went down even faster than he had thought, the air grew cold, the light gray. Jon reined up suddenly.

"I'm awfully sorry; I don't believe we're on the track we came by from the picnic. I feel we've gone off to the right. The tracks are all alike, and these horses only came in from Columbia yesterday; they don't know the country any more than we do."

The girl laughed. "We'll be lost."

"M'm! That'll be no joke in these woods. Don't they ever end?"

"I reckon not, in these parts. It's an adventure."

"Yes; but you'll catch cold. It's jolly cold at night."

"And you've had 'flu!"

"Oh! That's all right. Here's a track to the left. Shall we go on, or shall we take it?"

"Take it."

They cantered on. It was too dark now for galloping, and soon too dark for cantering. And the track wound on and on.

"This is a pretty business," said Jon; "I *am* sorry." He peered toward her riding beside him, and could just see her smile.

"Why! It's lots of fun."

He was glad she thought so, but he could not see it.

"I *have* been an ass. Your brother'll be pretty sick with me."

"He'll know I'm with you."

"If we only had a compass. We may be out all night at this rate. Here's another fork! Gosh, it *is* going to be dark."

And almost as he spoke the last of the light failed; he could barely see her five yards away. He came up close alongside, and she touched his sleeve.

"Don't worry," she said; "that spoils it."

Shifting his reins, he gave her hand a squeeze.

"You're splendid, Miss Wilmot."

"Oh! do call me Anne. Surnames seem kind of chilly when you're lost."

"Thank you very much. My name's Jon. Without an h, you know—short for Jolyon."

"Jolyon—Jon; I like it."

"Anne's always been my favorite name. Shall we stop till the moon rises, or ride on?"

"When will the moon rise?"

"About ten, I think, judging from last night. And it'll be nearly full. But it's hardly six yet."

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"Let's ride on and leave it to the horses."

"Right! Only, if they make for anywhere I'm pretty sure it'll be toward Columbia, which must be miles and miles."

They pursued the narrow track at a foot's pace. It was really dark now.

Jon said: "Are you cold? You'd be warmer walking. I'll go ahead; stick close enough to see me."

He went ahead, and soon dismounted, feeling cold himself; there was utter silence among unending trees, and no light. It was weird.

"I'm cold now," said the voice of Anne. "I'll get off, too."

They had trailed on perhaps half an hour like this, leading their horses, and almost feeling their way when Jon said:

"Look! There's some sort of a clearing here! And what's that blackness on the left?"

"It's a mound."

"Which mound, I wonder? The one we saw, or the other, or neither?"

"I reckon we'd better stop here till the moon rises, then maybe we'll see which it is, and know our way."

"You're right. There'll be swamps, I expect. I'll tether the horses to leeward, and we'll try and find a nook. It *is* cold."

He tethered the horses out of the wind, and, turning back, found her beside him.

"It's creepy."

"We'll find a snug place, and sit down."

He put his hand through her arm, and they moved round the foot of the mound.

"Here," said Jon, suddenly; "they've been digging. This'll be sheltered." He felt the ground—dry enough. "Let's squat here and talk."

Side by side, with their backs to the wall of the excavated hollow, they lighted cigarettes, and sat listening to the silence. But for a snuffle or soft stamp now and then from the horses, there wasn't a sound. Trees and wind, both, were too sparse for melody, and nothing but their two selves and their horses seemed alive. A sprinkle of stars in a very dark sky, and the deeper blackness of the pine stems, was all they could see. Ah! and the glowing tips of their cigarettes, and each other's faces vaguely illumined, now and then, thereby.

"I don't expect you'll ever forgive me for this," said Jon, gloomily.

"Why! I'm just loving it."

"Very sweet of you to say so; but you must be awfully cold. Look here—have my coat!"

He had begun to take it off when she said:

"If you do that I'll run out into the woods and get really lost."

Jon resumed his coat.

"It might have been one of those Blair girls," he said.

"Would you rather?"

"For your sake of course. Not for my own—no, indeed!"

They were looking round at each other so that the tips of their cigarettes were almost touching. Just able to see her eyes, he had a very distinct impulse to put his arm round her. It seemed the natural and proper thing to do, but of course it was not 'done'!

"Have some chocolate," she said.

Jon ate a very little. The chocolate should be reserved for her!

"This is a real adventure. It *is* black. I'd have been scared alone—seems kind of spooky here."

"Spirits of the old Indians," muttered Jon. "Only I don't believe in spirits."

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"You would if you'd had a colored mammy."

"Did you have one?"

"Surely, with a voice as soft as mush-melon. We have one old darky still, who was a slave as a boy. He's the best of all the negroes round—nearly eighty, with quite white wool."

"Your father couldn't have been in the Civil War, could he?"

"No; my two grandfathers, and my great-grandfather."

"And how old are you, Anne?"

"Nineteen."

"I'm twenty-three."

"Tell me about your home in England."

"I haven't one now." He began an expurgated edition of his youth, and it seemed to him that she listened beautifully. Then he asked for her story in return; and, while she told it, he wondered whether he liked her voice or not. It dwelled and it slurred, but it was soft and had great flavor. When she had finished her simple tale, for she had hardly been away from home, there was silence, till Jon said:

"It's half past seven only. I'll go and see that the horses are all right, then perhaps you could get a snooze."

He moved round the foot of the mound till he came to the horses, and stayed a little talking to them and stroking their noses. A feeling warm and protective stirred within him. This was a nice child, and a brave one, and a face to remember, with lots behind it. Suddenly, he heard her voice, low and as if pretending not to call: "Jon, oh! Jon!" He felt his way back through the darkness. Her hands were stretched out.

"It is spooky! That funny rustling! I've got creeps down my back!"

"The wind's got up a bit. Let's sit back to back—it'll keep you warm. Or, look here, I'll sit against the wall, if you lean up against me you could go to sleep. It's only two hours now—we can ride on by moonlight."

They took up the suggested postures, her back against his side, and her head in the hollow of his arm and shoulder.

"Comfy?"

"Surely. It stops the creeps. Aren't I too heavy, though?"

"Not a bit," said Jon.

They smoked and talked a little more. The stars were brighter now, and their eyes more accustomed to the darkness. And they were grateful for each other's warmth. Jon enjoyed the scent, as of hay, that rose from her hair not far below his nose. Then came a long silence, while the warm protective feeling grew and grew within him. He would have liked to slip his arms round and hold her closer. But, of course, he did not. It was, however, as much as he could do to remain a piece of warmth impersonal enough for her to recline against. This was the very first time since he left England that he had felt an inclination to put his arms round any one, so badly burnt had he been in that old affair. The wind rose, talked in the trees, died away again; the stillness was greater than ever. He was very wide-awake, and it seemed curious to him that she should sleep, for, surely, she was asleep—so still. The stars twinkled, and he gazed up at them. His limbs began to ache and twitch, and suddenly he realized that she was no more asleep than he. She slowly turned her head till he could see her eyes, grave, enticing.

"I'm too heavy," she said, and raised herself; but his arm restored her.

"Not a bit; so long as you're warm and comfy."

Her head settled in again; and the

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vigil was resumed. They talked a little now, of nothing important, and he thought: 'It's queer—one could live months knowing people and not know them half so well as we shall know each other now.'

Again a long silence fell; but this time his arm was round her, it was more comfortable so, for both of them. And Jon began to have the feeling that it would be inadvisable for the moon to rise. Had she that feeling too? He wondered. But if she had, the moon in its courses paid no attention. For suddenly he became conscious that it was there, behind the trees somewhere lurking, a curious kind of stilly glimmer creeping about the air, along the ground, in and out of the tree-stems.

"The moon!" he said. She did not stir, and his heart beat rather fast. So! She did not want the moon to rise, any more than he! And slowly the creeping glimmer became light, and, between the tree-stems, stole, invading their bodies till they were visible. And still they sat, unstirring, as if afraid to break a spell. The moon gained power and a cold glory, and rose above the trees; the world was alive once more. Jon thought: 'Could I kiss her?' And at once recoiled. As if she would want! But as though she divined his thought, she turned her head, and her eyes looked into his. Then Jon said:

"I'm in charge of you!"

Her answer was a little sigh, and she got up. They stood, stretching, gazing into the whitened mysterious wood.

"Look, Anne! It *is* the mound. There's the path down to the hollow where we had the picnic. Now we can find the way all right."

"Yes," a sound he could not interpret. But they went toward the horses, untethered them, and mounted. Between them, they would remember the way now; and they set forth. They rode side by side.

Jon said:

"Well, that'll be something to remember."

"Yes, I shall always remember it."

They said no more, except to consult about the way, but this was soon clear, and they cantered. They came out on the polo ground close to the hotel.

"You go in and relieve your brother's mind. I'll take the horses round, and then come on."

When he entered the hotel lounge Francis Wilmot, still in riding-clothes, was alone. His expression was peculiar, not exactly hostile, but certainly not friendly.

"Anne's gone up," he said. "I reckon you haven't much bump of locality. You surely had me scared."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Jon humbly; "I forgot the horses were new to the country."

"Well!" said Francis Wilmot, and shrugged his shoulders. Jon looked at the young man steadily.

"You don't think that I got bushed on purpose? Because you look as if you did."

Again Francis Wilmot shrugged his shoulders.

"Forgive me," said Jon; "but aren't you forgetting that your sister's a lady, and that one doesn't behave like a cad with a lady?"

Francis Wilmot did not answer; he went to a window and stood looking out. Jon felt very angry. He sat down on the arm of a long chair, feeling suddenly extremely tired. He sat there looking at the ground, frowning heavily. Damn the fellow! Had he been bullying Anne? If he had—! A voice behind him said: "I reckon I didn't

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mean it. I certainly am sorry. It was just the scare. Shake hands!"

Jon stretched out his own impulsively, and they shook hands, looking straight into each other's eyes.

"You must be about through," said Francis Wilmot. "Come on to my room; I've gotten a flask. I've given Anne a dram."

They went up. Jon sat in the only chair, Francis Wilmot on the bed.

"Anne tells me she's asked you to come home with us to-morrow. I surely hope you will."

"I should simply love to."

"That's fine!"

They drank, talked a little, smoked.

"Good night!" said Jon, suddenly, "or I shall go to sleep here."

They shook hands again, and Jon staggered to his room. He fell asleep at once.

They travelled next day, all three, through Columbia and Charleston, to the Wilmots' place. It stood in the bend of a red river, with cotton-fields around, and swampy ground where live-oaks grew, melancholy, festooned with Florida moss. The old slave quarters, disused except as kennels, were still standing; the two-storied house had flights of wooden steps running up on each side, on to the wide wisteriaed porch, and wanted a coat of paint; and, within, rooms ran one into the other, hung with old portraits of dead Wilmots and de Frevilles; and darkies wandered around and talked their soft drawled speech.

Jon was happier than he had been since he landed in the New World three and a half years ago. In the mornings he sauntered with the dogs in the sunlight or tried to write poetry—for the two young Wilmots were busy. After the midday meal he rode with them or with Anne alone. In the evening he learned from her to play the ukulele before a wood fire lighted at sundown, or heard about cotton culture from Francis, with whom, since that moment of animosity, he was on the best of terms.

Between Anne and himself there was little talk; they had, as it were, resumed the silence which had fallen when they sat in the dark under the old Indian mound. But he watched her; indeed, he was always trying to catch the grave enticing look in her dark eyes. She more and more seemed to him unlike any girl he had ever known, quicker, more silent, and with more 'sand.' The days went on, in warm sun, and the nightly scent of wood smoke; and his holiday drew to an end. He could play the ukulele now, and they sang to it—negro spirituals, songs from "Rose Marie," and other immortal works. The last day came, and dismay descended on Jon. To-morrow, early, he was going back to his peaches at Southern Pines! That afternoon, riding with her for the last time, the silence was almost unnatural, and she did not even look at him. Jon went up to change, with panic in his heart. He knew now that he wanted to take her back with him, and he thought he knew that she did not want to come. How he would miss watching for those eyes to be fixed on him! He was thirsty with the wish to kiss her. He went down moodily, and sat in a long chair before the wood fire, pulling a spaniel's ears and watching the room darken. Perhaps she wouldn't even come for a last singsong. Perhaps there would be nothing more but dinner and an evening *à trois;* not even a chance to say he loved her and be told that she didn't love him. And he thought, miserably: 'It's my fault—I'm a silent fool; I've missed all my chance.'

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The room darkened till there was nothing but firelight, and the spaniel went to sleep. Jon, too, closed his eyes. It was as if he could wait better, thus—for the worst. When he opened them she was standing in front of him with the ukuleles in her hands.

"Do you want to play, Jon?"

"Yes," said Jon, "let's play. It's the last time"; and he took his ukulele.

She sat down on the rug before the fire, and began to tune hers. Jon slipped down beside the spaniel and began to tune his. The spaniel got up and went away.

"What shall we sing?"

"I don't want to sing, Anne. You sing; I'll just accompany."

She didn't look at him! She would not look at him! It was all up! What a fool he'd been!

Anne sang. She sang a crooning phrase—the call over the mountains, from "Rose Marie." Jon plucked his strings, and the tune plucked his heart. She sang it through. She sang it again, and her eyes slid round. God! She *was* looking at him. She mustn't see that he knew she was! It was too good—that long dark look over the ukulele. Between him and her were her ukulele and his own. He dropped the beastly thing. And, suddenly shifting along the floor, he put his arm round her. Without a word she drooped her head down against his shoulder, as when they sat under the Indian mound. He bent his cheek down to her hair. It smelled, as it had then, of hay. Then, just as she had screwed her face round in the moonlight, she turned it to him now. This time Jon kissed her lips.

Garden Valedictory

By Edith Wharton

I will not say that you are dead, but only
Scattered like seed upon the autumn breeze,
  Renewing life where all seemed locked and lonely,
  Stored in shut buds and inarticulate trees,

So that this earth, this meaningless earth, may yet
  Regain some sense for me, because a word
  You spoke in passing trembles in the jet
    Of the frail fountain in my garden-close,
  Because you stopped one day before this rose,
Or I can hear you in the migrant bird
  Throating goodbye along the lime-tree aisle,
    And feel your hand in mine, and breathe awhile.

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We Southerners

BY GROVER C. HALL

The editor of the Montgomery, Ala., *Advertiser* predicts that the South will soon become as gay in public as it is now in private.

We Southerners are almost in a good humor again. It is now sixty-two years since all was lost to us save pride and ambition, and even the crows went hungry. It is fifty years since Hayes ended the period of occupation and thereby reconciled us Democrats to the downfall of the mighty Tilden. It is fifty-nine years since Thad Stevens went away Somewhere, and thirty-four years since "Beast" Butler went down to comfort him. It is twenty-nine years since little Joe Wheeler sweated manfully under the weight of his blue uniform in tropic Cuba. It is nine years since Robert Lee Bullard and Alvin York looked east toward Berlin, and five years since 2300 S Street, Washington, was the foremost private residence on earth. And to-day General Charles P. Summerall, of Florida, is chief of staff of the United States Army, and Admiral Henry Ariosto Wiley, son of Alabama and Texas, is commander of the United States fleet. Why shouldn't we be in a good humor?

But still other factors have worked for our peace of mind, though they involved us in an exercise of give-and-take which, truth to say, was good for us. Thus, if we have lived to accept Old Abe as a great and good man, we have had the incredibly immense satisfaction of seeing the world accept at our own rather high valuation the quality of the Confederate soldier; and it is now not more than once a year that some son-of-a-sea-cook calls Jefferson Davis a traitor—and thereby reminds us of something which we are fast forgetting, the War Between the States. We long since ceased to whisper it about that Davis and Lincoln were half-brothers. Not one in a million of our children now under sixteen will ever hear that one. But I'll say it used to be a good story down our way. We had it that secret papers in the archives at Nashville showed that Jeff's father was also the father—but the purpose of this paper is not to rehash old scandals.

Where editors and writers but a few years ago were picking on us and occasionally goading us into frenzies of indignation, they now puff us with such frequency that we have come to expect it from all sources.

Not only have we almost run out of something to get mad about, but we have grown prosperous and "pleasure-mad." To-day our minds are occupied largely with such subjects as the following in the order named: money, amusement, education, good roads, health, politics, and religion.

Sixty-two years after Lee embarrassed Grant by appearing the more neatly and appropriately dressed of the two That Day we are prosperous, and apparently about to become extremely

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prosperous; we are healthy, and about to become quite healthy indeed; we are well fed, well clothed, well housed, and are about to become more so. All the prophets and students of prophecy will agree that these things are so. We are booming.

We have made popular education a fetich. We spend about all we can afford to spend for schools, and in some instances probably a good deal more than we can afford to spend. In regard to this matter of public education we are running true to the conventional American form—that is to say, we are wasting inevitably a great deal of money, time, and energy on a large number of hopelessly deficient youngsters in order to make sure that we shall provide opportunity to those who can profit by it. But the process broadens the outlook of thousands of youngsters every year, and so is worth the price. We have built a stupendous public-education system, a stupendous mileage of good roads, erected better and more attractive business houses and offices as well as very much handsomer homes. All architects and landscape-gardeners worthy the name and some who are not that live down here are busy and prosperous. We have built country clubs in country towns and carried town conveniences to country homes. We know all about all the automobiles, and as one voice we said "Amen!" when Henry announced his desire to make amends to the American people by calling off his "Tin Lizzie" dogs, for, like everybody else, we long since got tired of hearing and looking at Fo'ds—

"Oh, this is all very well, it is admitted," some one, weary of this oration, interrupts me to say. "But tell me—what about the Southern mind? What about the fundamentalist obsession of the Southern people? What about Ku Kluxism? What about the 'messianic delusion'? While I grant, before you remind me of it, that Southerners are hospitable to social guests, can you tell me whether the South is hospitable to ideas? Has the South any genuine interest in anything except prosperity and antique moral conceptions? What is the South doing to attract and hold its free spirits?"

Well, now, about that, you see it's this way: the Klan is a mere temporary convenience to shady politicians, rascally adventurers, and third-rate preachers, and is already cracking. Fundamentalism is not a permanent problem with us; in fact, it is by no means as serious a problem right now as it may appear on the surface. We are not half so religious, anyway, as reported. Prosperous folks never are. If we as a people had much genuine religious passion, we would conduct ourselves accordingly. For one thing, we would attend preaching services on Sunday night. As it is, I know, as an example, one church with 1,800 members, yet one rarely finds over 50 or 60 people, including beaux with their best girls (who, of course, shouldn't count), in its pews on Sunday nights. Taking the population as a whole, not more than a tenth of one per cent of us make a practice of attending Sunday-night preaching services. Even fewer of us attend Wednesday-night prayer-meetings. We not only have too good a time elsewhere and are bored too stiff in the pews for many of us to put in more than a half-day's work for the Lord on his day, but we don't even regret the situation, I am sure. Our want of religious fervor is the reason. The same cause accounts also for the passing of formal family prayer, now heard of only occasionally, and

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even the decline of the custom of returning thanks at meal-time.

To be sure, the preachers usually have very good houses on Sunday mornings and the Sunday-schools are rather well attended—by children especially; but probably a majority of those who attend these morning exercises of the spirit render mere lip-service to the church. They are without real passion. Custom, and a vague feeling that somehow it is their duty to turn out, fetches them. In most churchgoing families it will be found that one person is the leader of the pack. He or she has what is said to be grace, but—what is far more important—he or she is a resolute person accustomed to ruling with an iron hand. Let that person go away to heaven and those left leaderless behind become strangely indifferent to the church militant, and straightaway backslide. In my whole life I don't believe I have ever personally known a family of, say, five persons a majority of whom had any religious zeal. But for public opinion or the influence of a resolute individual in the family the others might have left the church to languish and disintegrate through neglect and indifference. They "believe," perhaps, but do not tremble. Two-thirds of the people at church on Sunday mornings, whether they are conscious of it or not, are there under pressure—from influences other than the power of the spirit within them—some influence besides the love of God and fear of the devil. It is from this class that go-getting evangelists draw their ninety-day recruits. It seems to me that, so far as we Southerners are concerned, it is simply impossible for more than a small percentage of us to be genuinely religious very long at the time. If the devil had half the genius and generalship with which he is commonly credited, he would have completely paganized the South long ago. As it is, this lumbering mediocrity is making amazing progress against the parsons. For instance, he has never permitted their churches to be rid of financial worries of a more or less serious nature, but the parsons have managed to keep their plants going, notwithstanding such disasters as the success of the devil's scheme to put a stop to tithing. The parsons put over prohibition, but the devil has kept us supplied with liquor and kept us wanting it. They put over the machinery for and sustained the custom of attending Sunday-school and preaching service, but, as I have already hinted, the devil has seen to it that most of the participants in these rites were bored while participating, and he has kept a large section of the population from attending at all—in the cities certainly a majority of the white people habitually absent themselves from the pews.

The parsons charge that the campus is making the boys and girls laugh indecorously at Genesis and doff their hats to Darwin and Huxley. This is true, but the parsons are powerless to correct the situation; hence the alarm which has moved the fundamentalist old guard to call the police to lay the ghost of anthropoid ancestors. Nevertheless, the pastors are able partially to outwit the devil and establish various and sundry sectarian colleges. But the devil has a way of joining those whom he cannot fight successfully in the open, and so it comes about that at the three church colleges in my State, Alabama, for instance, biology, geology, and astronomy are honestly, if circumspectly, taught. I refer to the Methodist Woman's College at Montgomery, Birmingham Southern (Methodist) at Bir-

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mingham, and Howard College (Baptist) at Birmingham. These subjects not only are taught the corn-fed Methodists and Baptists of Alabama at these three colleges, but they are taught without political interference at each of the important State-supported institutions, namely: the University of Alabama, the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, and Alabama College (for women). And presumably also at the five normal schools, and certainly in the high schools of the State.

But this is in Alabama, in which, although the sun is for the moment totally eclipsed by the fiery cross (by virtue of 29 per cent of the total vote) no sheriff is permitted to edit text-books on science. The Bryan scheme was but recently offered in the Alabama legislature, only to be smothered to death in committee.

It is true that a number of other Southern States do not feel so cocky as Alabama does, for the reason that their students are obliged to get their biology from bootleggers. But that is because the John Roach Straton gang got the drop on the liberals and put over this curious legislation. Anti-evolution aggression has come from a minority of shrewd agitators and leaders, even as the counter-offensive of the liberals represented the effort of a minority—the common run of people apparently not caring a dern about the matter one way or another. There has been no popular excitement about evolution down our way, and will not be. The fight has been between the fundamentalist fanatics on the one hand and the "civilized minority" on the other, each seeking to strengthen their ranks by levies wooed from the plurality of all the citizens, whom we shall grade, for want of a better term, as average people. To be sure, there's the fun—this sport of seeking recruits from that large, quiet, unperturbed, preoccupied group which is not likely to follow the fanatics on a wild-goose chase nor yet side actively with the more advanced minority—until another generation of high-school and college graduates shall come onto the scene. Watch that next generation!

This intellectual middle class likes Coolidge and reads *The Saturday Evening Post*. It is not militantly liberal, but it is amiably tolerant. This is shown by the increasing boldness of newspapers. To-day our newspapers, if we may except such illustrious almanacs as a majority of the dailies in Tennessee and the Charlotte *Observer* in North Carolina, and a few others, generally defend the principle of evolution and howl for freedom of conscience whenever the question comes to a show-down, whereas but a few years ago practically all newspapers avoided religious controversy as carefully as a moonshiner avoids poison-oak. Even the Jackson (Miss.) *Daily News* has denounced the Mississippi law against the freedom of the schoolroom. In confessing the faith that is in them, it is significant that the newspaper editors are none too apologetic to the clergymen before whom they once stood in awe. Even in Tennessee the Chattanooga *Times* gallantly challenges the parsons on all proper occasions, of which there are many.

An Alabama editor of my acquaintance makes quite a point of combating obscurantism in one way or another. When he instituted this policy he says that he anticipated something of an outcry of protest, but received only applause instead, except from a few scattered hecklers in the audience, most of them the pastors of second and third

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rate churches. He reports no remonstrances or complaints from leading clergymen. He prints communications from readers representing all points of view—fundamentalist, modernist, and agnostic. He permits them to debate philosophic biology and the validity of the Holy Scriptures. The communicants quarrel hotly with one another, but not with this editor for his open-forum policy. On the contrary, he says that both sides have applauded him for his "fairness."

It would seem that the people either relish or are indifferent to editorial pannings administered to clerics. Plainly the latter are losing their authority and they begin to realize it—and to adapt themselves to new conditions. In fact, we observe a remarkable cooling of apostolic fires down South. Our pulpit to-day is very much less of a furnace and more of a sun-parlor than ever before. In the older and more dignified communities in the South the parsons of the leading churches are mild-mannered, enlightened men, fond of good cigars, and some of them indeed are not averse to cigarettes. (And by the by, as the virtuous would say, pride of section impels me to report this: an Alabama Methodist evangelist who preaches in the North and the South quit smoking cigars, not because they injured his health, but because of criticism of his Northern Methodist friends, although he could smoke with impunity in the South.) Thus in Montgomery, first capital of the Confederacy, there is not a pastor of a church of the first rank who is not an urbane, cultured gentleman. I think of the two Presbyterian ministers, three Episcopal rectors, the pastors of the principal Methodist and principal Baptist church. All but one have decided modernist leanings; all are men of broad sympathies and interests. All of them are buyers and readers of books many of which are not sold by the Alabama Bible Society. They are, in short, quite sophisticated and genteel, as is the president of the Methodist Woman's College at Montgomery, who, though not a pastor, is an ordained minister. All but two attend the theatre—and these two, so reckless gossips say and I believe the tale, are movie fans. It is unthinkable that the congregation of either of these men would tolerate a pastor of the Straton type. One of them, a rector, has appeared more than once in the pulpit of the chief Jewish synagogue of Montgomery, and has twice had its rabbi—a scholar and a freethinker and once a host to Clarence Darrow—speak in his own church. Once his bishop put this rector to trial for letting the rabbi speak in his church, but the rector was quickly vindicated.

But, then, Montgomery is a little different from many other cities in these parts. For example, it is an open town on Sunday, Mobile being the only other town in Alabama with Sunday amusements. Birmingham, the most priest-ridden (*i.e.*, Protestant) city of importance in the Southern States, is closed on Sunday by order of a majority of the votes cast in a referendum election called to settle the question which for years before had kept that community in a stew. Birmingham possesses a quite civilized minority, but the pastors of the "little Bethels" and the kleagles of the big klaverns have nevertheless sacked the city.

Unquestionably the big dogs of the Christian church in the South tend more and more to expound ethics and to ignore miracles. Even some of the small fry seem to be switching. And as for the

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big ones, Bishop Warren A. Candler of Georgia is the chief of the fundamentalist die-hards. But he grows old and one day will be gathered to his fathers. I will wager a rubber-rimmed fruit-jar against a brownish-hued two-quart jug that his successor will be a dapper chap who can confirm Genesis by the evolutionary hypothesis instead of confirming the e. h. by reference to Genesis. Public opinion will see to that. Mark the prediction. We are getting so, down here, that we can harmonize Moses and Chas. Darwin without batting an eye (anti-evolution laws to the contrary notwithstanding), and a surprisingly large number of people have gone farther and said they are not even interested in reconciling the two. Say they don't believe it can be done, nor do they think it makes any difference, although most of them admit that talk of reconciliation may be, and probably is, just the apple-sauce that should be fed to tender souls who are trying to come safely through the gosling period of their intellectual growth. For that reason they do not object to the tepid modernism of the fashionable pulpiteers. They say that fundamentalism is making its last stand in the South and predict that—there it goes again!—the next generation will find the atmosphere cleared and all minds down this way capable of cogitation will be prepared to think rationally and to view their environment realistically. Those who lack the faculty of cogitation will be out of luck, as usual, but less dangerous than now for the reason that their leadership will have been captured by the devil's forces. Without leadership they cannot seize and hold control of schools, colleges, legislative halls, and editorial sanctums.

And, while this prophetic mood is on me, let me observe that the more urbane the evangelical clergy becomes the more its manner and outlook are tempered by the dignified traditions of the Episcopal church. This is already quite obvious to any discerning seer, whether one observes the oratory of the pastor or the embryonic æstheticism in the general atmosphere of his church—the latter being an entirely new phenomenon in Baptist and Methodist temples, though not so new in Presbyterian houses. Churchmen who formerly regarded works of art as the possible works of the devil have at last discovered what Catholics and Episcopalians have always known, that a note of gentle charm in the atmosphere of the holy temple may be restful and inviting to weary souls. That, to be sure, applies to the more prosperous temples of the cities. It is still true that but for the belfry one could not tell the average country or village evangelical church from a spacious barn. Its exterior is ugly, coarse, and cheap. Its interior is carpenter-made, bare, unstimulating, uninviting. The people who fill it are suspicious of beauty. There is absolutely no suggestion of Old World traditions in the architecture, the decoration, and the spirit of a country or village church, if we exclude the Catholic and Episcopal structures which now and then one sees in the way places of the South—except in Louisiana, where they are commoner. But the city buildings steadily grow in respectability and charm.

Take the Salvation Army spirit out of the Methodist and Baptist scheme of redemption and they will no longer be objectionable to the neo-Darwin *bloc*. That gone, their—that is, our—architectural and other æsthetic crimes will presently be atoned for. We will assume a new dignity. We will talk more about

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ethics Here and less about a doubtful salvation There. That prospect already is everywhere apparent. Within twenty-five years union services between Baptist and Jewish congregations will not be uncommon in the more advanced communities of the South. Methodists will have ceased to fear the pope politically, spiritually, and physically; they will no longer shudder when they see a nun talking to a child in the streets. They will content themselves with laughing at the pope's theology, as they now laugh at Christian Science and Holy Rollerism.

If the urbanite Methodists and Baptists as a class ever get themselves into such a state of mind as I have suggested, and to me no prospect seems more certain, the whole color of Southern life will change, for by that time our cities will dominate the country politically and culturally.

We shall once again become a gay people in public even as we are now in private. Gaiety, in simple truth, is a temperamental characteristic of our people, for all our efforts to repress the trait. In an earlier day, before the fierce New England theology of Jonathan Edwards fastened itself upon large groups of Southerners—a victory won over them by default, a fact which I must sorrowfully ascribe to the phlegmatic and unenterprising nature of the Episcopalians on the one hand, and to our congenital antipathy for Rome on the other—gaiety was not regarded as necessarily the mark of a dissolute and godless people. We danced; we were fond of fox-hunting and cock-fighting. We loved racing horses with a passion that surely softened the asperities of our nature. Could a congenital Puritan reconcile such tastes with the hope of salvation? This warm climate was and is rather more hostile than friendly to dourness of spirit; nevertheless, the evangelical sects outtalked us and frightened us into a state of indecision regarding the difference between honest pleasure and sin. In the end we grew tired of resisting without support, and capitulated. We let the dour boys sack our land of song, of cotton-blossoms, and magnolia-trees. But we have never been wholly reconciled to the occupation. We have been bewildered, and puzzled to know what to do. However, lately we have been feeling a strange new strength, a new independence. Our common sense has asserted itself—at least, it has begun to assert itself. We have found that the hell-fire alarmists, while well-meaning enough, were and are ignorant humbugs. The public is no longer deceived. We have been going to school more and travelling more, and reading a great deal more—and, as previously remarked, we are again prosperous. We have grown definitely tired of being bulldozed and frightened by clay-footed pulpiteers and their lay footmen—the deacons, stewards, and elders.

But for the inexplicable turn of fortune which gave the evangelical tradition a foothold in the fabulous land of Washington and Jefferson and Old Hickory—libertarians all—we would, I ween, have been from the beginning until now a people relatively free of all inhibitions save only those quite sufficient ones which always make the gentleman a man apart.

To-day nothing seems more obvious to me than that the evangelical tradition is fighting a losing fight in the Southern States. That victory won, as it will be definitely won in another generation, every other civilized interest can take care of itself, and the questions of my interrupter—intended to be embarrassing—will be answered.

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Contest

By Mark Van Doren

The east wind I worked in,
And endless black rain—
Working with a wet axe
As long as there was wood—
The rain, the wind, and I
Argued which should die.

The chopper never looked up,
Behind him or around;
Only at the wet log
His blade fell and warmed—
Hoping heat would spread
Until the dark was dead.

The wind never looked away,
But, always coming on,
Drove the rainy knife edge
Deeper in and in.
It was the day that died
With blue in its side.

Portrait of a Potential Authoress

BY FRANCES WARFIELD
Author of "Sweet Girl Graduate"

Wherever she hails from, New York is her Mecca. She may come in, fresh-cheeked and husky, from Oregon's bleak reaches. She may arrive all sun-kissed from the red-hot plains of Kansas. She may be whisked through a tube from malarial New Jersey. Whatever her birthplace, she scorns it. She cannot rest until she has left it behind.

She is her mother's daughter. Poor daddy is a little unsympathetic. Folks used to say that mother would be a great author some day. Every one said so when mother won the high-school essay contest. That was before she went away to teach school and met dad. Met her finish, as she puts it with a smile and a sigh. Dad was just getting started with his law practice, and pretty soon she had other things to think about besides writing.

But mother never let fall the torch. All through little Mary's infancy she kept it glowing, that Mary might bear it on and up—might be an authoress in her stead.

Mary gets the right start. What a precocious child she is! And so smart with her blocks—easy to tell she is going to be literary. At five years, she holds visitors enthralled.

"Now, darling, spell ignoramus."

The blocks click neatly into place.

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"Does she know what it means?" some one inquires.

"It means something she is never going to be." Her mother's voice crackles with resolution.

She is a spoiled child. In starched white dress, with a spanking pink-ribbon bow astride each shoulder, she mounts the platform at Sunday-school entertainments, and pipes, singsong, through her piece:

"Lives of great men all remind us—"

or, perhaps:

"Up into a cherry-tree
Who should climb but little me?"

Never a mistake. Mothers of children who forget their pieces agree that Mary doesn't seem very strong. It doesn't do to push a child too fast. She doesn't. It doesn't.

From the moment she enters grammar-school the potential authoress tows triumph in her wake. She spells down all her classmates like so many tenpins. She does extra home work. A constellation of laudatory stars illumines her name on the honor-roll. Before she reaches eighth grade she has written original stories and poems which her transported mother keeps in a box in the attic. The verses go something like this:

TO A FORGET-ME-NOT

"Ah, tiny blossom,
Thou'rt a bit of heaven's blue
Which long ago the angels cut
To let the stars shine through."

High school follows—four more years of glory. In the classroom the potential authoress discovers the classics —"Ivanhoe" and "The Lady of the Lake." In the public library she pants along the more flowery byways of literature—E. P. Roe, Grace Richmond, Myrtle Reed, Jeffrey Farnol. Her mathematics and history are somewhat irresolute, but she takes all the prizes in English. The real literary mind, says mother.

Dad doubts it. He likes history, himself, and thinks a girl ought to learn arithmetic—ought to get to know the value of money. Besides, the child looks peaked, and no wonder, stooped over all the time with her nose in a storybook. Mother silences him with a glance. Dad came between her and her career, but she'll be darned if he's going to interfere with her daughter. Only the other day the English teacher told mother that Mary had a very large vocabulary.

Mary marches on. She is going to college, of course—to a women's college the size and location of which depend on the extent of dad's practice. Dear old dad, patient and willing, but more befuddled every year by his literary daughter.

Even now she is taking him to task at meals for saying "these kind" and "like I do." Makes him kinda nervous. He sort of wishes Mary would forget her books awhile and fix up pretty like Jim Taylor's girl. But dad sits proudly in the front row at the high-school commencement exercises, when Mary delivers the valedictorian address. Afterward he notices that most of the girls stay for the commencement dance, while the potential authoress goes home with her parents.

Mary slips confidently into college, but finds, alas, that intellectual competition is keener here and that the faculty is not easily impressed. She finds, too, that her breezy classmates hold high thinking in somewhat lower estimate than broad jumping.

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She is tall and thin, rather sallow. She is pernickety about her food; wretched during the required hour of gymnasium. Her sports clothes are limp, flat failures; her sweaters curve in helplessly at the waist. She is more at home in her afternoon frocks, inconspicuous grays, greens, or mauves, with something fluttery about the wrists. Her primly spent youth has left her timid and self-conscious; a wan, abstracted air conceals her terror of her rouged and heavily dated or bluff and athletic classmates. Except for sitting on the porch steps at home with the boy next door who stutters a little and doesn't get on with girls, Mary has never had a date. She has no interest in athletics, except that she is fond of taking long walks alone. She likes to sit under trees and read. She does sit under trees, finding it hard to concentrate and easy to contract colds in the head.

Out of ear-shot of maternal adulation and home-town eulogies, she is negative and inconspicuous. But pride rushes in to console her for her obscurity. She becomes introspective. She learns to think of herself as high-strung and thoughtful, a person of more than ordinary depth, a person set apart from her conventional classmates.

Her first theme starts with an imaginative whoop:

"I would like to have a bird for a friend—that he might tell me of his soaring—"

A butcher of a professor maims and scars it with corrections in red ink.

Grieved but tolerant, she waylays him after class. Some of her favorite authors, she intimates, are verbose. She doesn't really think that's a very serious fault. And even Charlotte Brontë dangles her participles.

"I love to write," she confides. "It always came easy to me. In high school I got all A's in English."

"Yes?" inquires the man without a soul.

In the course of time Mary contributes short stories and essays to the college monthly—sketches about little old ladies or a day in the woods. Though her name appears in the magazine, no one is quite sure who she is except those girls who sit next to her in class or have rooms on her corridor.

Her room is bare of decoration except for a potted plant on the window-sill. Her book-shelves record the stages of her soul's high quest—from David Grayson to Christopher Morley to Barrie to Donn Byrne to "Elizabeth" to Saint Francis of Assisi. Now she has become the delight of the women among her literature professors. She has, they say, a true sense of the beautiful, and no one is more conscientious about doing the required reading. She has read every word of the assignments, muffing the genuinely distinguished paragraphs, deprecating the realistic, memorizing the sweet. Youth's scented manuscripts —her themes—are in neat bundles tied with ribbon on her closet shelf. There is relatively little red ink on the later ones—some of them, Mary is emboldened to think, might even be suitable for publication.

So Mary is graduated and turns a rapt visage to New York. Why does she not go home? Go home? Why, there are no authors at home; there are no publishing-houses at home; there are no magazines at home. New York is the city for publishing-houses and magazines; ergo, New York is the city for authors. It is a common American fallacy: that New York has inspiration in its air, bay wreaths at all its bus-stops, editors around every res-

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taurant-table. Mary is not alone in her belief.

But Mary must earn a living. Her college curriculum included no tips on bread-winning and daddy isn't any too well off. She studies typewriting and shorthand and gets a job at twenty-five dollars a week with a New York publishing-house or advertising company. It's only incidental, of course, only a stop-gap. She will do her writing at home, after work, in the evenings.

Gratefully, at first, she nestles beneath the solicitous wing of the Y. W. C. A. But she will never get any writing done with ukulele-playing and chatter all around her. Besides, the table is too wabbly and the light is wrong. When a friendly stenographer at the office suggests that she move down-town and live with her, Mary gladly consents. Her new roommate has been in New York several years and is a seasoned Greenwich Villager—cigarette-holder, smock, béret — all complete. The apartment-house, on a darling little side street, has bright-red doors and window-boxes. Awfully cheap, too.

Cheap as it is, it is more expensive than the Y. W. Plainly there is need of economy. A can of Campbell's tomato soup, bought on the way home from the office in the evening, will have to serve the purpose of a square meal. Thank goodness, her poverty will soon be over; she will soon be selling articles to the magazines.

Mary makes ready to receive the muse. She buys a second-hand typewriter and fits out one corner of the tiny room as her workshop. She unearths one of her college themes, marked with a big red A and decorated with professorial commendation. A little polishing, a little revision here and there, is called for. She goes at it determinedly. The going is rough. The day at the office has tired her and revision languishes. When her restless roommate suggests that they walk over to the lending library, Mary abandons literature until next Sunday, when she will have all day free.

Her blasé roommate and the Village life are working lamentable changes in Mary. Then, too, in the insidious lending library she has discovered the light novelists—Nancy Hoyt, John Erskine, and Miss Loos. She reads them omnivorously and forgets her Irish folk-lore. Tut, tut—she is even tackling the oversexed books her roommate carries home unblushingly under her arm!

The college themes go unrevised, unpolished. Poor literature is put off from Sunday to Sunday. Mary has tasted the joys of sleeping until noon on the Sabbath day. She likes to lie snugly in bed while her roommate unscrews the curling-iron from the electric-light socket and plugs in the grill to cook breakfast. Before they have finished eating the girl next door drops in, bringing the Sunday papers. Then there are stockings to be washed. In the evening the girls have their one square meal for the week at an arty tea-room near by—three steps down off the street; guttering candles on the table; open fireplace; atmosphere galore; table d'hôte, one dollar.

But now look at our Mary. Where are the afternoon frocks, the inconspicuous grays, greens, and mauves? Is this the girl who wore them, this girl who now goes in for dresses in the hand-smocked peasant style, who combs her hair straight back off her ears, adding earrings and a felt béret, who rouges her lips, just a little at first, then more, then thoroughly?

A five-dollar raise in salary, and Mary can afford to go out more, as she

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puts it. She kicks up her still sensible heels. After all, one can't be a writer until one knows life. That's what her roommate always says, and Mary is inclined to believe it.

A music student from her home town persuades her to attend a Sunday-afternoon concert at Mecca Auditorium. During the intermission she meets a blanched young man with a soiled necktie and nice eyes. He is, as he creates opportunity to confess, an artist. There is one of his paintings at the Whitney Club members' show right now. He takes Mary to see the exhibition and, sure enough, there is his name in the catalogue. Mary writes home about art.

Her mother, thrilling loyally from afar, writes back that Mary is getting to be a real New Yorker.

"How is your own writing coming?" she asks. "For I know you are writing all the time, but are too modest ever to mention it or let any one see what you are doing!"

Mary starts guiltily. A year has passed since she came to New York and she has never revised that theme. She does not even know where it is—under the pile of magazines on the table, perhaps. She promises herself that she will get to work that evening. Instead, she goes walking with the young artist.

But stop. There was another paragraph in mother's letter which she hardly noticed at first reading.

"Do you," her mother questioned, "remember Alcott Jones — your old beau who used to live next door? He is doing awfully well as a claim-adjuster and his company is sending him to New York. He hardly stutters at all now. I gave him your address."

Enter Alcott Jones, out of the West. He is a nice, dependable young man, for whom the twilight in New York marks a daily end to the adjustment of claims and a daily renewal of his suit for Mary's hand. Mary begins to waver. The young artist with the soiled tie, after a few Sunday-morning breakfasts at her expense, has returned to his art. Alcott takes her to dine at the Brevoort. She is sick of delicatessen dinners, sick of the effort to keep herself clothed, fed, and amused on thirty dollars a week; Alcott takes her to the theatre, which she has seldom been able to afford, and afterward to an up-town cabaret. Mary's roommate, whose clothes she borrows, is frankly envious. Alcott is Babbitty, but Mary gives in.

"Alcott," she writes home to her mother, "won't hear of my working after we are married, so I am giving up my job. Now I shall have all the time I need for my writing."

Oh, Mary, Mary!

Given all the time there is, she would never have time for her writing. Because writing is hard work and Mary has never guessed it; because it is a complicated craft which, even at its worst, demands skill of no mean order; finally, and in two words, because Mary has nothing to say.

She has nothing to say and she will never know it. When she and Alcott move out to the suburbs to get better air for the baby, she will hint that at last she hopes to have a great deal of time to write. Her baby is a girl and—would you believe it?—even as an infant she is showing signs of being literary. Even Alcott says so.

Marriage has improved Mary. It has made of her a contented, not unattractive woman. She will live to make a creditable fourth at bridge, to join in a sun-parlor discussion of high prices, and keep her husband's buttons sound-

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ly in their places. She will have sick headaches and an operation for appendicitis. She will golf, travel, take rest cures, and prosper in the degree to which mankind has need of Alcott in the adjustment of its claims. She will never be without the paraphernalia of the potential authoress—a typewriter, a table full of magazines, and friends to sustain her in her belief that it was almost too bad she married when she did—she really should have gone on with her writing.

"Oh, well," she will say with a smile at her little daughter, building her blocks on the floor. "Here's Marianna—she'll do the writing for both of us. Look how smart she is with her blocks; easy to tell she's going to be literary.

"Now, darling, spell ignoramus."

A Fir-Tree Prays

By Anne Page Johns

Dear God, I am not wise, I'd rather be
For one bright day of shining ecstasy
A Christmas Tree,
Than left forever on this quiet hill
With naught but sun and starlight to fulfil
My destiny.

I am not wise, dear God, for I would wear
A thousand tapers lit to make me fair,
And in that radiance bear
Rejoicing—one frail harvest of delight,
My robe of tinsel marvellously white,
Bright toys and glittering angels bending me,
A Christmas Tree.

Lord God, forgiveness!—Yet I ask to be
This fragile thing of mortal revelry,
For merriment and laughing children's glee—
To lose the gracious heritage I know,
The strength of winds, the gentle ways of snow,
Rain-scent, and robins, and the stir of dawn,
Æons of solemn loveliness foregone,
My birthright lost, please God—a Christmas Tree!
And only death for immortality.

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As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes. . . .
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time."

SHAKESPEARE never said anything more true than that; and yet, and yet—although the twentieth century has devoured many shining reputations, and although the veneer of gilt on thousands of new books outglows the gold that is dusted with time, one of the most striking phenomena of our day is the colossal and ever-growing prestige of Dickens. I wonder if all of my older readers realize how amazing this is. Forty years ago, if any one had the temerity to announce that he preferred Dickens to Thackeray, he was looked upon as quite outside the pale of the intelligentsia; from 1850 to 1910, although Dickens never lacked either readers or popularity, he was not regarded by the majority of men of taste and intelligence as in the same class with his great rival. When "Vanity Fair" appeared, Mrs. Carlyle said: "He beats Dickens out of the world." And Thomas Carlyle—I hope by this time God has forgiven him for it—always spoke of Dickens with tolerant condescension, not dreaming that he was in reality talking about his superior. The late Professor Beers, whose judgment in most bookish things was all but impeccable, said that when he first read Thackeray the new man drove Dickens out of his head as one nail drives out another. Nor did he ever change that opinion.

Well, to-day no one need be ashamed of a whole-hearted enthusiasm for Dickens, or be afraid of rating him too highly among the world's novelists. There has been a tremendous rise in Dickens stock during the last fifteen years. Not only is he the best-selling English novelist of the nineteenth century—he is acclaimed by professional critics as never before. At this moment he stands far above Thackeray.

When three critics of such different temperament and view-points as George Gissing, G. K. Chesterton, and George Santayana have expressed themselves in glowing terms about the most beloved of all novelists, it is worth while to look back for a moment at the skyline of nineteenth-century literature. And now comes along one of the first-class professionals of our day, John Galsworthy, who in his latest collection of essays—"Castles in Spain"—declares that Dickens is "beyond dispute the greatest English novelist, and the greatest example in the annals of all novel-writing of the triumph of sheer exuberant genius."

Of course I believe that, and rejoice to hear Mr. Galsworthy say it; but few would have dared to say it in 1880, 1890, or 1900.

To find out which in your own mind

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is the greatest English novelist, all you have to do is to ask yourself which one you would keep, if you could have only one? The uniqueness of Dickens then becomes clear.

Both Dickens and his admirer Galsworthy are at this moment on the New York stage. "Pickwick" is one of the successes of the year, and "Escape," which opened this week, received the best press of anything since Winthrop Ames's revival of "The Mikado." Mr. Galsworthy has announced that "Escape" is his last play, but I hope he will change his mind. The play has just been published in a separate volume.

It was a happy idea of Roger Burlingame's to issue in one portly tome the best short stories by Richard Harding Davis. The book opens magnificently with "Gallegher," a masterpiece; that and "The Bar Sinister" are my favorite Davis tales. There are forty in this collection. Mr. Davis was always more popular with readers than with other journalists. There's a reason—in fact, there are two.

Professor Charles T. Copeland, whose "Reader" I praised in this column, has now issued an anthology in five volumes, called "Copeland's Treasury for Booklovers"; it is "a panorama of English and American poetry and prose from the earliest times to the present." I may add that it is excellently well printed, the pedro of anthologies. As an example of reverse English in every sense of the word, take "The American Caravan."

A book eagerly awaited and that will be devoured with delight is the second volume in Mark Sullivan's "Our Times. The United States, 1900-1925." The author names this "America Finding Herself." Harry Hansen calls it a scrap-book, and so it is; yet there are many pungent opinions expressed by the collector. The author's wide knowledge, sense of news values, good judgment, good taste, and instinct for drama, which qualities marked the first volume, are again fully in evidence. McGuffey's Readers are justly praised, for they played a large part in the manufacture of American opinion, ideals, and character. I wish I had studied McGuffey—the only "Readers" I can remember are Hilliard's and Monroe's. Monroe's "Sixth Reader" was magnificent. I remember, when I was ten years old, reciting at school Browning's "Hervé Riel" before it had been published in the poet's works. Browning had printed it in the *Cornhill Magazine,* and Monroe had included it in his Reader.

Other chapters in Mark Sullivan's irresistible book deal with Spencerian Penmanship and the Fancy Birds, Religion and Elocution in Public Schools, Recreation and Diversion, Rockefeller and Standard Oil, Roosevelt, Hanna, and McKinley, Trusts and Trust-Busters, Popular Songs, Wall Street, Pure Food, and Airplanes. Chase Osborn's comments on the younger generation are illuminating.

I have never been able to discover the origin of the expression "The Big Four." I first heard it in 1881, when the Detroit baseball club bought the Buffalo infield (Brouthers, Richardson, Rowe, and White) and called them the Big Four. Not far from that date the Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railroad called itself the Big Four, and used that appellation on its stationery. I wrote to the management, to find out when they first used this name, but they did not know. I have heard that in the gold days of California there were magnates who were later

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known as the Big Four, but what was the date of their christening?

It is surprising how often in the history of the world's men of genius one is able to name a Big Four who stand in a class by themselves. This is certainly true of music and of poetry. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner are the Big Four in music; to attempt to name a fifth would bring on a pretty quarrel. Likewise, in poetry we have Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe; there is no fifth writer in that class. In military history four generals stand out: Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Napoleon.

But now appears a book written by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, the bold title of which is intended to be not only a statement of fact but a challenge. This is "A Greater than Napoleon. Scipio Africanus." The book is illustrated with maps, which make the plans of the battles clear to the lay reader.

That Captain Hart's claims for his hero are both original and novel will appear from his preface, in which he informs us that the only biography previously written in English of Scipio came in 1817, and was by a country clergyman, who did not discuss Scipio's military campaigns. Thus Captain Hart attempts to establish the prestige of Scipio's name in military history; also to show the political importance of wars, in contradistinction to many of our contemporary historical works, which minimize both fights and fighters.

Yet the fame of Scipio as a general is in a certain sense a compliment to Hannibal, as the popularity of Wellington was a compliment to Napoleon. Both men are famous because they beat the foremost military genius of their times. Now if a reputation is based on a triumph over a certain opponent, to whom does the laurel finally belong?

Captain Hart evidently feels this, because he shows that Scipio was *always* a great tactician, a master of strategy; that his decisive victory at Zama was not a fluke, but the crowning event of a successful career. And, indeed, unprejudiced writers have given almost unstinted praise to Scipio. In Doctor William Smith's "Smaller History of Rome," published over fifty years ago, he calls Scipio "perhaps the greatest man that Rome ever produced, with the exception of Julius Cæsar."

Whatever may be thought of the claims in the title of this book—I think Napoleon's position is secure—Scipio was not only a great general, he was a great statesman, with a noble and enlightened intellect. He was far in advance of his age. He loved Greek literature and had a hospitable mind, ever open to new ideas. Furthermore, although he was his country's saviour, for without him it is probable that Carthage would have triumphed, he was surprisingly free from narrow patriotism and from the spirit of revenge. He showed no rancor to the defeated Hannibal nor to the city of Carthage; his attitude toward the foe which had threatened his country's existence was in conspicuous contrast to that held by many on the side of the victors after 1918. Indeed, as Captain Hart tells us that all soldiers of to-day can learn valuable lessons from Scipio's military tactics, so may we all study with profit the admirable temper of his mind and heart.

The only blot on his career was his pretense of making peace after first landing in Africa, while his purpose was to discover the secrets of the enemy. Captain Hart says: "He undoubtedly went as close to the border between strategical ruse and deliberate craft as was possible without overstepping it."

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I have never been able to understand the stupidity of the Carthaginians in permitting Scipio to land his forces in Africa without a struggle. Such a maritime power should have been on the lookout.

There are many *obiter dicta* in Captain Hart's book which should give rise to serious reflection, applicable as they are meant to be to modern conditions. What shall we say when an English military officer writes as follows, of the slaughter of the civilians in Cartagena by Scipio's troops?

"If the massacre of the townspeople is revolting to modern ideas, it was the normal custom then and for many centuries thereafter, and with the Romans was a deliberate policy aimed at the moral factor rather than mere insensate slaughter. The direct blow at the civil population, who are the seat of the hostile will, may indeed be revived by the potentialities of aircraft, which can jump, halmawise, over the armed 'men' who form the shield of the enemy nation. Such a course, if militarily practicable, is the logical one, and ruthless logic usually overcomes the humaner sentiments in a life and death struggle." (P. 37.)

Is he thinking of Belgium? Again, in saying that sensible chivalry should not be confounded with quixotism, which is "merely stupid"—

"so also is the traditional tendency to regard the use of a new weapon as 'hitting below the belt,' regardless of whether it is inhuman or not in comparison with existing weapons. So the Germans called the use of tanks an atrocity, and so did we term gas—so also the mediæval knight spoke of firearms when they came to interfere with his safe slaughter of unarmoured peasants." (P. 161.)

Such general remarks are particularly interesting in a book which is interesting from start to finish; if we take part in another World War, we certainly know what to expect.

Synchronously with Captain Hart's serious book on Hannibal and Scipio appears Mr. Robert E. Sherwood's spoof-play on the same theme, "The Road to Rome," which is one of the outstanding successes of 1927. In the published version Mr. Sherwood has a sparkling preface, in which he speaks of his boyish idolatry of Hannibal and his lifelong interest in the Punic Wars. Well, as a boy I had that same hero-worship for Hannibal; I knew that it was probably best for civilization that Rome should triumph, but my heart was always with the great Carthaginian. I was pro-Carthage in that struggle, as I have always been pro-Troy. Mr. Sherwood's play is both clever and diverting; it is a pity that it is also unnecessarily and gratuitously something else.

Even as Captain Hart and Robert Sherwood appear simultaneously as masque and anti-masque, the same phenomenon is observable with reference to Ben Jonson. At the same moment the third volume in the new Oxford Jonson is published, and a jocose "O Rare Ben Jonson," by Byron Steel, a twenty-year-old Columbia student. Mr. Steel's book is highly amusing, an up-to-date biography, but one would never imagine in reading it that Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, and other contemporaries bore the least resemblance to the men who wrote "Volpone," "Othello," and other interesting works. It is a comic life, like Bill Nye's "History of the United States."

The accomplished novelist, Anzia Yezierska, who writes with sad sincerity, has produced her best story in "Arrogant Beggar," which gives a new, impressive, and convincing account of the relations between rich and poor in New York. She might have chosen as her text, "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." The

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accent is on *me*. Miss Yezierska is sorry for the rich, and makes out a good case.

It is a pleasure to welcome the first book of a young novelist, especially when it is such an excellent work as "Purse Strings" by Mrs. Edith M. Stern, of New York. I cannot detect any sign of immaturity in this novel. The story is well wrought and straightforward; it is interesting and the characters are astonishingly real.

Here are some thrillers that I will guarantee: "The Big Four," by Agatha Christie, author of that hair-raiser, "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd"; "The Dalehouse Murder," by Francis Everton; "The Crook's Shadow," by J. J. Farjeon; "The Master Mind," by Cleveland Moffett; "The Phantom Passenger," by Mansfield Scott.

I have read W. J. Locke's latest novel, "The Kingdom of Theophilus," with mingled emotions. It is fairly interesting, but if he should ever open "Septimus," he might well say with Swift: "Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book!"

With reference to astronomical originalities, the eminent pathologist, Doctor Francis Carter Wood, writes me:

> I have just found another astronomical gem to add to your collection: Miss Barbara Young, poetess, writes (in the New York *Times*, Oct. 13) concerning the "New Moon above Mount Tom."
>
> "Look, in the wide, sweet sky,
> There in the East—
> A dim gray thread," etc.
>
> How is your golf game?

Well, doctor, I hope with all my heart to have a match with you in Augusta this winter.

The mayor of Seattle is a woman, Bertha K. Landes. Her secretary is a research scholar in English literature, Matthew O'Connor. From the sacred precincts of her outer office he writes that he read the entire "Faery Queene" while successfully pursuing an M.A. degree at the University of Washington, under the tutelage of Professor F. M. Padelford. He says that his literary adventures in this thicket of romance were as exhilarating as Professor Lowes's exploits on the trail of Coleridge.

Mrs. John Hendricks, of Powell, Wyo., has not only read the F. Q., but everything else of Spenser's. She associates the music of his verse with the flavor of oatmeal, which she ate in her youth while reading the faery poem. "The older the memory grows, the richer they both taste."

Alexander S. Thompson, of Claremont, Calif., read the whole of the F. Q. last winter, and was inspired by that to read James Thomson's eighteenth-century Spenserian poem, "The Castle of Indolence." I first read that in the British Museum, when I was beginning work on my doctor's thesis. The early chapters of my thesis I wrote with ink, the last ones in blood—a common experience.

R. T. Bond, of New York, joins the Faery Queene Club, having read it underground. "During my graduate work in Columbia, just before the war, I read the F. Q. through in the New York subways, between Flatbush Avenue, in Brooklyn, and 116th Street, in Manhattan." He thoroughly enjoyed reading it in that magician's grotto.

Agnes Kent Carruth, of Concord, Mass., read the poem with such zest that she hopes many will do likewise. Amen.

Miss Frances Isabel Ormiston, of Bernardsville, N. J., read the poem through twice. She also nominates for the Ignoble Prize "persons who refer to a bitch as a 'female dog,' with possibly

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a special medal for editors of country newspapers who use this evasion." It is rather curious that we have no word for female cat, either in English or in German; and the French seldom use "la chatte," though it is a word in good standing.

Frank M. Pearson, writing from Columbus, Ohio, informs me that in a public address he announced that any one could commit the "Faery Queene" to memory in one year. He received a letter from Philip E. Brodt, of Dansville, N. Y., who says that in three days after hearing the lecture, he had learned by heart 3,000 lines and was "going strong."

John L. Heaton, of the New York *World,* brings against me a true bill:

> One of my nominations for the Ignoble Prize is the locution "would have liked to have had," meaning presumably "would have liked to have." This offending construction, common in Sir Walter Scott, is attributed by a flagitiously errant proof-reader to William Lyon Phelps, in the New York *Evening Post,* August 20. The offending passage is: "Both Meredith and James would have liked to have had a million readers."

Alas, father, it was my hatchet.

Alexander Craig, of La Mesa, Calif., nominates "somebody's else," instead of the correct form; I remember George Ade, in that great fable about Gabby Will, made "daughter" say "somebody's else" after she had returned from an Eastern finishing school.

Theodore H. Kenworth, of Brooklyn, commenting on the superfluous "very," neatly suggests one instance where it is essential: "The Very Reverend," meaning a dean of a cathedral. He asks, "Do you suppose there are other such uses?" Well, I can think of only one—the poet, Jones Very.

Carolyn Cushing informs me that at the International Meeting at Williamstown this summer nine-tenths of the speakers mispronounced the words "forest," "foreign," "origin," in every instance giving the first syllable an "aw" sound. I agree that this is detestable. I hate it also in words like "office" and "mock" which I have often heard called "awfice" and "mawk."

The Reverend Francis M. Bacon, of Hanna, Wyo., hates the expression "by and large." It is, however, convenient, meaning "in its length and breadth," "from every point of view." It is also the title of a book of poems by F. P. A.

A distinguished physician sends me the following advertisement he saw in a shop-window at Woods Hole, Mass.:

> Enter Please,
> Go out Pleased.

In Hollywood, N. J., he saw a sign:

> Go slow and see our town.
> Go fast and see our jail.

James R. Bettis, of Webster Groves, Mo., makes the following observation:

> Whene'er you take your walks abroad through the city's busy streets, did you ever note the individuals who habitually wear their lips in a pucker, as though whistling? They are not numerous, but may always be found in the passing throng. Whether they really whistle, or only carry the appearance of it, matters not; but the connotation of the expression they bear is significant and clear. "Behold in me," it says, "the supremely sophisticated, placid, self-poised. Nothing can surprise me nor disturb my calm. I observe your weaknesses, my fellow man, and am tolerant of them; but such are apart from me. I know no fear nor worry; but carefree and unruffled, I go my serene way."

Here is an excellent letter from George L. Bradlee of Providence, R. I.:

> In the September "Scribner's" you said, "Nearly all publications have typographical errors except the Authorized Version of the Bible and railway time-tables."

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As illustrations of your statement I quote two additions to my Wrong Word collection, which, when completed, will be dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Malaprop's husband, whose sufferings will thus be properly commemorated.

In the "Christian Science Sentinel" for Nov. 1926, the editor states that Mrs. Eddy was "protected by her *overweening* sense of the divine presence." This somewhat disconcerting sentence, with its un-Eddy-fying word, seems to have escaped censorship, for the entire editorial is reprinted *verbatim* in the "Herald of Christian Science" for May 1927.

When on Cape Cod, this summer, I found in the Cape Playhouse Program, week of Aug. 8, the following alleged quotation from a "Boston Herald" article on Shelley and Byron.

"In due time Jane (Clairmont) was to become the mother of Byron's beloved, beautiful, and short-lived *algebra.*"

Although Landor was unkind enough to say that there were things in Byron "as strong as poison and as original as sin," I can recall no critic hardened enough to accuse "Glorious Apollo" of being the Father of mathematics,—even if Jane Clairmont, the mother of Allegra *was* a calculating female.

With reference to the new word "Clairaudition," which I mentioned in the October SCRIBNER'S as coined by Mr. Rosenfeld, I have some information from Doctor L. D. Broughton, of Brooklyn:

I note the new (?) word coined by Mr. Rosenfeld, mentioned in the October *Scribner:* Clairaudition. My Dictionary gives Clairaudience: the supposed power of hearing in a trance sounds otherwise inaudible. Rather hard on Beethoven, who was almost totally deaf. Many years ago one of my women friends who was a student of esoteric philosophy spoke of a fellow student as clairvoyant, clairaudient and clairsentient. It might be a warning to Mr. Rosenfeld to know that this woman is now an inmate of Kings Park, L. I. asylum.

And as though this were not a sufficient rebuke to me, here comes a letter from Lawrence Gilman, the brilliant music critic of the New York *Herald Tribune:*

Beloved and azygous Billy:

Tut tut! Jim Huneker used "Clairaudient" (if not "clairaudition") years ago, and repeatedly. Mr. Jay C. Rosenfeld should ponder that sobering sentence of Geo. Meredith's: "Our new thoughts have thrilled dead bosoms."

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The International Exhibition at Pittsburgh

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THE International Exhibitions held annually at Carnegie Institute, in Pittsburgh, have long served a peculiarly useful purpose. They enable the observer of contemporary painting to see at a glance just what its most characteristic traits are. As in a microcosm, he perceives what is going on in the studios on both sides of the Atlantic. Of course not every one of them is represented, but the men chosen to stand for this or that country are fairly typical specimens and from their work one may catch a truly illuminating gleam. They are men who, if not exactly in the forefront—from the point of view of intrinsic merit—are at all events significant of what is newest in the air at a given moment. The Pittsburgh galleries constitute a kind of laboratory in which the director, Mr. Homer Saint Gaudens, regardless of his own "likes or dislikes," assembles the current evidence on which an estimate of progress—or its opposite—may be based.

Section after section, year after year, has hitherto had a rather miscellaneous aspect. The different countries have been represented by as generous a group as space permitted. For the twenty-sixth exhibition, in full swing as I write and destined to be visible, so far as the foreign pictures are concerned, at the Brooklyn Museum in January, a somewhat different policy has been adopted. Only about a third of the usual number of artists is represented, but these men have three or four pictures each on the walls and in some instances as many as five canvases are hung by the individual. It is as though a miniature "one-man show" occurred over and over again within the ensemble. The effect is to emphasize the specific type. Next year, I may note in passing, another contingent of the same numerical force will hold the fort and a year later still another will be organized. The present group, responsible for about four hundred pictures, well hung in rooms given to different nationalities, ushers in the new system in a manner admirably provocative of discussion. It is about evenly divided between exemplars of the old and the new, conservatism and radicalism. The revival of an ancient conflict is piquantly illustrated.

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My first experience of that conflict dates back to the crisis between the two bodies in Paris, the Salon of the Champs Elysées and the Salon of the Champs de Mars. I saw something of the same upheaval when Franz Stuck and the other leaders of the Munich Secession came into view. There had been historic quarrels before that, when romanticists like Gericault and Delacroix had rebelled against the tradition of David, when the Barbizon school had pitted naturalism against convention, and when Monet and the rest of the Im-

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Mlle. Orosoff.

From the painting by Abram Poole.

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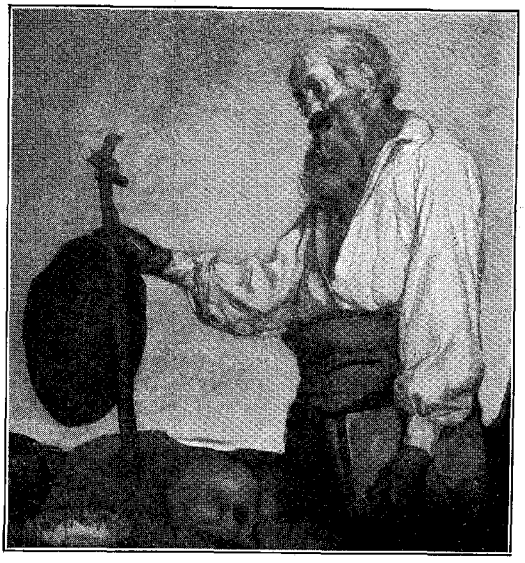
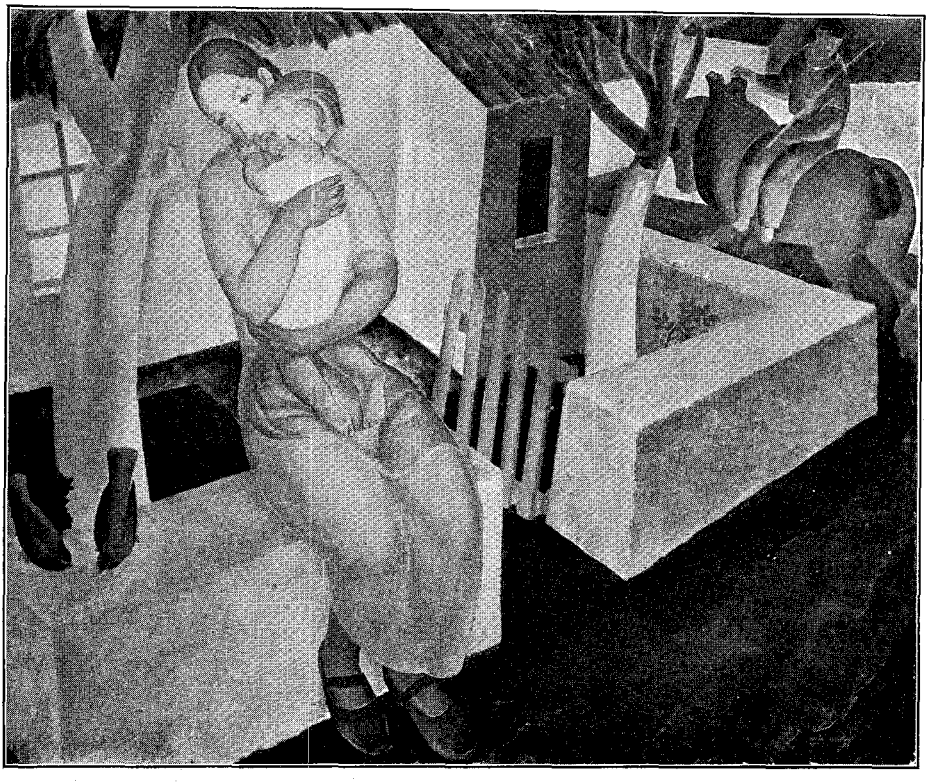
Brown-eyed Boy.

From the painting by Robert Henri.



The Hermit.

From the painting by Ignacio Zuloaga.



Motherhood.

From the painting by Anto Carte—Awarded Second Prize.

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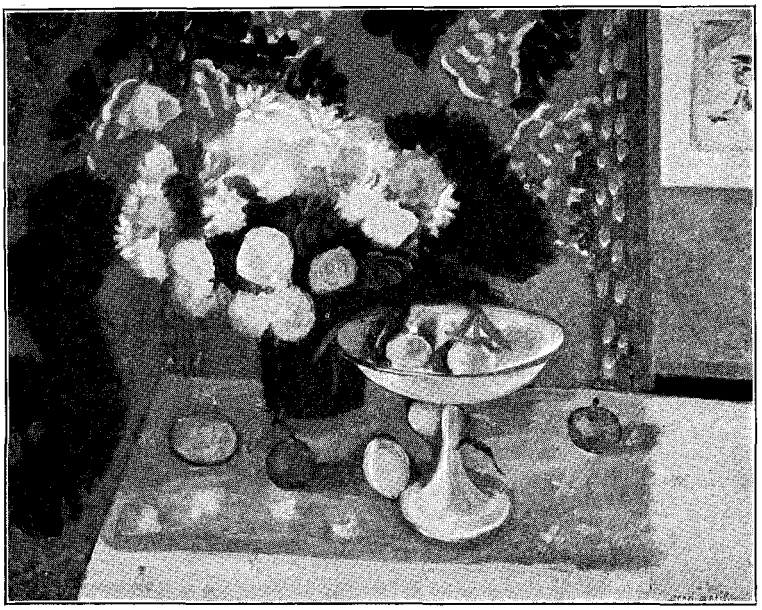
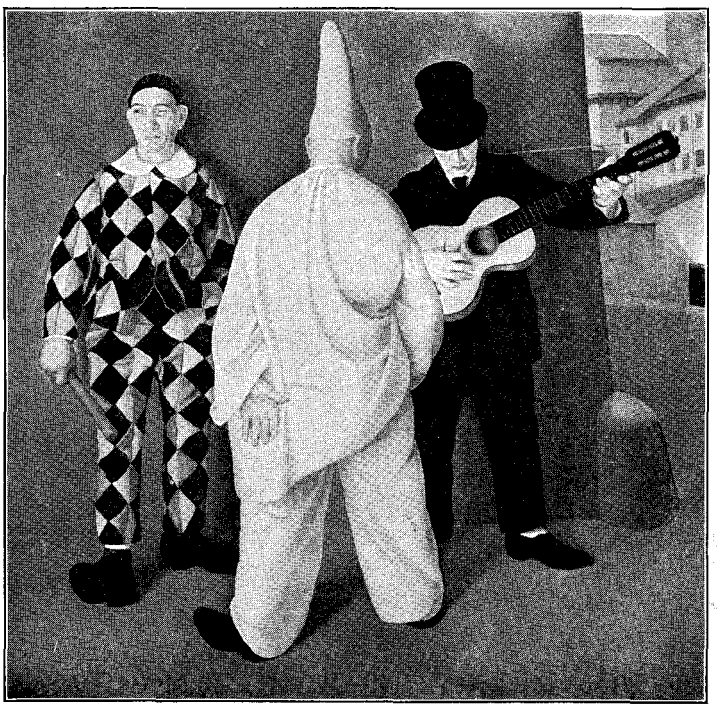


Still Life.

From the painting by Henri Matisse—Awarded First Prize.



Carnival.

From the painting by Antonio Donghi.

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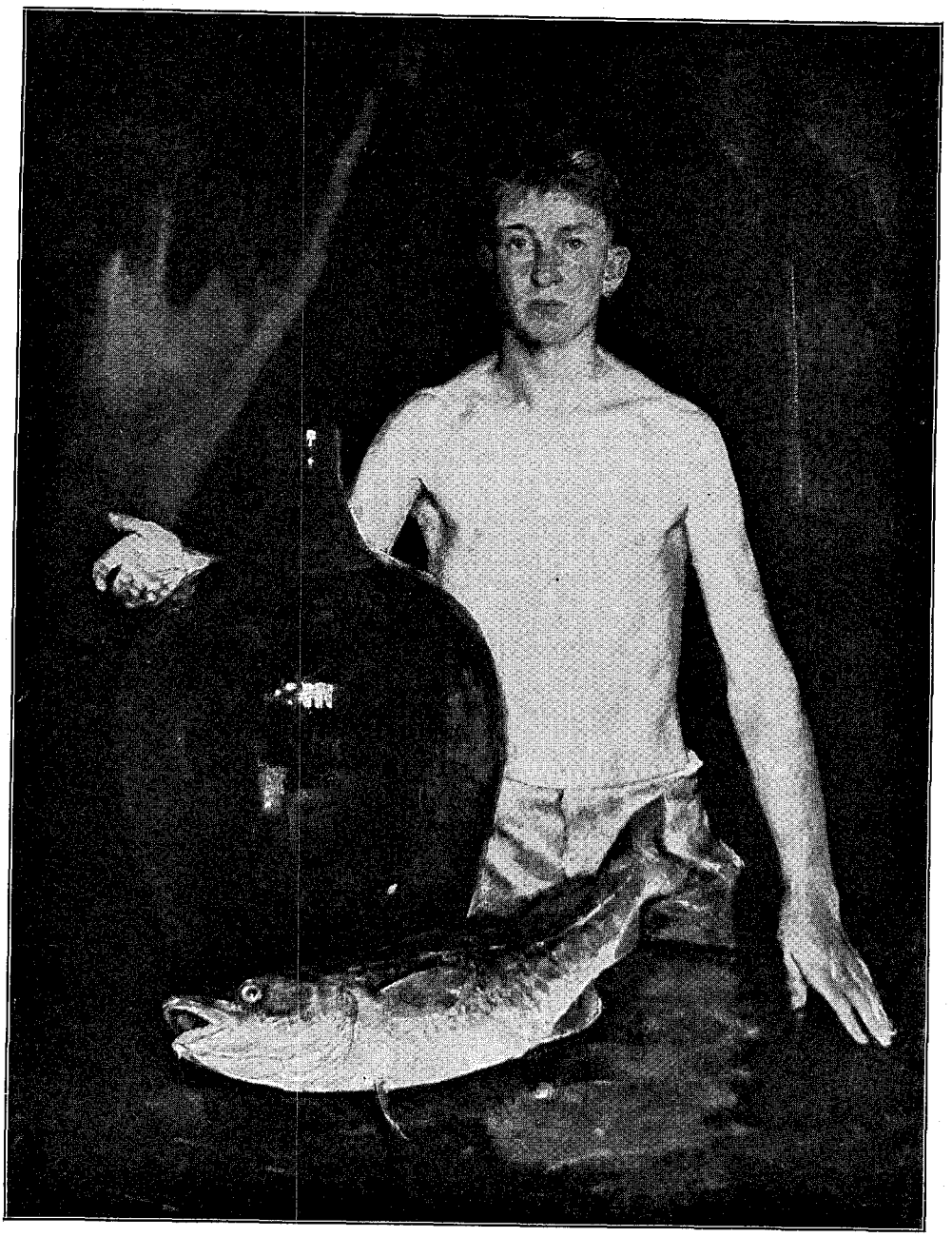

The Fish, the Bottle, and the Boy.

From the painting by Charles W. Hawthorne

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pressionists had struggled for their place in the sun. Over here we also have had our revolutionary episodes, notably when the Society of American Artists entered into rivalry with the National Academy. Revolution, as such, may spring from two sources. It may originate in the creative ardor of one or two men. A genius paints in his predestined way because he cannot help himself. No matter how external influences may have urged him, Gericault was bound to paint The Raft of the Medusa. Delacroix would have been Delacroix in spite of the antithetical presence of Ingres upon the scene. Change does not come from a "noble discontent" alone; it sometimes spontaneously arises. Consider Whistler. He got into the Salon des Refusés as the result of conditions outside himself, but he is an instance of self-determination if ever there was one. The nocturnes which constitute his most precious invention, giving him his singularity, sprang from his innermost being and not from any dissatisfaction with the Salon or the Royal Academy. Nevertheless, revolution often develops out of nothing more nor less than resentment against a predominant mode. It was so, I think, in the old battle of the Salons to which I have alluded. It was so at Munich in the nineties and it has been so, again, in the United States. And yet the distinction which I would draw is not always as simple as it might seem. There remains, inevitably, the play of personal temperament and faculty, the quality of the man with whom you have sometimes to reckon in the midst of consideration of "movements."

With the due reservations to be made which I have indicated, I would still be inclined to ascribe the state of affairs reflected at Pittsburgh to discontent rather than to the pressure of individual initiative. Conservatism, which has its inalienable virtues, has also its inalienable perils. For one thing it occasionally makes for routine, which is to say complacency and atrophy. I can well remember one justification that the rebels had in Paris thirty years ago. It resided in the huge *machin* of which the big men were so fond, the historical or mythological canvas in which great academic skill was wreaked upon banality. Individual distinction, where it existed at all, was swallowed up in a lifeless immensity. To what expedients were artists driven in order that they too might "make a hole in the wall" and play an effective part in the great game of attracting attention! M. Pelez, as I recall, was even moved to paint a full-length of a vitriol-thrower, lurking behind a corner with a bowl of the baleful liquid in her hand and waiting, poised like a snake, for the passing of her recalcitrant lover. Sensationalism ranged itself against the rule of thumb. Well, the revolution was worked out, happily, on other lines. In the Salon of the Champs de Mars you saw men who essayed to solve the problem in the only way—by painting better. Some of them, Besnard, for example, were, as it happened, extraordinarily gifted. But the general gesture was one of disgust, directed at an outworn mode. To a certain extent that is what is at the bottom of the newer impulses to-day.

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France, which has so often been the battle-ground, is once more the country in which experimentation is carried on with peculiar fervor, and after a preliminary survey of the Pittsburgh show as a whole it is interesting to turn to the French section. A passage in the pref-

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ace to it in the catalogue is apposite to the present inquiry:

> The march toward abstraction becomes more obvious, as our own senses become more acute, until we find ourselves in company with those creators who feel that the most interesting thing to do in painting is not to appeal to the world at large, but to excite the refined emotions of a few persons, who, possessed of intense sympathy with modern social existence, have sought to tune their visual reactions to the most sensitive possible combinations of form and color.

The question at once arises—what, precisely, are the men doing who are trying to "excite the refined emotions of a few persons"? I found Maurice Denis painting religious subjects with all the dignity of the old régime but with an engagingly modern touch. He has beaten out a style of his own without sacrificing any of the elements in technique which have contented his predecessors. Not so with Henri Matisse and the men of his new generation, such men as Maurice Utrillo, Othon Friesz, Henry de Waroquier, and Kees van Dongen. They suggest that they have come to a legitimate reaction against old Salon conventions without substituting for them anything in itself fine and beautiful. The Matisse legend is a very curious phenomenon. All sorts of potentialities are assigned to it, and we are told, for example, that he can draw like Ingres, but when you encounter a specimen of his art, like The Spaniard, at Pittsburgh, you discover simply a sketchy and mannered full-length of a woman that has a measure of animation but is in no wise beautiful. You would judge from it, too, that the old French tradition of painting as a craft had been lost. That is the broad impression left upon me by the French section in the International. The modernists have a zest which is better than the dead-alive mood of the Salon—but they are inadequate painters.

It amused me to compare them with some of the "old hands." They seemed crude not only beside Salonniers like Le Sidaner and René Menard, but beside an innovator like Claude Monet. Just once Matisse, in the vivid flower-piece to which the first prize was awarded, seemed to come within hailing distance of a beguiling conception and to cause it to vibrate at least with the charm of color. But his other compositions left me cold. I could not find in them any particularly "sensitive combinations of form and color." To put it quite frankly, he doesn't seem to me the powerful personality who, with great creative originality, is to lead us away from the sedater qualities of conservatism.

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It is, indeed, a crucial point. As I have ventured to point out more than once in these pages before, it is the artist who counts before the art, the man "with the mark of the gods upon him," as Whistler said, who comes bringing a new vision and a magical hand to the recording of his ideas. And when he arrives, I may add, he touches not only "the refined emotions of a few persons" but makes a successful appeal "to the world at large." The strength of the British section resides altogether in the company of really distinguished painters there represented. I may cite the studies of form by Augustus John, the beautiful landscapes of Sir D. Y. Cameron—who is achieving a power with the brush quite in harmony with that which he has shown in etching—and the not quite full-rounded yet unquestionably original and alluring portraiture of the late Ambrose McEvoy.

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There were some modernists present in this section, but on the whole they sank into the background. The British, in so far as the testimony of this exhibit may be followed, are on the side of conservatism. Sir William Orpen's rather hard but undeniably strong portraits, and those painted out of a kindred academic hypothesis by Maurice Greiffenhagen, are more decisively "in the current" than anything else on the walls. And the stimulating thing about this current in Great Britain is that it *is* a current, that there is no hint of stagnation in the prevailing fidelity to old canons of thoroughgoing workmanship.

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The American section, like those already traversed, was so framed as to give both sides a hearing. It held one hundred and twenty pictures in which old and new ideas were about equally balanced. The ideals of workmanship nurtured by European training during the last twenty-five or thirty years appeared in the portraits painted by Gari Melchers, Abram Poole, and Leopold Seyffert. Charles W. Hawthorne's pictures stood for the same more or less traditional standard. You saw it tinctured by a more specifically "modern" feeling in the work of Arthur B. Davies, Leon Kroll, Kenneth Hayes Miller, and divers others. The note of Manet was revived with his usual adroitness and force by Robert Henri. The modernistic accent pure and simple, disclosed by a leader like Maurice Sterne, was borne also by Bernard Karfiol, Henry L. McFee, and Andrew Dasburg. The mere freakishness of modernism was absent. There were no cubistic fantasies on the walls. But there was abundant illustration of the "new" tendency. It did not seem to me to embrace as efficient a technique as the conservatives could claim, and I felt even more a drop in what I may call the purely æsthetic phase of the matter. The object of the artist, which is to say the production of a work of art, seems among the modernists to have been modified into something of a slightly different nature. Though realism in the photographic sense is rightly in abeyance, the realism which is to the fore instead seems, on the whole, somewhat stodgy. A certain heaviness broods over the painter's sense of form and over his touch, and in color he is inclined to be drab. What is especially missing? Inspiration, I should say. Not anything high-erected and imaginative that is ordinarily connoted by the phrase, but the inspiration of a really new and enkindling personal gift. In the United States, as elsewhere, contemporary painting is suffering from the slenderness of the crop of unique talents.

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The transitional movements, to which some reference was made at the outset, owed a good deal to dynamic individuality. It is always rare, and there is, perhaps, nothing to be surprised at in its rarity to-day, when science is so emphatically in the saddle. In the search after personality in the International, I found nowhere a nation portentously rich in this blessing of the gods. There was a trace of it in the Belgian section, made really strong by one of the two exhibitors, Anto Carte. He is an early Fleming born again, with a modern twist to his traditional impulse. He paints interesting pictures, partly naturalistic, partly symbolical, and paints them well. He had a good colleague on this occasion in Isadore Opsomer, a landscapist and portrait-painter.

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Holland registered no progress at all. Germany and Austria proved as arid, with modernism rampant and doing nothing to raise a hopeful surmise. Amongst the other nations one had to be content with occasional flashes of a modest cleverness, as in the case of the portrait-painter Ludomir Slendzinski, in Poland, and that of Eustache Stoenesco in Roumania. Russia had three interesting representatives in Alexander Jakovlev, Vasili Shukaeiv, and Boris Grigoriev, especially the first-named. Bolshevism hasn't killed out the Russian flair for draftsmanship, though it has, apparently, encouraged a kind of violence in respect to color. Out of that vast cosmos important things are surely ultimately coming. The Hungarians and Scandinavians seemed to me negligible, not even excepting the much-vaunted Norwegian modernist Edvard Munch, and there was little to arrest the eye in Czechoslovakia. Down in the south the Spaniards and Italians gave a fairly encouraging account of themselves, though Spain has men to make next year's display more ingratiating than this one. A wholesome nationalism is evidently sustaining Spanish art. In Italy the same source of strength is at odds with a flowing tide of modernistic straining after effect. In both countries there are figures of consequence: in Italy not only the veteran Mancini but younger men of ability, like Italico Brass, Ferruccio Ferrazzi, and Antonio Donghi; in Spain, not only Zuloaga but various capable disciples of his more racy strain.

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It was a useful show, this twenty-sixth International. Modernism was given every chance to affirm itself alongside the conservative types which it would discredit. In the long run it demonstrated the truth to which I have often returned in the analysis of this subject, the truth that the burden of proof rests not upon the propagandists but directly upon the shoulders of the artists themselves. And on this occasion the proof that they have in their possession the secret of true renovators of art was not forthcoming.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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The Greene Murder Case

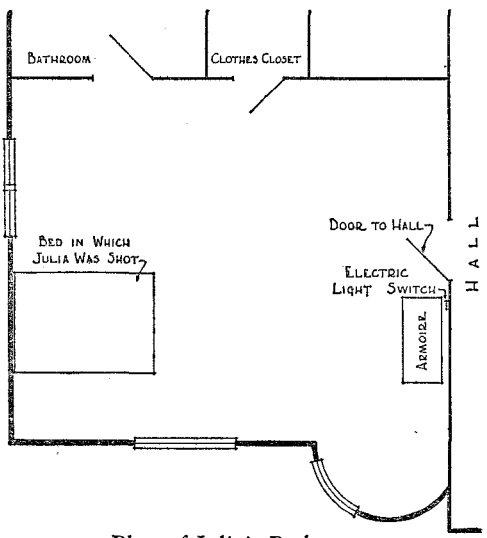
(Continued from page 16 of this number)

small balustraded stone porch with a narrow flight of stairs, set against the house, leading to the lawn below. French doors opened upon this porch from both Ada's and Mrs. Greene's room.

On the opposite side of the hall were the three rooms occupied by Julia, Chester, and Sibella, Julia's room being at the front of the house, Sibella's at the rear, and Chester's in the centre. None of these rooms communicated with the other. It might also be noted that the doors to Sibella's and Mrs. Greene's rooms were just behind the main staircase, whereas Chester's and Ada's were directly at the head of the stairs, and Julia's and Rex's farther toward the front of the house. There was a small linen closet between Ada's room and Mrs. Greene's; and at the rear of the hall were the servants' stairs.

Chester Greene explained this arrangement to us briefly, and then walked up the hall to Julia's room.

"You'll want to look in here first, I imagine," he said, throwing open the door. "Nothing's been touched—police orders. But



Plan of Julia's Bedroom.

I can't see what good all that stained bed-linen is to any one. It's a frightful mess."

The room was large and richly furnished with sage-green satin-upholstered furniture of the Marie Antoinette period. Opposite to the door was a canopied bedstead on a dais; and several dark blotches on the embroidered linen gave mute evidence of the tragedy that had been enacted there the night before.

Vance, after noting the disposition of the furniture, turned his gaze upon the old-fashioned crystal chandelier.

"Were those the lights that were on when you found your sister last night, Mr. Greene?" he asked casually.

The other nodded with surly annoyance.

"And where, may I ask, is the switch?"

"Behind the end of that cabinet." Greene indifferently indicated a highly elaborated *armoire* near the door.

"Invisible—eh, what?" Vance strolled to the *armoire* and looked behind it. "An amazin' burglar!" Then he went up to Markham and spoke to him in a low voice.

After a moment Markham nodded.

"Greene," he said, "I wish you'd go to your room and lie down on the bed just as you were last night when you heard the shot. Then, when I tap on the wall, get up and do everything you did last night—in just the way you did it. I want to time you."

The man stiffened, and gave Markham a look of resentful protestation.

"Oh, I say—!" he began. But almost at once he shrugged compliance and swaggered from the room, closing the door behind him.

Vance took out his watch, and Markham, giving Greene time to reach his room, rapped on the wall. For what seemed an interminable time we waited. Then the door opened slightly, and Greene peered round the casing. Slowly his eyes swept the room; he swung the door further ajar, stepped inside hesitantly, and moved to the bed.

"Three minutes and twenty seconds," announced Vance. "Most disquietin'. . . . What do you imagine, Sergeant, the intruder was doing in the interim of the two shots?"

"How do I know?" retorted Heath. "Probably groping round the hall outside looking for the stairs."

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"If he'd groped that length of time he'd have fallen down 'em."

Markham interrupted this discussion with a suggestion that we take a look at the servants' stairway down which the butler had come after hearing the first shot.

"We needn't inspect the other bedrooms just yet," he added, "though we'll want to see Miss Ada's room as soon as the doctor thinks it's advisable. When, by the way, will you know his decision, Greene?"

"He said he'd be here at three. And he's a punctual beggar—a regular fiend for efficiency. He sent a nurse over early this morning, and she's looking after Ada and the Mater now."

"I say, Mr. Greene," interposed Vance, "was your sister Julia in the habit of leaving her door unlocked at night?"

Greene's jaw dropped a little, and his eyes opened wider.

"By Jove—no! Now that you mention it . . . she always locked herself in."

Vance nodded absently, and we passed out into the hall. A thin, swinging baize door hid the servants' stair-well at the rear, and Markham pushed it open.

"Nothing much here to deaden the sound," he observed.

"No," agreed Greene. "And old Sproot's room is right at the head of the steps. He's got good ears, too—too damned good sometimes."

We were about to turn back when a high-pitched querulous voice issued from the partly open door on our right.

"Is that you, Chester? What's all this disturbance? Haven't I had enough distraction and worry——?"

Greene had gone to his mother's door and put his head inside.

"It's all right, Mater," he said irritably. "It's only the police nosing around."

"The police?" Her voice was contemptuous. "What do they want? Didn't they upset me enough last night? Why don't they go and look for the villain instead of congregating outside my door and annoying me?—So, it's the police." Her tone became vindictive. "Bring them in here at once, and let *me* talk to them. The police, indeed!"

Greene looked helplessly at Markham, who merely nodded; and we entered the invalid's room. It was a spacious chamber, with windows on three sides, furnished elaborately with all manner of conflicting objects. My first glance took in an East Indian rug, a buhl cabinet, an enormous gilded Buddha, several massive Chinese chairs of carved teak-wood, a faded Persian tapestry, two wrought-iron standard lamps, and a red-and-gold lacquered high-boy. I looked quickly at Vance, and surprised an expression of puzzled interest in his eyes.

In an enormous bed, with neither head-piece nor foot-posts, reclined the mistress of the house, propped up in a semirecumbent attitude on a sprawling pile of varicolored silken pillows. She must have been between sixty-five and seventy, but her hair was almost black. Her long, chevaline face, though yellowed and wrinkled like ancient parchment, still radiated an amazing vigor: it reminded me of the portraits I had seen of George Eliot. About her shoulders was drawn an embroidered Oriental shawl; and the picture she presented in the setting of that unusual and diversified room was exotic in the extreme. At her side sat a rosy-cheeked imperturbable nurse in a stiff white uniform, making a singular contrast to the woman on the bed.

Chester Greene presented Markham, and let his mother take the rest of us for granted. At first she did not acknowledge the introduction, but, after appraising Markham for a moment, she gave him a nod of resentful forbearance and held out to him a long bony hand.

"I suppose there's no way to avoid having my home overrun in this fashion," she said wearily, assuming an air of great toleration. "I was just endeavoring to get a little rest. My back pains me so much to-day, after all the excitement last night. But what do I matter—an old paralyzed woman like me? No one considers me anyway, Mr. Markham. But they're perfectly right. We invalids are of no use in the world, are we?"

Markham muttered some polite protestation, to which Mrs. Greene paid not the slightest attention. She had turned, with seemingly great difficulty, to the nurse.

"Fix my pillows, Miss Craven," she ordered impatiently, and then added, in a whining tone: "Even you don't give a thought to my comfort." The nurse complied without a word. "Now, you can go in and sit with Ada until Doctor Von Blon comes.—How is the dear child?" Suddenly her voice had assumed a note of simulated solicitude.

"She's much better, Mrs. Greene." The

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nurse spoke in a colorless, matter-of-fact tone, and passed quietly into the dressing-room.

The woman on the bed turned complaining eyes upon Markham.

"It's a terrible thing to be a cripple, unable to walk or even stand alone. Both my legs have been hopelessly paralyzed for ten years. Think of it, Mr. Markham: I've spent ten years in this bed and that chair"—she pointed to an invalid's chair in the alcove—"and I can't even move from one to the other unless I'm lifted bodily. But I console myself with the thought that I'm not long for this world; and I try to be patient. It wouldn't be so bad, though, if my children were only more considerate. But I suppose I expect too much. Youth and health give little thought to the old and feeble—it's the way of the world. And so I make the best of it. It's my fate to be a burden to every one."

She sighed and drew the shawl more closely about her.

"You want to ask me some questions perhaps? I don't see what I can tell you that will be of any help, but I'm only too glad to do whatever I can. I haven't slept a wink, and my back has been paining me terribly as a result of all this commotion. But I'm not complaining."

Markham had stood looking at the old lady sympathetically. Indeed, she was a pitiful figure. Her long invalidism and solitude had warped what had probably been a brilliant and generous mind; and she had now become a kind of introspective martyr, with an exaggerated sensitiveness to her affliction. I could see that Markham's instinct was to leave her immediately with a few consoling words; but his sense of duty directed him to remain and learn what he could.

"I don't wish to annoy you more than is absolutely necessary, madam," he said in a kindly voice. "But it might help considerably if you permitted me to put one or two questions."

"What's a little annoyance, more or less?" she asked. "I've long since become used to it. Ask me anything you choose."

Markham bowed with Old World courtesy. "You are very kind, madam." Then, after a moment's pause: "Mr. Greene tells me you did not hear the shot that was fired in your oldest daughter's room, but that the shot in Miss Ada's room wakened you."

"That is so." She nodded slowly. "Julia's room is a considerable distance away—across the hall. But Ada always leaves the doors open between her room and mine in case I should need anything in the night. Naturally the shot in her room wakened me. . . . Let me see. I must have just fallen to sleep. My back was giving me a great deal of trouble last night; I had suffered all day with it, though I of course didn't tell any of the children about it. Little they care how their paralyzed old mother suffers. . . . And then, just as I had managed to doze off, there came the report, and I was wide-awake again—lying here helpless, unable to move, and wondering what awful thing might be going to happen to me. And no one came to see if I was all right; no one thought of me, alone and defenseless. But then, no one ever thinks of me."

"I'm sure it wasn't any lack of consideration, Mrs. Greene," Markham assured her earnestly. "The situation probably drove everything momentarily from their minds except the two victims of the shooting.—Tell me this: did you hear any other sounds in Miss Ada's room after the shot wakened you?"

"I heard the poor girl fall—at least, it sounded like that."

"But no other noises of any kind? No footsteps, for instance?"

"Footsteps?" She seemed to make an effort to recall her impressions. "No; no footsteps."

"Did you hear the door into the hall open or close, madam?" It was Vance who put the question.

The woman turned her eyes sharply and glared at him.

"No, I heard no door open or close."

"That's rather queer, too, don't you think?" pursued Vance. "The intruder must have left the room."

"I suppose he must have, if he's not there now," she replied acidly, turning again to the District Attorney. "Is there anything else you'd care to know?"

Markham evidently had perceived the impossibility of eliciting any vital information from her.

"I think not," he answered; then added: "You of course heard the butler and your son here enter Miss Ada's room?"

"Oh, yes. They made enough noise doing it—they didn't consider my feelings in the least. That fuss-budget, Sproot, actually cried out for Chester like a hysterical woman; and,

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from the way he raised his voice over the telephone, one would have thought Doctor Von Blon was deaf. Then Chester had to rouse the whole house for some unknown reason. Oh, there was no peace or rest for me last night, I can tell you! And the police tramped around the house for hours like a drove of wild cattle. It was positively disgraceful. And here was I—a helpless old woman—entirely neglected and forgotten, suffering agonies with my spine."

After a few commiserating banalities Markham thanked her for her assistance, and withdrew. As we passed out and walked toward the stairs I could hear her calling out angrily: "Nurse! Nurse! Can't you hear me? Come at once and arrange my pillows. What do you mean by neglecting me this way . . . ?" The voice trailed off mercifully as we descended to the main hall.

IV

THE MISSING REVOLVER

(Tuesday, November 9; 3 p. m.)

"The Mater's a crabbed old soul," Greene apologized offhandedly when we were again in the drawing-room. "Always grousing about her doting offspring.—Well, where do we go from here?"

Markham seemed lost in thought, and it was Vance who answered.

"Let us take a peep at the servants and hearken to their tale: Sproot for a starter."

Markham roused himself and nodded, and Greene rose and pulled a silken bell-cord near the archway. A minute later the butler appeared and stood at obsequious attention just inside the room. Markham had appeared somewhat at sea and even disinterested during the investigation, and Vance assumed command.

"Sit down, Sproot, and tell us as briefly as possible just what occurred last night."

Sproot came forward slowly, his eyes on the floor, but remained standing before the centre-table.

"I was reading Martial, sir, in my room," he began, lifting his gaze submissively, "when I thought I heard a muffled shot. I wasn't quite sure, for the automobiles in the street back-fire quite loud at times; but at last I said to myself I'd better investigate. I was in negligé, if you understand what I mean, sir; so I slipped on my bath-robe and came down. I didn't know just where the noise had come from; but when I was half-way down the steps, I heard another shot, and this time it sounded like it came from Miss Ada's room. So I went there at once, and tried the door. It was unlocked, and when I looked in I saw Miss Ada lying on the floor—a very distressing sight, sir. I called to Mr. Chester, and we lifted the poor young lady to the bed. Then I telephoned to Doctor Von Blon."

Vance scrutinized him.

"You were very courageous, Sproot, to brave a dark hall looking for the source of a shot in the middle of the night."

"Thank you, sir," the man answered, with great humility. "I always try to do my duty by the Greene family. I've been with them ——"

"We know all that, Sproot." Vance cut him short. "The light was on in Miss Ada's room, I understand, when you opened the door."

"Yes, sir."

"And you saw no one, or heard no noise? No door closing, for instance?"

"No, sir."

"And yet the person who fired the shot must have been somewhere in the hall at the same time you were there."

"I suppose so, sir."

"And he might well have taken a shot at you, too."

"Quite so, sir." Sproot seemed wholly indifferent to the danger he had escaped. "But what will be, will be, sir—if you'll pardon my saying so. And I'm an old man——"

"Tut, tut! You'll probably live a considerable time yet—just how long I can't, of course, say."

"No, sir." Sproot's eyes gazed blankly ahead. "No one understands the mysteries of life and death."

"You're somewhat philosophic, I see," drily commented Vance. Then: "When you phoned to Doctor Von Blon, was he in?"

"No, sir; but the night nurse told me he'd be back any minute, and that she'd send him over. He arrived in less than half an hour."

Vance nodded. "That will be all, thank you, Sproot.—And now please send me *die gnädige Frau Köchin*."

"Yes, sir." And the old butler shuffled from the room.

Vance's eyes followed him thoughtfully.

"An inveiglin' character," he murmured.

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Greene snorted. "*You* don't have to live with him. He'd have said 'Yes sir,' if you'd spoken to him in Walloon or Volapük. A sweet little playmate to have snooping round the house twenty-four hours a day!"

The cook, a portly, phlegmatic German woman of about forty-five, named Gertrude Mannheim, came in and seated herself on the edge of a chair near the entrance. Vance, after a moment's keen inspection of her, asked:

"Were you born in this country, Frau Mannheim?"

"I was born in Baden," she answered, in flat, rather guttural tones. "I came to America when I was twelve."

"You have not always been a cook, I take it." Vance's voice had a slightly different intonation from that which he had used with Sproot.

At first the woman did not answer.

"No, sir," she said finally. "Only since the death of my husband."

"How did you happen to come to the Greenes?"

Again she hesitated. "I had met Mr. Tobias Greene: he knew my husband. When my husband died there wasn't any money. And I remembered Mr. Greene, and I thought——"

"I understand." Vance paused, his eyes in space. "You heard nothing of what happened here last night?"

"No, sir. Not until Mr. Chester called up the stairs and said for us to get dressed and come down."

Vance rose and turned to the window overlooking the East River.

"That's all, Frau Mannheim. Be so good as to tell the senior maid—Hemming, isn't she?—to come here."

Without a word the cook left us, and her place was presently taken by a tall, slatternly woman, with a sharp, prudish face and severely combed hair. She wore a black, one-piece dress, and heelless vici-kid shoes; and her severity of mien was emphasized by a pair of thick-lensed spectacles.

"I understand, Hemming," began Vance, reseating himself before the fireplace, "that you heard neither shot last night, and learned of the tragedy only when called by Mr. Greene."

The woman nodded with a jerky, emphatic movement.

"I was spared," she said, in a rasping voice. "But the tragedy, as you call it, had to come sooner or later. It was an act of God, if you ask *me*."

"Well, we're not asking you, Hemming; but we're delighted to have your opinion.—So God had a hand in the shooting, eh?"

"He did that!" The woman spoke with religious fervor. "The Greenes are an ungodly, wicked family." She leered defiantly at Chester Greene, who laughed uneasily. " 'For I shall rise up against them, saith the Lord of hosts—the name, the remnant, and son, and daughter, and nephew'—only there ain't no nephew—'and I will sweep them with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord.' "

Vance regarded her musingly.

"I see you have misread Isaiah. And have you any celestial information as to who was chosen by the Lord to personify the besom?"

The woman compressed her lips. "Who knows?"

"Ah! Who, indeed? . . . But to descend to temporal things: I assume you weren't surprised at what happened last night?"

"I'm never surprised at the mysterious workin's of the Almighty."

Vance sighed. "You may return to your Scriptural perusings, Hemming. Only, I wish you'd pause *en route* and tell Barton we crave her presence here."

The woman rose stiffly and passed from the room like an animated ramrod.

Barton came in, obviously frightened. But her fear was insufficient to banish completely her instinctive coquetry. A certain coyness showed through the alarmed glance she gave us, and one hand automatically smoothed back the chestnut hair over her ear. Vance adjusted his monocle.

"You really should wear Alice blue, Barton," he advised her seriously. "Much more becoming than cerise to your olive complexion."

The girl's apprehensiveness relaxed, and she gave Vance a puzzled, kittenish look.

"But what I particularly wanted you to come here for," he went on, "was to ask you if Mr. Greene has ever kissed you."

"Which—Mr. Greene?" she stammered, completely disconcerted.

Chester had, at Vance's question, jerked himself erect in his chair and started to splutter an irate objection. But articulation failed him, and he turned to Markham with speechless indignation.

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The corners of Vance's mouth twitched. "It really doesn't matter, Barton," he said quickly.

"Aren't you going to ask me any questions about—what happened last night?" the girl asked, with obvious disappointment.

"Oh! Do you know anything about what happened?"

"Why, no," she admitted. "I was asleep——"

"Exactly. Therefore, I sha'n't bother you with questions." He dismissed her good-naturedly.

"Damn it, Markham, I protest!" cried Greene, when Barton had left us. "I call this—this gentleman's levity rotten-bad taste—damme if I don't!"

Markham, too, was annoyed at the frivolous line of interrogation Vance had taken.

"I can't see what's to be gained by such futile inquiries," he said, striving to control his irritation.

"That's because you're still holding to the burglar theory," Vance replied. "But if, as Mr. Greene thinks, there is another explanation of last night's crime, then it's essential to acquaint ourselves with the conditions existing here. And it's equally essential not to rouse the suspicions of the servants. Hence, my apparent irrelevancies. I'm trying to size up the various human factors we have to deal with; and I think I've done uncommonly well. Several rather interesting possibilities have developed."

Before Markham could reply Sproot passed the archway and opened the front door to some one whom he greeted respectfully. Greene immediately went into the hall.

"Hallo, doc," we heard him say. "Thought you'd be along pretty soon. The District Attorney and his *entourage* are here, and they'd like to talk to Ada. I told 'em you said it might be all right this afternoon."

"I'll know better when I've seen Ada," the doctor replied. He passed on hurriedly, and we heard him ascending the stairs.

"It's Von Blon," announced Greene, returning to the drawing-room. "He'll let us know anon how Ada's coming along." There was a callous note in his voice, which, at the time, puzzled me.

"How long have you known Doctor Von Blon?" asked Vance.

"How long?" Greene looked surprised. "Why, all my life. Went to the old Beekman Public School with him. His father—old Doctor Veranus Von Blon—brought all the later Greenes into the world; family physician, spiritual adviser, and all that sort of thing, from time immemorial. When Von Blon, senior, died we embraced the son as a matter of course. And young Arthur's a shrewd lad, too. Knows his pharmacopœia. Trained by the old man, and topped off his medical education in Germany."

Vance nodded negligently.

"While we're waiting for Doctor Von Blon, suppose we have a chat with Miss Sibella and Mr. Rex. Your brother first, let us say."

Greene looked to Markham for confirmation; then rang for Sproot.

Rex Greene came immediately upon being summoned.

"Well, what do you want now?" he asked, scanning our faces with nervous intensity. His voice was peevish, almost whining, and there were certain overtones in it which recalled the fretful complaining voice of Mrs. Greene.

"We merely want to question you about last night," answered Vance soothingly. "We thought it possible you could help us."

"What help can I give you?" Rex asked sullenly, slumping into a chair. He gave his brother a sneering look. "Chester's the only one round here who seems to have been awake."

Rex Greene was a short, sallow youth with narrow, stooping shoulders and an abnormally large head set on a neck which appeared almost emaciated. A shock of straight hair hung down over his bulging forehead, and he had a habit of tossing it back with a jerky movement of the head. His small, shifty eyes, shielded by enormous tortoise-rimmed glasses, seemed never to be at rest; and his thin lips were constantly twitching as with a *tic douloureux*. His chin was small and pointed, and he held it drawn in, emphasizing its lack of prominence. He was not a pleasant spectacle, and yet there was something in the man—an overdeveloped studiousness, perhaps—that gave the impression of unusual potentialities. I once saw a juvenile chess wizard who had the same cranial formations and general facial cast.

Vance appeared introspective, but I knew he was absorbing every detail of the man's appearance. At length he laid down his cig-

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arette, and focussed his eyes languidly on the desk-lamp.

"You say you slept throughout the tragedy last night. How do you account for that remarkable fact, inasmuch as one of the shots was fired in the room next to yours?"

Rex hitched himself forward to the edge of his chair, and turned his head from side to side, carefully avoiding our eyes.

"I haven't tried to account for it," he returned, with angry resentment; but withal he seemed unstrung and on the defensive. Then he hurried on: "The walls in this house are pretty thick anyway, and there are always noises in the street. . . . Maybe my head was buried under the covers."

"You'd certainly have buried your head under the covers if you'd heard the shot," commented Chester, with no attempt to disguise his contempt for his brother.

Rex swung round, and would have retorted to the accusation had not Vance put his next question immediately.

"What's your theory of the crime, Mr. Greene? You've heard all the details and you know the situation."

"I thought the police had settled on a burglar." The youth's eyes rested shrewdly on Heath. "Wasn't that your conclusion?"

"It was, and it is," declared the Sergeant, who, until now, had preserved a bored silence. "But your brother here seems to think otherwise."

"So Chester thinks otherwise." Rex turned to his brother with an expression of feline dislike. "Maybe Chester knows all about it." There was no mistaking the implication in his words.

Vance once more stepped into the breach.

"Your brother has told us all he knows. Just at present we're concerned with how much *you* know." The severity of his manner caused Rex to shrink back in his chair. His lips twiched more violently, and he began fidgeting with the braided frog of his smoking-jacket. I noticed then for the first time that he had short rachitic hands with bowed and thickened phalanges.

"You are sure you heard no shot?" continued Vance ominously.

"I've told you a dozen times I didn't!" His voice rose to a falsetto, and he gripped the arms of his chair with both hands.

"Keep calm, Rex," admonished Chester. "You'll be having another of your spells."

"To hell with you!" the youth shouted. "How many times have I got to tell them I don't know anything about it?"

"We merely want to make doubly sure on all points," Vance told him pacifyingly. "And you certainly wouldn't want your sister's death to go unavenged through any lack of perseverance on our part."

Rex relaxed slightly, and took a deep inspiration.

"Oh, I'd tell you anything I knew," he said, running his tongue over his dry lips. "But I always get blamed for everything that happens in this house—that is, Ada and I do. And as for avenging Julia's death: that doesn't appeal to me nearly so much as punishing the dog that shot Ada. She has a hard enough time of it here under normal conditions. Mother keeps her in the house waiting on her as if she were a servant."

Vance nodded understandingly. Then he rose and placed his hand sympathetically on Rex's shoulder. This gesture was so unlike him I was completely astonished; for, despite his deep-seated humanism, Vance seemed always ashamed of any outward show of feeling, and sought constantly to repress his emotions.

"Don't let this tragedy upset you too much, Mr. Greene," he said reassuringly. "And you may be certain that we'll do everything in our power to find and punish the person who shot Miss Ada.—We won't bother you any more now."

Rex got up almost eagerly and drew himself together.

"Oh, that's all right." And with a covertly triumphant glance at his brother, he left the room.

"Rex is a queer bird," Chester remarked, after a short silence. "He spends most of his time reading and working out abstruse problems in mathematics and astronomy. Wanted to stick a telescope through the attic roof, but the Mater drew the line. He's an unhealthy beggar, too. I tell him he doesn't get enough fresh air, but you see his attitude toward me. Thinks I'm weak-minded because I play golf."

"What were the spells you spoke about?" asked Vance. "Your brother looks as if he might be epileptic."

"Oh, no; nothing like that; though I've seen him have convulsive seizures when he got in a specially violent tantrum. He gets

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excited easily and flies off the handle. Von Blon says it's hyperneurasthenia—whatever that is. He goes ghastly pale when he's worked up, and has a kind of trembling fit. Says things he's sorry for afterward. Nothing serious, though. What he needs is exercise—a year on a ranch roughing it, without his infernal books and compasses and T-squares."

"I suppose he's more or less a favorite with your mother." (Vance's remark recalled a curious similarity of temperament between the two I had felt vaguely as Rex talked.)

"More or less." Chester nodded ponderously. "He's the pet in so far as the Mater's capable of petting any one but herself. Anyway, she's never ragged Rex as much as the rest of us."

Again Vance went to the great window above the East River, and stood looking out. Suddenly he turned.

"By the by, Mr. Greene, did you find your revolver?" His tone had changed; his ruminative mood had gone.

Chester gave a start, and cast a swift glance at Heath, who had now become attentive.

"No, by Gad, I haven't," he admitted, fumbling in his pocket for his cigarette-holder. "Funny thing about that gun, too. Always kept it in my desk drawer—though, as I told this gentleman when he mentioned it"—he pointed his holder at Heath as if the other had been an inanimate object—"I don't remember actually having seen it for years. But, even so, where the devil could it have gone? Damme, it's mysterious. Nobody round here would touch it. The maids don't go in the drawers when they're cleaning the room—I'm lucky if they make the bed and dust the top of the furniture. Damned funny what became of it."

"Did you take a good look for it to-day, like you said?" asked Heath, thrusting his head forward belligerently. Why, since he held to the burglar theory, he should assume a bulldozing manner, I couldn't imagine. But whenever Heath was troubled, he was aggressive; and any loose end in an investigation troubled him deeply.

"Certainly, I looked for it," Chester replied, haughtily indignant. "I went through every room and closet and drawer in the house. But it's completely disappeared. . . . Probably got thrown out by mistake in one of the annual house-cleanings."

"That's possible," agreed Vance. "What sort of a revolver was it?"

"An old Smith and Wesson .32," Chester appeared to be trying to refresh his memory. "Mother-of-pearl handle: some scroll-engraving on the barrel—I don't recall exactly. I bought it fifteen years ago—maybe longer—when I went camping one summer in the Adirondacks. Used it for target practice. Then I got tired of it, and stuck it away in a drawer behind a lot of old cancelled checks."

"Was it in good working order then?"

"As far as I know. Fact is, it worked stiff when I got it, and I had the sear filed down, so it was practically a hair-trigger affair. The slightest touch sent it off. Better for shooting targets that way."

"Do you recall if it was loaded when you put it away?"

"Couldn't say. Might have been. It's been so long——"

"Were there any cartridges for it in your desk?"

"Now, that I can answer you positively. There wasn't a loose cartridge in the place."

Vance reseated himself.

"Well, Mr. Greene, if you happen to run across the revolver you will, of course, let Mr. Markham or Sergeant Heath know."

"Oh, certainly. With pleasure." Chester's assurance was expressed with an air of magnanimity.

Vance glanced at his watch.

"And now, seeing that Doctor Von Blon is still with his patient, I wonder if we could see Miss Sibella for a moment."

Chester got up, obviously relieved that the subject of the revolver had been disposed of, and went to the bell-cord beside the archway. But he arrested his hand in the act of reaching for it.

"I'll fetch her myself," he said, and hurried from the room.

Markham turned to Vance with a smile.

"Your prophecy about the non-reappearance of the gun has, I note, been temporarily verified."

"And I'm afraid that fancy weapon with the hair-trigger never will appear—at least, not until this miserable business is cleaned up." Vance was unwontedly sober; his customary levity had for the moment deserted him. But before long he lifted his eyebrows mockingly, and gave Heath a chaffing look.

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"Perchance the Sergeant's predacious neophyte made off with the revolver—became fascinated with the scrollwork, or entranced with the pearl handle."

"It's quite possible the revolver disappeared in the way Greene said it did," Markham submitted. "In any event, I think you unduly emphasized the matter."

"Sure he did, Mr. Markham," growled Heath. "And, what's more, I can't see that all this repartee with the family is getting us anywheres. I had 'em all on the carpet last night when the shooting was hot; and I'm telling you they don't know nothing about it. This Ada Greene is the only person round here I want to talk to. There's a chance she can give us a tip. If her lights were on when the burglar got in her room, she maybe got a good look at him."

"Sergeant," said Vance, shaking his head sadly, "you're getting positively morbid on the subject of that mythical burglar."

Markham inspected the end of his cigar thoughtfully.

"No, Vance. I'm inclined to agree with the Sergeant. It appears to me that you're the one with the morbid imagination. I let you inveigle me into this inquiry too easily. That's why I've kept in the background and left the floor to you. Ada Greene's our only hope of help here."

"Oh, for your trusting, forthright mind!" Vance sighed and shifted his position restlessly. "I say, our psychic Chester is taking a dashed long time to fetch Sibella."

At that moment there came a sound of footsteps on the marble stairs, and a few seconds later Sibella Greene, accompanied by Chester, appeared in the archway.

V

HOMICIDAL POSSIBILITIES

(Tuesday, September 9; 3.30 p. m.)

Sibella entered with a firm, swinging gait, her head held high, her eyes sweeping the assemblage with bold interrogation. She was tall and of slender, athletic build, and, though she was not pretty, there was a cold, chiselled attractiveness in her lineaments that held one's attention. Her face was at once vivid and intense; and there was a hauteur in her expression amounting almost to arrogance. Her dark, crisp hair was bobbed but not waved, and the severity of its lines accentuated the overdecisive cast of her features. Her hazel eyes were wide-spaced beneath heavy, almost horizontal eyebrows; her nose was straight and slightly prominent, and her mouth was large and firm, with a suggestion of cruelty in its thin lips. She was dressed simply, in a dark sport suit cut extremely short, silk-wool stockings of a heather mixture, and low-heeled mannish Oxfords.

Chester presented the District Attorney to her as an old acquaintance, and permitted Markham to make the other introductions.

"I suppose you know, Mr. Markham, why Chet likes you," she said, in a peculiarly plangent voice. "You're one of the few persons at the Marylebone Club that he can beat at golf."

She seated herself before the centre-table, and crossed her knees comfortably.

"I wish you'd get me a cigarette, Chet." Her tone made the request an imperative.

Vance rose at once and held out his case.

"Do try one of these *Régies,* Miss Greene," he urged in his best drawing-room manner. "If you say you don't like them, I shall immediately change my brand."

"Rash man!" Sibella took a cigarette and permitted Vance to light it for her. Then she settled back in her chair and gave Markham a quizzical look. "Quite a wild party we pulled here last night, wasn't it? We've never had so much commotion in the old mansion. And it was just my luck to sleep soundly through it all." She made an aggrieved *moue.* "Chet didn't call me till it was all over. Just like him—he has a nasty disposition."

Somehow her flippancy did not shock me as it might have done in a different type of person. But Sibella struck me as a girl who, though she might feel things keenly, would not permit any misfortune to get the better of her; and I put her apparent callousness down to a dogged, if perverted, courageousness.

Markham, however, resented her attitude.

"One cannot blame Mr. Greene for not taking the matter lightly," he reproved her. "The brutal murder of a defenseless woman and the attempted murder of a young girl hardly come under the head of diversion."

Sibella looked at him reproachfully. "You know, Mr Markham, you sound exactly like the Mother Superior of the stuffy convent I was confined in for two years." She became

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suddenly grave. "Why draw a long face over something that's happened and can't be helped? Anyway, Julia never sought to brighten her little corner. She was always crabbed and faultfinding, and her good deeds wouldn't fill a book. It may be unsisterly to say it, but she's not going to be missed so dreadfully. Chet and I are certainly not going to pine away."

"And what about the brutal shooting of your other sister?" Markham was with difficulty controlling his indignation.

Sibella's eyelids narrowed perceptibly, and the lines of her face became set. But she erased the expression almost at once.

"Well, Ada's going to recover, isn't she?" Despite her effort, she was unable to keep a certain hardness out of her voice. "She'll have a nice long rest, and a nurse to wait on her. Am I expected to weep copiously because of baby sister's escape?"

Vance, who had been closely watching this clash between Sibella and Markham, now took a hand in the conversation.

"My dear Markham, I can't see what Miss Greene's sentiments have to do with the matter. Her attitude may not be strictly in accord with the prescribed conduct for young ladies on such occasions, but I feel sure she has excellent reasons for her point of view. Let us give over moralizing, and seek Miss Greene's assistance instead."

The girl darted him an amused, appreciative glance; and Markham made a gesture of indifferent acquiescence. It was plain that he regarded the present inquiry as of little importance.

Vance gave the girl an engaging smile.

"It's really my fault, Miss Greene, that we are intruding here," he apologized. "It was I, d' ye see, that urged Mr. Markham to look into the case after your brother had expressed his disbelief in the burglar theory."

She nodded understandingly. "Oh, Chet sometimes has excellent hunches. It's one of his very few merits."

"You, too, I gather, are sceptical in regard to the burglar?"

"Sceptical?" She gave a short laugh. "I'm downright suspicious. I don't know any burglars, though I'd dearly love to meet one; but I simply can't bring my flighty brain to picture them going about their fascinating occupation the way our little entertainer did last night."

"You positively thrill me," declared Vance. "Y' see, our minority ideas coincide perfectly."

"Did Chet give you any intelligible explanation for his opinion?" she asked.

"I'm afraid not. He was inclined to lay his feelings to metaphysical causes. His conviction was due, I took it, to some kind of psychic visitation. He knew, but could not explain: he was sure, but had no proof. It was most indefinite—a bit esoteric, in fact."

"I'd never suspect Chet of spiritualistic leanings." She shot her brother a tantalizing look. "He's really deadly commonplace, when you get to know him."

"Oh, cut it, Sib," objected Chester irritably. "You yourself had a spasm this morning when I told you the police were hot-footing it after a burglar."

Sibella made no answer. With a slight toss of the head she leaned over and threw her cigarette into the grate.

"By the by, Miss Greene"—Vance spoke casually—"there has been considerable mystery about the disappearance of your brother's revolver. It has completely vanished from his desk drawer. I wonder if you have seen it about the house anywhere."

At his mention of the gun Sibella stiffened slightly. Her eyes took on an expression of intentness, and the corners of her mouth lifted into a faintly ironical smile.

"Chet's revolver has gone, has it?" She put the question colorlessly, as if her thoughts were elsewhere. "No . . . I haven't seen it." Then, after a momentary pause: "But it was in Chet's desk last week."

Chester heaved himself forward angrily.

"What were you doing in my desk last week?" he demanded.

"Don't wax apoplectic," the girl said carelessly. "I wasn't looking for love missives. I simply couldn't imagine you in love, Chet. . . ." The idea seemed to amuse her. "I was only looking for that old emerald stick-pin you borrowed and never returned."

"It's at the club," he explained sulkily.

"Is it, really! Well, I didn't find it anyway; but I did see the revolver.—Are you quite sure it's gone?"

"Don't be absurd," the man growled. "I've searched everywhere for it. . . . Including your room," he added vengefully.

"Oh, you would! But why did you admit having it in the first place?" Her tone was

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scornful. "Why involve yourself unnecessarily?"

Chester shifted uneasily.

"This gentleman"—he again pointed impersonally to Heath—"asked me if I owned a revolver, and I told him 'yes.' If I hadn't, some of the servants or one of my loving family would have told him. And I thought the truth was best."

Sibella smiled satirically.

"My older brother, you observe, is a model of all the old-fashioned virtues," she remarked to Vance. But she was obviously *distraite*. The revolver episode had somewhat shaken her self-assurance.

"You say, Miss Greene, that the burglar idea does not appeal to you." Vance was smoking languidly with half-closed eyes. "Can you think of any other explanation for the tragedy?"

The girl raised her head and regarded him calculatingly.

"Because I don't happen to believe in burglars that shoot women and sneak away without taking anything, it doesn't mean that I can suggest alternatives. I'm not a policewoman—though I've often thought it would be jolly good sport—and I had a vague idea it was the business of the police to run down criminals.—You don't believe in the burglar either, Mr. Vance, or you wouldn't have followed up Chet's hunch. Who do *you* think ran amuck here last night?"

"My dear girl!" Vance raised a protesting hand. "If I had the foggiest idea I wouldn't be annoying you with impertinent questions. I'm plodding with leaden feet in a veritable bog of ignorance."

He spoke negligently, but Sibella's eyes were clouded with suspicion. Presently, however, she laughed gaily and held out her hand.

"Another *Régie, monsieur*. I was on the verge of becoming serious; and I simply mustn't become serious. It's so frightfully boring. Besides, it gives one wrinkles. And I'm much too young for wrinkles."

"Like Ninon de L'Enclos, you'll always be too young for wrinkles," rejoined Vance, holding a match to her cigarette. "But perhaps you can suggest, without becoming too serious, some one who might have had a reason for wanting to kill your two sisters."

"Oh, as for that, I'd say we'd all come under suspicion. We're not an ideal home circle, by any means. In fact, the Greenes are a queer collection. We don't love one another the way a perfectly nice and proper family should. We're always at each other's throats, bickering and fighting about something or other. It's rather a mess—this ménage. It's a wonder to me murder hasn't been done long before. And we've all got to live here until 1932, or go it on our own; and, of course, none of us could make a decent living. A sweet paternal heritage!"*

She smoked moodily for a few moments.

"Yes, any one of us had ample reason to be murderously inclined toward all the others. Chet there would strangle me now if he didn't think the nervous aftermath of the act would spoil his golf—wouldn't you, Chet dear? Rex regards us all as inferiors, and probably considers himself highly indulgent and altruistic not to have murdered us all long ago. And the only reason mother hasn't killed us is that she's paralyzed and can't manage it. Julia, too, for that matter, could have seen us all boiled in oil without turning a hair. And as for Ada"—her brows contracted and an extraordinary ferocity crept into her eyes—"she'd dearly love to see us all exterminated. She's not really one of us, and she hates us. Nor would I myself have any scruples about doing away with the rest of my fond family. I've thought of it often, but I could never decide on a nice thorough method." She flicked her cigarette ash on the floor. "So there you are. If you're looking for possibilities you have them galore. There's no one under this ancestral roof who couldn't qualify."

Though her words were meant to be satirical, I could not help feeling that a sombre, terrible truth underlay them. Vance, though apparently listening with amusement, had, I knew, been absorbing every inflection of her voice and play of expression, in an effort to relate the details of her sweeping indictment to the problem in hand.

"At any rate," he remarked offhandedly, "you are an amazingly frank young woman. However, I sha'n't recommend your arrest just yet. I haven't a particle of evidence against you, don't y' know. Annoyin', ain't it?"

*Sibella was here referring to Tobias Greene's will, which stipulated not only that the Greene mansion should be maintained intact for twenty-five years, but that the legatees should live on the estate during that time or become disinherited.

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"Oh, well," sighed the girl, in mock disappointment, "you may pick up a clew later on. There'll probably be another death or two around here before long. I'd hate to think the murderer would give up the job with so little really accomplished."

At this point Doctor Von Blon entered the drawing-room. Chester rose to greet him, and the formalities of introduction were quickly over. Von Blon bowed with reserved cordiality; but I noted that his manner to Sibella, while pleasant, was casual in the extreme. I wondered a little about this, but I recalled that he was an old friend of the family and probably took many of the social amenities for granted.

"What have you to report, doctor?" asked Markham. "Will we be able to question the young lady this afternoon?"

"I hardly think there'd be any harm in it," Von Blon returned, seating himself beside Chester. "Ada has only a little reaction fever now, though she's suffering from shock, and is pretty weak from loss of blood."

Doctor Von Blon was a suave, smooth-faced man of forty, with small, almost feminine features and an air of unwavering amiability. His urbanity struck me as too artificial —"professional" is perhaps the word—and there was something of the ambitious egoist about him. But I was far more attracted than repelled by him.

Vance watched him attentively as he spoke. He was more anxious even than Heath, I think, to question the girl.

"It was not a particularly serious wound, then?" Markham asked.

"No, not serious," the doctor assured him; "though it barely missed being fatal. Had the shot gone an inch deeper it would have torn across the lung. It was a very narrow escape."

"As I understand it," interposed Vance, "the bullet travelled transversely over the left scapular region."

Von Blon inclined his head in agreement.

"The shot was obviously aimed at the heart from the rear," he explained, in his soft, modulated voice. "But Ada must have turned slightly to the right just as the revolver exploded; and the bullet, instead of going directly into her body, ploughed along the shoulder-blade at the level of the third dorsal vertebra, tore the capsular ligament, and lodged in the deltoid." He indicated the location of the deltoid on his own left arm.

"She had," suggested Vance, "apparently turned her back on her assailant and attempted to run away; and he had followed her and placed the revolver almost against her back.—Is that your interpretation of it, doctor?"

"Yes, that would seem to be the situation. And, as I said, at the crucial moment she veered a little, and thus saved her life."

"Would she have fallen immediately to the floor, despite the actual superficiality of the wound?"

"It's not unlikely. Not only would the pain have been considerable, but the shock must be taken into account. Ada—or, for that matter, any woman—might have fainted at once."

"And it's a reasonable presumption," pursued Vance, "that her assailant would have taken it for granted that the shot had been fatal."

"We may readily assume that to be the case."

Vance smoked a moment, his eyes averted.

"Yes," he agreed, "I think we may assume that.—And another point suggests itself. Since Miss Ada was in front of the dressing-table, a considerable distance from the bed, and since the weapon was held practically against her, the encounter would seem to take on the nature of a deliberate attack, rather than a haphazard shot fired by some one in a panic."

Von Blon looked shrewdly at Vance, and then turned a questioning gaze upon Heath. For a moment he was silent, as if weighing his reply, and when he spoke it was with guarded reserve.

"Of course, one might interpret the situation that way. Indeed, the facts would seem to indicate such a conclusion. But, on the other hand, the intruder might have been very close to Ada; and the fact that the bullet entered her left shoulder at a particularly vital point may have been the purest accident."

"Quite true," conceded Vance. "However, if the idea of premeditation is to be abrogated, we must account for the fact that the lights were on in the room when the butler entered immediately after the shooting."

Von Blon showed the keenest astonishment at this statement.

"The lights were on? That's most remarkable!" His brow crinkled into a perplexed frown, and he appeared to be assimilating

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Vance's information. "Still," he argued, "that very fact may account for the shooting. If the intruder had entered a lighted room he may have fired at the occupant lest his description be given to the police later."

"Oh, quite!" murmured Vance. "Anyway, let us hope we'll learn the explanation when we've seen and spoken to Miss Ada."

"Well, why don't we get to it?" grumbled Heath, whose ordinarily inexhaustible store of patience had begun to run low.

"You're so hasty, Sergeant," Vance chided him. "Doctor Von Blon has just told us that Miss Ada is very weak; and anything we can learn beforehand will spare her just so many questions."

"All I want to find out," expostulated Heath, "is if she got a look at the bird that shot her and can give me a description of him."

"That being the case, Sergeant, I fear you are doomed to have your ardent hopes dashed to the ground."

Heath chewed viciously on his cigar; and Vance turned again to Von Blon.

"There's one other question I'd like to ask, doctor. How long was it after Miss Ada had been wounded before you examined her?"

"The butler's already told us, Mr. Vance," interposed Heath impatiently. "The doctor got here in half an hour."

"Yes, that's about right." Von Blon's tone was smooth and matter-of-fact. "I was unfortunately out on a call when Sproot phoned, but I returned about fifteen minutes later, and hurried right over. Luckily I live near here—in East 48th Street."

"And was Miss Ada still unconscious when you arrived?"

"Yes. She had lost considerable blood. The cook, however, had put a towel-compress on the wound, which of course helped."

Vance thanked him and rose.

"And now, if you'll be good enough to take us to your patient, we'll be very grateful."

"As little excitement as possible, you understand," admonished Von Blon, as he got up and led the way up-stairs.

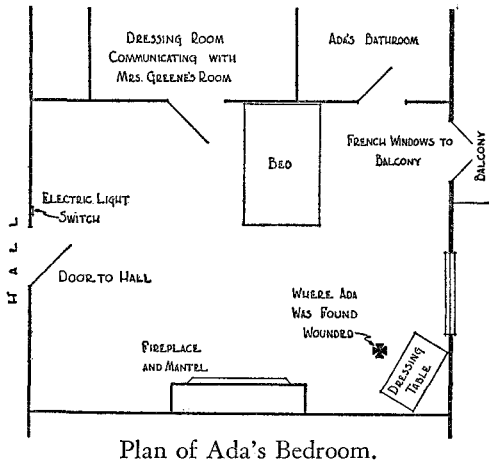
Sibella and Chester seemed undecided about accompanying us; but as I turned into the hall I saw a look of interrogation flash between them, and a moment later they too joined us in the upper hall.

VI

AN ACCUSATION

(Tuesday, November 9; 4 p. m.)

Ada Greene's room was simply, almost severely, furnished; but there was a neatness about it, combined with little touches of feminine decoration, that reflected the care its occupant had bestowed upon it. To the left, near the door that led into the dressing-room communicating with Mrs. Greene's chamber, was a single mahogany bed of simple design; and beyond it was the door that opened upon the stone balcony. To the right, beside the window, stood the dressing-table; and on the amber-colored Chinese rug before it there showed a large irregular brown stain where



Plan of Ada's Bedroom.

the wounded girl had lain. In the centre of the right wall was an old Tudor fireplace with a high oak-panelled mantel.

As we entered, the girl in the bed looked at us inquisitively, and a slight flush colored her pale cheeks. She lay on her right side, facing the door, her bandaged shoulder supported by pillows, and her left hand, slim and white, resting upon the blue-figured coverlet. A remnant of her fear of the night before seemed still to linger in her blue eyes.

Doctor Von Blon went to her and, sitting down on the edge of the bed, placed his hand on hers. His manner was at once protective and impersonal.

"These gentlemen want to ask you a few questions, Ada," he explained, with a reassuring smile; "and as you were so much stronger this afternoon I brought them up. Do you feel equal to it?"

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She nodded her head wearily, her eyes on the doctor.

Vance, who had paused by the mantel to inspect the hand-carving of the quadræ, now turned and approached the bed.

"Sergeant," he said, "if you don't mind, let me talk to Miss Greene first."

Heath realized, I think, that the situation called for tact and delicacy; and it was typical of the man's fundamental bigness that he at once stepped aside.

"Miss Greene," said Vance, in a quiet, genial voice, drawing up a small chair beside the bed, "we're very anxious to clear up the mystery about last night's tragedy; and, as you are the only person who is in a position to help us, we want you to recall for us, as nearly as you can, just what happened."

The girl took a deep breath.

"It—it was awful," she said weakly, looking straight ahead. "After I had gone to sleep—I don't know just what time—something woke me up. I can't tell you what it was; but all of a sudden I was wide awake, and the strangest feeling came over me. . . ." She closed her eyes, and an involuntary shudder swept her body. "It was as though some one were in the room, threatening me. . . ." Her voice faded away into an awed silence.

"Was the room dark?" Vance asked gently.

"Pitch-dark." Slowly she turned her eyes to him. "That's why I was so frightened. I couldn't see anything, and I imagined there was a ghost—or evil spirit—near me. I tried to call out, but I couldn't make a sound. My throat felt dry and—and stiff."

"Typical constriction due to fright, Ada," explained Von Blon. "Many people can't speak when they're frightened.—Then what happened?"

"I lay trembling for a few minutes, but not a sound came from anywhere in the room. Yet I knew—I *knew*—somebody, or something, that meant to harm me was here. . . . At last I forced myself to get up—very quietly. I wanted to turn on the lights—the darkness frightened me so. And after a while I was standing up beside the bed here. Then, for the first time, I could see the dim light of the window; and it made things seem more real somehow. So I began to grope my way toward the electric switch there by the door. I had only gone a little way when . . . a hand . . . touched me. . . ."

Her lips were trembling, and a look of horror came into her wide-open eyes.

"I—I was so stunned," she struggled on, "I hardly know what I did. Again I tried to scream, but I couldn't even open my lips. And then I turned and ran away from the—the thing—toward the window. I had almost reached it when I heard some one coming after me—a queer, shuffling sound—and I knew it was the end. . . . There was an awful noise, and something hot struck the back of my shoulder. I was suddenly nauseated; the light of the window disappeared, and I felt myself sinking down—deep. . . ."

When she ceased speaking a tense silence fell on the room. Her account, for all its simplicity, had been tremendously graphic. Like a great actress she had managed to convey to her listeners the very emotional essence of her story.

Vance waited several moments before speaking.

"It was a frightful experience!" he murmured sympathetically. "I wish it wasn't necess'ry to worry you about details, but there are several points I'd like to go over with you."

She smiled faintly in appreciation of his considerateness, and waited.

"If you tried hard, do you think you could recall what wakened you?" he asked.

"No—there wasn't any sound that I can remember."

"Did you leave your door unlocked last night?"

"I think so. I don't generally lock it."

"And you heard no door open or close—anywhere?"

"No; none. Everything in the house was perfectly still."

"And yet you knew that some one was in the room. How was that?" Vance's voice, though gentle, was persistent.

"I—don't know . . . and yet there must have been something that told me."

"Exactly! Now try to think." Vance bent a little nearer to the troubled girl. "A soft breathing, perhaps—a slight gust of air as the person moved by your bed—a faint odor of perfume . . . ?"

She frowned painfully, as if trying to recall the elusive cause of her dread.

"I can't think—I can't remember." Her voice was scarcely audible. "I was so terribly frightened."

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"If only we could trace the source!" Vance glanced at the doctor, who nodded understandingly, and said:

"Obviously some association whose stimulus went unrecognized."

"Did you feel, Miss Greene, that you knew the person who was here?" continued Vance. "That is to say, was it a familiar presence?"

"I don't know exactly. I only know I was afraid of it."

"But you heard it move toward you after you had risen and fled toward the window. Was there any familiarity in the sound?"

"No!" For the first time she spoke with emphasis. "It was just footsteps—soft, sliding footsteps."

"Of course, any one might have walked that way in the dark, or a person in bedroom slippers. . . ."

"It was only a few steps—and then came the awful noise and burning."

Vance waited a moment.

"Try very hard to recall those steps—or rather your impression of them. Would you say they were the steps of a man or a woman?"

An added pallor overspread the girl's face; and her frightened eyes ran over all the occupants of the room. Her breathing, I noticed, had quickened; and twice she parted her lips as if to speak, but checked herself each time. At last she said in a low tremulous voice:

"I don't know—I haven't the slightest idea."

A short, high-strung laugh, bitter and sneering, burst from Sibella; and all eyes were turned in amazed attention in her direction. She stood rigidly at the foot of the bed, her face flushed, her hands tightly clinched at her side.

"Why don't you tell them you recognized my footsteps?" she demanded of her sister in biting tones. "You had every intention of doing so. Haven't you got courage enough left to lie—you sobbing little cat?"

Ada caught her breath and seemed to draw herself nearer to the doctor, who gave Sibella a stern, admonitory look.

"Oh, I say, Sib! Hold your tongue." It was Chester who broke the startled silence that followed the outbreak.

Sibella shrugged her shoulders and walked to the window; and Vance again turned his attention to the girl on the bed, continuing his questioning as if nothing had happened.

"There's one more point, Miss Greene." His tone was even gentler than before. "When you groped your way across the room toward the switch, at what point did you come in contact with the unseen person?"

"About half-way to the door—just beyond that centre-table."

"You say a hand touched you. But how did it touch you? Did it shove you, or try to take hold of you?"

She shook her head vaguely.

"Not exactly. I don't know how to explain it, but I seemed to walk into the hand, as though it were outstretched—reaching for me."

"Would you say it was a large hand or a small one? Did you, for instance, get the impression of strength?"

There was another silence. Again the girl's respiration quickened, and she cast a frightened glance at Sibella, who stood staring out into the black, swinging branches of the trees in the side yard.

"I don't know—oh, I don't know!" Her words were like a stifled cry of anguish. "I didn't notice. It was all so sudden—so horrible."

"But try to think," urged Vance's low, insistent voice. "Surely you got some impression. Was it a man's hand, or a woman's?"

Sibella now came swiftly to the bed, her cheeks very pale, her eyes blazing. For a moment she glared at the stricken girl; then she turned resolutely to Vance.

"You asked me down-stairs if I had any idea as to who might have done the shooting. I didn't answer you then, but I'll answer you now. I'll tell you who's guilty!" She jerked her head toward the bed, and pointed a quivering finger at the still figure lying there. "There's the guilty one—that snivelling little outsider, that sweet angelic little snake in the grass!"

So incredible, so unexpected, was this accusation that for a time no one in the room spoke. A groan burst from Ada's lips, and she clutched at the doctor's hand with a spasmodic movement of despair.

"Oh, Sibella—how could you!" she breathed.

Von Blon had stiffened, and an angry light came into his eyes. But before he could speak Sibella was rushing on with her illogical, astounding indictment.

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"Oh, she's the one who did it! And she's deceiving you just as she's always tried to deceive the rest of us. She hates us—she's hated us ever since father brought her into this house. She resents us—the things we have, the very blood in our veins. Heaven knows what blood's in hers. She hates us because she isn't our equal. She'd gladly see us all murdered. She killed Julia first, because Julia ran the house and saw to it that she did something to earn her livelihood. She despises us; and she planned to get rid of us."

The girl on the bed looked piteously from one to the other of us. There was no resentment in her eyes; she appeared stunned and unbelieving, as if she doubted the reality of what she had heard.

"Most interestin'," drawled Vance. It was his ironic tone, more than the words themselves, that focussed all eyes on him. He had been watching Sibella during her tirade, and his gaze was still on her.

"You seriously accuse your sister of doing the shooting?" He spoke now in a pleasant, almost friendly, voice.

"I do!" she declared brazenly. "She hates us all."

"As far as that goes," smiled Vance, "I haven't noticed a superabundance of love and affection in any of the Greene family." His tone was without offense. "And do you base your accusation on anything specific, Miss Greene?"

"Isn't it specific enough that she wants us all out of the way, that she thinks she would have everything—ease, luxury, freedom—if there wasn't any one else to inherit the Greene money?"

"Hardly specific enough to warrant a direct accusation of so heinous a character.—And by the by, Miss Greene, just how would you explain the method of the crime if called as a witness in a court of law? You couldn't altogether ignore the fact that Miss Ada herself was shot in the back, don't y' know?"

For the first time the sheer impossibility of the accusation seemed to strike Sibella. She became sullen; and her mouth settled into a contour of angry bafflement.

"As I told you once before, I'm not a policewoman," she retorted. "Crime isn't *my* specialty."

"Nor logic either apparently." A whimsical note crept into Vance's voice. "But perhaps I misinterpret your accusation. Did you mean to imply that Miss Ada shot your sister Julia, and that some one else—party or parties unknown, I believe the phrase is—shot Miss Ada immediately afterward—in a spirit of vengeance, perhaps? A crime *à quatre mains,* so to speak?"

Sibella's confusion was obvious, but her stubborn wrath had in no wise abated.

"Well, if that was the way it happened," she countered malevolently, "it's a rotten shame they didn't do the job better."

"The blunder may at least prove unfortunate for somebody," suggested Vance pointedly. "Still, I hardly think we can seriously entertain the double-culprit theory. Both of your sisters, d' ye see, were shot with the same gun—a .32 revolver—within a few minutes of each other. I'm afraid that we'll have to be content with one guilty person."

Sibella's manner suddenly became sly and calculating.

"What kind of a gun was yours, Chet?" she asked her brother.

"Oh, it was a .32, all right—an old Smith and Wesson revolver." Chester was painfully ill at ease.

"Was it, indeed? Well, that's that." She turned her back on us and went again to the window.

The tension in the room slackened, and Von Blon leaned solicitously over the wounded girl and rearranged the pillows.

"Every one's upset, Ada," he said soothingly. "You mustn't worry about what's happened. Sibella'll be sorry to-morrow and make amends. This affair has got on everybody's nerves."

The girl gave him a grateful glance, and seemed to relax under his administrations.

After a moment he straightened up and looked at Markham.

"I hope you gentlemen are through—for to-day, at least."

Both Vance and Markham had risen, and Heath and I had followed suit; but at that moment Sibella strode toward us again.

"Wait!" she commanded imperiously. "I've just thought of something. Chet's revolver! I know where it went.—*She* took it." Again she pointed accusingly at Ada. "I saw her in Chet's room the other day, and I wondered then why she was snooping about there." She gave Vance a triumphant leer. "That's specific, isn't it?"

"What day was this, Miss Greene?" As

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before, his calmness seemed to counteract the effect of her venom.

"What day? I don't remember exactly. Last week some time."

"The day you were looking for your emerald pin, perhaps?"

Sibella hesitated; then said angrily: "I don't recall. Why should I remember the exact time? All I know is that, as I was passing down the hall, I glanced into Chet's room—the door was half open—and I saw *her* in there . . . by the desk."

"And was it so unusual to see Miss Ada in your brother's room?" Vance spoke without any particular interest.

"She never goes into any of our rooms," declared Sibella. "Except Rex's, sometimes. Julia told her long ago to keep out of them."

Ada gave her sister a look of infinite entreaty.

"Oh, Sibella," she moaned; "what have I ever done to make you dislike me so?"

"What have you done!" The other's voice was harsh and strident, and a look almost demoniacal smouldered in her levelled eyes. "Everything! Nothing! Oh, you're clever—with your quiet, sneaky ways, and your patient, hangdog look, and your goody-goody manner. But you don't pull the wool over *my* eyes. You've been hating all of us ever since you came here. And you've been waiting for the chance to kill us, planning and scheming—you vile little——"

"Sibella!" It was Von Blon's voice that, like the lash of a whip, cut in on this unreasoned tirade. "That will be enough!" He moved forward, and glanced menacingly into the girl's eyes. I was almost as astonished at his attitude as I had been at her wild words. There was a curious intimacy in his manner—an implication of familiarity which struck me as unusual even for a family physician of his long and friendly standing. Vance noticed it too, for his eyebrows went up slightly and he watched the scene with intense interest.

"You've become hysterical," Von Blon said, without lowering his minatory gaze. "You don't realize what you've been saying."

I felt he would have expressed himself far more forcibly if strangers had not been present. But his words had their effect. Sibella dropped her eyes, and a sudden change came over her. She covered her face with her hands, and her whole body shook with sobs.

"I'm—sorry. I was mad—and silly—to say such things."

"You'd better take Sibella to her room, Chester." Von Blon had resumed his professional tone. "This business has been too much for her."

The girl turned without another word and went out, followed by Chester.

"These modern women—all nerves," Von Blon commented laconically. Then he placed his hand on Ada's forehead. "Now, young lady, I'm going to give you something to make you sleep after all this excitement."

He had scarcely opened his medicine-case to prepare the draught when a shrill, complaining voice drifted clearly to us from the next room; and for the first time I noticed that the door of the little dressing-room which communicated with Mrs. Greene's quarters was slightly ajar.

"What's all the trouble now? Hasn't there been enough disturbance already without these noisy scenes in my very ear? But it doesn't matter, of course, how much *I* suffer. . . . Nurse! Shut those doors into Ada's room. You had no business to leave them open when you knew I was trying to get a little rest. You did it on purpose to annoy me. . . . And nurse! Tell the doctor I must see him before he goes. I have those stabbing pains in my spine again. But who thinks about me, lying here paralyzed——?"

The doors were closed softly, and the fretful voice was cut off from us.

"She could have had the doors closed a long time ago if she'd really wanted them closed," said Ada wearily, a look of distress on her drawn white face. "Why, Doctor Von, does she always pretend that every one deliberately makes her suffer?"

Von Blon sighed. "I've told you, Ada, that you mustn't take your mother's tantrums too seriously. Her irritability and complaining are part of her disease."

We bade the girl good-by, and the doctor walked with us into the hall.

"I'm afraid you didn't learn much," he remarked, almost apologetically. "It's most unfortunate Ada didn't get a look at her assailant." He addressed himself to Heath. "Did you, by the way, look in the dining-room wall-safe to make sure nothing was missing? You know, there's one there behind the big niello over the mantel."

"One of the first places we inspected." The

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Sergeant's voice was a bit disdainful. "And that reminds me, doc: I want to send a man up in the morning to look for finger-prints in Miss Ada's room."

Von Blon agreed amiably, and held out his hand to Markham.

"And if there's any way I can be of service to you or the police," he added pleasantly, "please call on me. I'll be only too glad to help. I don't see just what I can do, but one never knows."

Markham thanked him, and we descended to the lower hall. Sproot was waiting to help us with our coats, and a moment later we were in the District Attorney's car ploughing our way through the snow-drifts.

VII

VANCE ARGUES THE CASE

(Tuesday, November 9; 5 p. m.)

It was nearly five o'clock when we reached the Criminal Courts Building. Swacker had lit the old bronze-and-china chandelier of Markham's private office, and an atmosphere of eerie gloom pervaded the room.

"Not a nice family, Markham old dear," sighed Vance, lying back in one of the deep, leather-upholstered chairs. "Decidedly not a nice family. A family run to seed, its old vigor vitiated. If the heredit'ry sires of the contempor'ry Greenes could rise from their sepulchres and look in upon their present progeny, my word! what a jolly good shock they'd have! . . . Funny thing how these old families degenerate under the environment of ease and idleness. There are the Wittelsbachs, and the Romanoffs, and the Julian-Claudian house, and the Abbasside dynasty—all examples of phyletic disintegration. . . . And it's the same with nations, don't y' know. Luxury and unrestrained indulgence are corruptin' influences. Look at Rome under the soldier emperors, and Assyria under Sardanapalus, and Egypt under the later Ramessids, and the Vandal African empire under Gelimer. It's very distressin'."

"Your erudite observations might be highly absorbing to the social historian," grumbled Markham, with an undisguised show of irritability; "but I can't say they're particularly edifying, or even relevant, in the present circumstances."

"I wouldn't be too positive on that point," Vance returned easily. "In fact, I submit, for your earnest and profound consideration, the temperaments and internal relationships of the Greene clan, as pointers upon the dark road of the present investigation. . . . Really, y' know"—he assumed a humorsome tone—"it's most unfortunate that you and the Sergeant are so obsessed with the idea of social justice and that sort of thing; for society would be much better off if such families as the Greenes were exterminated. Still, it's a fascinatin' problem—most fascinatin'."

"I regret I can't share your enthusiasm for it." Markham spoke with asperity. "The crime strikes me as sordid and commonplace. And if it hadn't been for your interference I'd have sent Chester Greene on his way this morning with some tactful platitudes. But you had to intercede, with your cryptic innuendoes and mysterious head-waggings; and I foolishly let myself be drawn into it. Well, I trust you had an enjoyable afternoon. As for myself, I have three hours' accumulated work before me."

His complaint was an obvious suggestion that we take ourselves off; but Vance showed no intention of going.

"Oh, I sha'n't depart just yet," he announced, with a bantering smile. "I couldn't bring myself to leave you in your present state of grievous error. You need guidance, Markham; and I've quite made up my mind to pour out my flutterin' heart to you and the Sergeant."

Markham frowned. He understood Vance so well that he knew the other's levity was only superficial—that, indeed, it cloaked some particularly serious purpose. And the experience of a long, intimate friendship had taught him that Vance's actions—however unreasonable they might appear—were never the result of an idle whim.

"Very well," he acquiesced. "But I'd be grateful for an economy of words."

Vance sighed mournfully.

"Your attitude is so typical of the spirit of breathless speed existing in this restless day." He fixed an inquisitive gaze on Heath. "Tell me, Sergeant: you saw the body of Julia Greene, didn't you?"

"Sure, I saw it."

"Was her position in the bed a natural one?"

"How do I know how she generally laid in bed?" Heath was restive and in bad humor. "She was half sitting up, with a coupla pil-

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lows under her shoulders, and the covers pulled up."

"Nothing unusual about her attitude?"

"Not that I could see. There hadn't been a struggle, if that's what you mean."

"And her hands: were they outside or under the covers?"

Heath looked up, mildly astonished.

"They were outside. And, now that you mention it, they had a tight hold on the spread."

"Clutching it, in fact?"

"Well, yes."

Vance leaned forward quickly.

"And her face, Sergeant? Had she been shot in her sleep?"

"It didn't look that way. Her eyes were wide open, staring straight ahead."

"Her eyes were open and staring," repeated Vance, a note of eagerness coming into his voice. "What would you say her expression indicated? Fear? Horror? Surprise?"

Heath regarded Vance shrewdly. "Well, it mighta been any one of 'em. Her mouth was open, like as if she was surprised at something."

"And she was clutching the spread with both hands." Vance's look drifted into space. Then slowly he rose and walked the length of the office and back, his head down. He halted in front of the District Attorney's desk, and leaned over, resting both hands on the back of a chair.

"Listen, Markham. There's something terrible and unthinkable going on in that house. No haphazard unknown assassin came in by the front door last night and shot down those two women. The crime was planned—thought out. Some one lay in wait—some one who knew his way about, knew where the light-switches were, knew when every one was asleep, knew when the servants had retired—knew just when and how to strike the blow. Some deep, awful motive lies behind that crime. There are depths beneath depths in what happened last night—obscure fetid chambers of the human soul. Black hatreds, unnatural desires, hideous impulses, obscene ambitions are at the bottom of it; and you are only playing into the murderer's hands when you sit back and refuse to see its significance."

His voice had a curious hushed quality, and it was difficult to believe that this was the habitually debonair and cynical Vance.

"That house is polluted, Markham. It's crumbling in decay—not material decay, perhaps, but a putrefaction far more terrible. The very heart and essence of that old house is rotting away. And all the inmates are rotting with it, disintegrating in spirit and mind and character. They've been polluted by the very atmosphere they've created. This crime, which you take so lightly, was inevitable in such a setting. I only wonder it was not more terrible, more vile. It marked one of the tertiary stages of the general dissolution of that abnormal establishment."

He paused, and extended his hand in a hopeless gesture.

"Think of the situation. That old, lonely, spacious house, exuding the musty atmosphere of dead generations, faded inside and out, run down, dingy, filled with ghosts of another day, standing there in its ill-kept grounds, lapped by the dirty waters of the river. . . . And then think of those six ill-sorted, restless, unhealthy beings compelled to live there in daily contact for a quarter of a century—such was old Tobias Greene's perverted idealism. And they've lived there, day in and day out, in that mouldy miasma of antiquity—unfit to meet the conditions of any alternative, too weak or too cowardly to strike out alone; held by an undermining security and a corrupting ease; growing to hate the very sight of one another, becoming bitter, spiteful, jealous, vicious; wearing down each other's nerves to the raw; consumed with resentment, aflame with hate, thinking evil—complaining, fighting, snarling. . . . Then, at last, the breaking-point—the logical, ineluctable figuration of all this self-feeding, ingrowing hatred."

"All of that is easy to understand," agreed Markham. "But, after all, your conclusion is wholly theoretic, not to say literary.—By what tangible links do you connect last night's shooting with the admittedly abnormal situation at the Greene mansion?"

"There are no tangible links—that's the horror of it. But the joinders are there, however shadowy. I began to sense them the minute I entered the house; and all this afternoon I was reaching for them blindly. But they eluded me at every turn. It was like a house of mazes and false passages and trap-doors and reeking oubliettes: nothing normal, nothing sane—a house in a nightmare, peopled by strange, abnormal creatures, each reflecting the subtle, monstrous horror that broke

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forth last night and went prowling about the old hallways. Didn't you sense it? Didn't you see the vague shape of this abomination continually flash out and disappear as we talked to these people and watched them battling against their own hideous thoughts and suspicions?"

Markham moved uneasily and straightened a pile of papers before him. Vance's unwonted gravity had affected him.

"I understand perfectly what you mean," he said. "But I don't see that your impressions bring us any nearer to a new theory of the crime. The Greene mansion is unhealthy —that's granted—and so, no doubt, are the people in it. But I'm afraid you've been oversusceptible to its atmosphere. You talk as if last night's crime were comparable to the poisoning orgies of the Borgias, or the Marquise de Brinvilliers affair, or the murder of Drusus and Germanicus, or the suffocation of the York princes in the Tower. I'll admit the setting is consonant with that sort of stealthy, romantic crime; but, after all, housebreakers and bandits are shooting people senselessly every week throughout the country, in very much the same way the two Greene women were shot."

"You're shutting your eyes to the facts, Markham," Vance declared earnestly. "You're overlooking several strange features of last night's crime—the horrified, astounded attitude of Julia at the moment of death; the illogical interval between the two shots; the fact that the lights were on in both rooms; Ada's story of that hand reaching for her; the absence of any signs of a forced entry——"

"What about those footprints in the snow?" interrupted Heath's matter-of-fact voice.

"What about them, indeed?" Vance wheeled about. "They're as incomprehensible as the rest of this hideous business. Some one walked to and from the house within a half-hour of the crime; but it was some one who knew he could get in quietly and without disturbing any one."

"There's nothing mysterious about that," asserted the practical Sergeant. "There are four servants in the house, and any one of 'em could've been in on the job."

Vance smiled ironically.

"And this accomplice in the house, who so generously opened the front door at a specified hour, failed to inform the intruder where the loot was, and omitted to acquaint him with the arrangement of the house; with the result that, once he was inside, he went astray, overlooked the dining-room, wandered up-stairs, went groping about the hall, got lost in the various bedrooms, had a seizure of panic, shot two women, turned on the lights by switches hidden behind the furniture, made his way down-stairs without a sound when Sproot was within a few feet of him, and walked out the front door to freedom! . . . A strange burglar, Sergeant. And an even stranger inside accomplice.—No; your explanation won't do—decidedly it won't do." He turned back to Markham. "And the only way you'll ever find the true explanation for those shootings is by understanding the unnatural situation that exists in the house itself."

"But we know the situation, Vance," Markham argued patiently. "I'll admit it's an unusual one. But it's not necessarily criminal. Antagonistic human elements are often thrown together; and a mutual hate is generated as a result. But mere hate is rarely a motive for murder; and it certainly does not constitute evidence of criminal activity."

"Perhaps not. But hatred and enforced propinquity may breed all manner of abnormalities — outrageous passions, abominable evils, devilish intrigues. And in the present case there are any number of curious and sinister facts that need explaining——"

"Ah! Now you're becoming more tangible. Just what are these facts that call for explanation?"

Vance lit a cigarette and sat down on the edge of the table.

"For instance, why did Chester Greene come here in the first place and solicit your help? Because of the disappearance of the gun? Maybe; but I doubt if it is the whole explanation. And what about the gun itself? Did it disappear? Or did Chester secrete it? Deuced queer about that gun. And Sibella said she saw it last week. But did she see it? We'll know a lot more about the case when we can trace the peregrinations of that revolver. —And why did Chester hear the first shot so readily, when Rex, in the next room to Ada's, says he failed to hear the second shot?—And that long interval between the two reports will need some explaining.—And there's Sproot—the multilingual butler who happened to be reading Martial—Martial, by all

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that's holy!—when the grim business took place, and came directly to the scene without meeting or hearing any one.—And just what significance attaches to the pious Hemming's oracular pronouncements about the Lord of hosts smiting the Greenes as he did the children of Babylon? She has some obscure religious notion in her head—which, after all, may not be so obscure.—And the German cook: there's a woman with, as we euphemistically say, a past. Despite her phlegmatic appearance, she's not of the servant class; yet she's been feeding the Greenes dutifully for over a dozen years. You recall her explanation of how she came to the Greenes? Her husband was a friend of old Tobias's; and Tobias gave orders she was to remain as cook as long as she desired. She needs explaining, Markham—and a dashed lot of it.—And Rex, with his projecting parietals and his wambly body and his periodic fits. Why did he get so excited when we questioned him? He certainly didn't act like an innocent and uncomprehending spectator of an attempted burglary.—And again I mention the lights. Who turned them on, and why? And in both rooms! In Julia's room *before* the shot was fired, for she evidently saw the assassin and understood his purpose; and in Ada's room, *after* the shooting! Those are facts which fairly shriek for explanation; for without an explanation they're mad, irrational, utterly incredible.—And why wasn't Von Blon at home in the middle of the night when Sproot phoned him? And how did it happen he nevertheless arrived so promptly? Coincidence? . . . And, by the by, Sergeant: was that double set of footprints like the single spoor of the doctor's?"

"There wasn't any way of telling. The snow was too flaky."

"They probably don't matter particularly, anyhow." Vance again faced Markham and resumed his recapitulation. "And then there are the points of difference in these two attacks. Julia was shot from the front when she was in bed, whereas Ada was shot in the back after she had risen from bed, although the murderer had ample time to go to her and take aim while she was still lying down. Why did he wait silently until the girl got up and approached him? How did he dare wait at all after he had killed Julia and alarmed the house? Does that strike you as panic? Or as cool-headedness?—And how did Julia's door come to be unlocked at that particular time? That's something I especially want clarified.—And perhaps you noticed, Markham, that Chester himself went to summon Sibella to the interview in the drawing-room, and that he remained with her a considerable time. Why, now, did he send Sproot for Rex, and fetch Sibella personally? And why the delay? I yearn for an explanation of what passed between them before they eventually appeared.—And why was Sibella so definite that there wasn't a burglar, and yet so evasive when we asked her to suggest a counter-theory? What underlay her satirical frankness when she held up each member of the Greene household, including herself, as a possible suspect?—And then there are the details of Ada's story. Some of them are amazing, incomprehensible, almost fabulous. There was no apparent sound in the room; yet she was conscious of a menacing presence. And that outstretched hand and the shuffling footsteps—we simply must have an explanation of those things. And her hesitancy about saying whether she thought it was a man or a woman; and Sibella's evident belief that the girl thought it was she. That wants explaining, Markham.—And Sibella's hysterical accusation against Ada. What lay behind that?—And don't forget that curious scene between Sibella and Von Blon when he reproached her for her outburst. That was devilish odd. There's some intimacy there—*ça saute aux yeux*. You noticed how she obeyed him. And you doubtless observed, too, that Ada is rather fond of the doctor: snuggled up to him figuratively during the performance, opened her eyes on him wistfully, looked to him for protection. Oh, our little Ada has flutterings in his direction. And yet he adopts the hovering professional-bedside manner of a high-priced medico toward her, whereas he treats Sibella very much as Chester might if he had the courage."

Vance inhaled deeply on his cigarette.

"Yes, Markham, there are many things that must be satisfactorily accounted for before I can believe in your hypothetical burglar."

Markham sat for a while, engrossed in his thoughts.

"I've listened to your Homeric catalogue, Vance," he said at length, "but I can't say that it inflames me. You've suggested a number of interesting possibilities, and raised sev-

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eral points that might bear looking into. However, the only potential weight of your argument lies in an accumulation of items which, taken separately, are not particularly impressive. A plausible answer might be found for each one of them. The trouble is, the integers of your summary are without a connecting thread, and consequently must be regarded as separate units."

"That legal mind of yours!" Vance rose and paced up and down. "An accumulation of queer and unexplained facts centring about a crime is no more impressive than each separate item in the total! Well, well! I give up. I renounce all reason. I fold up my tent like the Arabs and as silently steal away." He took up his coat. "I leave you to your fantastic, delirious burglar, who walks without keys into a house and steals nothing, who knows where electric switches are hidden but can't find a staircase, who shoots women and then turns up the lights. When you find him, my dear Lycurgus, you should, in all humaneness, send him to the psychopathic ward. He's quite unaccountable, I assure you."

Markham, despite his opposition, had not been unimpressed. Vance unquestionably had undermined to some extent his belief in a housebreaker. But I could readily understand why he was reluctant to abandon this theory until it had been thoroughly tested. His next words, in fact, explained his attitude.

"I'm not denying the remote possibility that this affair may go deeper than appears. But there's too little to go on at present to warrant an investigation along other than routine lines. We can't very well stir up an ungodly scandal by raking the members of a prominent family over the coals, when there's not a scintilla of evidence against any one of them. It's too unjust and dangerous a proceeding. We must at least wait until the police have finished their investigation. Then, if nothing develops, we can again take inventory and decide how to proceed. . . . How long, Sergeant, do you figure on being busy?"

Heath took his cigar from his mouth and regarded it thoughtfully.

"That's hard to say, sir. Dubois'll finish up his finger-printing to-morrow, and we're checking up on the regulars as fast as we can. Also, I've got two men digging up the records of the Greene servants. It may take a lot of time, and it may go quick. Depends on the breaks we get."

Vance sighed.

"And it was such a neat, fascinatin' crime! I've rather been looking forward to it, don't y' know, and now you talk of prying into the early amours of serving-maids and that sort of thing. It's most disheartenin'."

He buttoned his ulster about him and walked to the door.

"Ah, well, there's nothing for me to do while you Jasons are launched on your quaint quest. I think I'll retire and resume my translation of Delacroix's 'Journal.'"

But Vance was not destined then to finish this task he had had in mind so long. Three days later the front pages of the country's press carried glaring head-lines telling of a second grim and unaccountable tragedy at the old Greene mansion, which altered the entire character of the case and immediately lifted it into the realm of the foremost *causes célèbres* of modern times. After this second blow had fallen all ideas of a casual burglar were banished. There could no longer be any doubt that a hidden death-dealing horror stalked through the dim corridors of that fated house.

(To be continued.)

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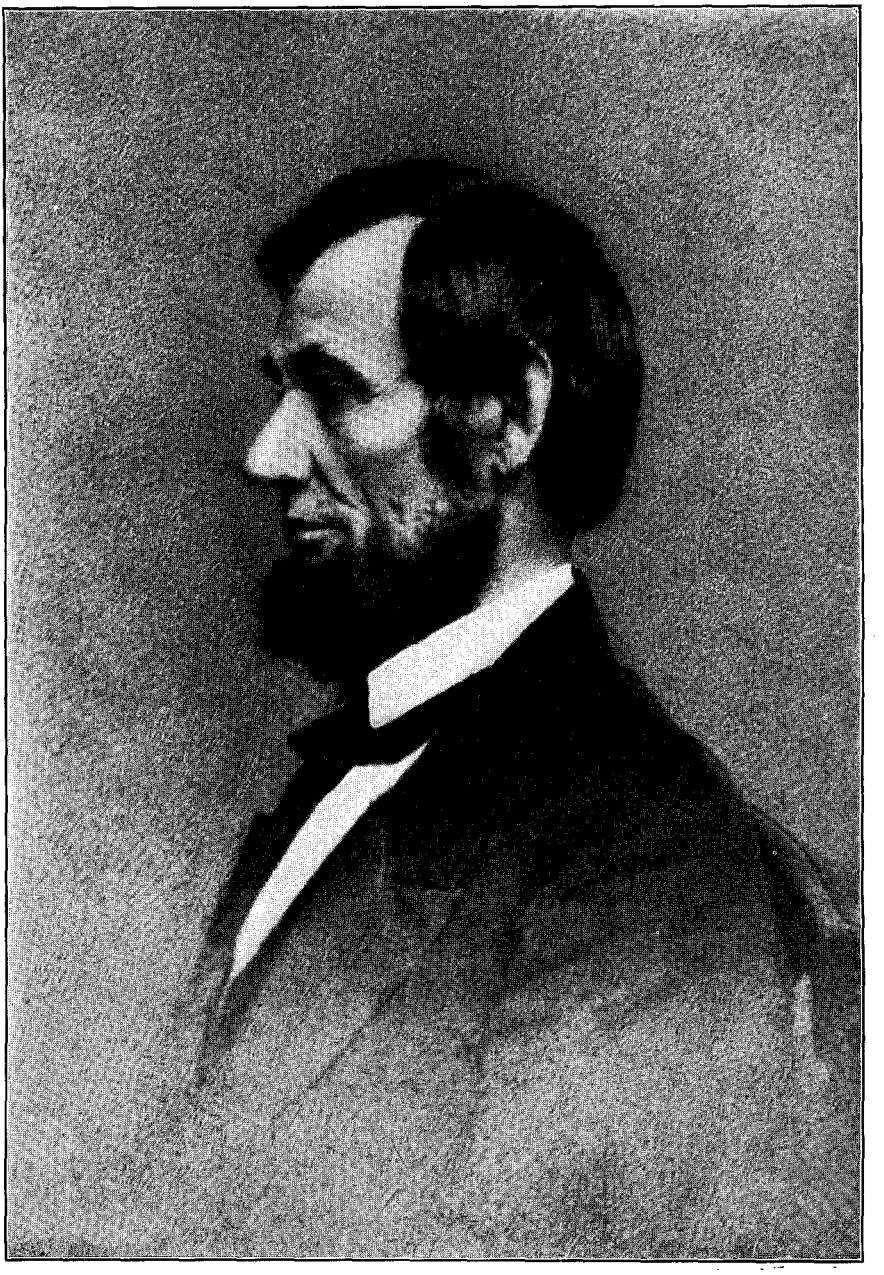

President Lincoln in 1864.

From a photograph by Brady.

—See "A Southerner Views Lincoln," page 204.

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